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CHRONICLES & STORIES
OF THE
CRAVEN DALES



Craven, Eng. — Hist.

Folk tales, English — Craven

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CHRONICLES AND STORIES

OF THE

CRAVEN DALES.

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CHRONICLES AND STORIES

OF THE

CRAVEN DALES.

BY J. H. DIXON, LL.D.,

EDITOR OF "ANCIENT POEMS, BALLADS, AND SONGS OF THE
PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND."

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

REV. ROBERT COLLYER,

OF NEW YORK.

LONDON:

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SKIPTON: EDMONDSON AND CO., HIGH-STREET.

1881

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE major part of the "Chronicles and Stories of the Craven Dales," which we have the pleasure of publishing for the first time in book form, were originally contributed by the author, Dr. Dixon, to the pages of a small monthly publication issued from one of the Skipton printing offices in the years 1853-7. By arrangement with the author this re-publication was undertaken, in the belief that all the personal friends and admirers of Dr. Dixon, and many others who are interested in the historical associations, legends, and traditions of the Craven district—famous alike for its antiquities and folk-lore as for its beautiful natural scenery—would be glad to possess the Stories in this more permanent and handy form.

Dr. Dixon's keen interest in everything relating to Craven induced him to collect and treasure up with great care every scrap of information that he met with, pertaining to the men and manners of the olden time. The quaint and humorous incidents narrated by Craven Dalesmen around the winter fireside, the weird stories and fairy legends, handed down by fathers to sons, were treasured in the retentive memory and skilfully interwoven by the able hand of the author. For the present work Dr. Dixon re-wrote many of the chapters, amending and extending them according to his later judgment and taste, making use, too, of all his more recent gleanings. He had well-nigh completed his self-imposed task—to him, indeed, a labour of love—when a somewhat brief illness in 1876 resulted in his death at the age of 73 years. This mournful event is the explanation of the abrupt conclusion of the last chapter of the Stories.

Craven & A.M. 1928

It may be well to remark that, as the author of the *Chronicles*, Dr. Dixon, assumed the name of "Stephen Jackson, Esq., of The Flatts, Malham Moor," and to gain for this pseudonym more general acceptance and belief, he penned the imaginative description of "The Flatts," contained in the first chapter.

Generously complying with our request, the Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, formerly a resident in Craven, and an admirer of the literary works of Dr. Dixon, has written an Introductory Chapter, which is admirably in keeping with the general scope of the work, and which will enhance its value to antiquarians, and especially to all lovers of Craven.

24, High-street, Skipton,
March, 1881.



INTRODUCTION.



T was my good fortune to attract the attention of Dr. Dixon some years ago by a paper I wrote in a Boston journal, entitled "A nook in the north." An old friend of mine, an American, living now in Manchester, had written a letter to this journal about a visit he had made to Bolton and Ilkley, in which he hinted that the latter place was "no great shakes," as we say over here, and so, as I was in some sort an adopted son of Ilkley, and was disposed to think of my town as those who love to gird at Boston say Bostonians think of theirs—as 92,000,000 miles from the sun and turning on its own axis once in twenty-four hours—I took up the gauntlet without parley, and proceeded to show that so far from Ilkley being what my friend had described, it was the very choicest spot in my opinion anywhere under the wide heavens—beautiful for situation, rich in human and historic interest, and the choicest gem in the diadem of beauty clasped about by the hills of Craven. This paper was reprinted in England and brought me a long and very interesting letter from Dr. Dixon, to which I made such reply as I was able to make, and from that time we became fast friends, though he would not for a moment allow I was right in calling Ilkley the "gem" of Craven, but thought the upper reaches of the Wharfe from Bolton far superior to anything below.

In this and a later letter Dr. Dixon made a little sketch of his life and ancestry which I venture to copy. He says: "I am a member of an old Yorkshire family whose pedigree is in Thoresby's *Ducatus*, the Dixons of Beeston, and am connected with America. My grandfather, Major James Burnside Wassels, was in the service of Geo. III., and his mother was a Burnside. I am descended from the Bruces also, for my ancestor, John Dixon, of Hawkshead, married Margaret de Roos, grand-

daughter of King David Bruce, and daughter of Lord de Roos. Another of my progenitors, he says, was the Rev. Samuel Wright, the Puritan, who founded the Carter Lane Meeting-house in London. His only daughter married a Dixon of Beeston, and I am descended from that marriage. Dr. Wright was of an old family in Thetford, where he was a clergyman until he left the Church to become a Dissenter." The doctor gives me many details also of his sunny life in Switzerland—his neighbours, friends, and recreations; of his interest in botany, and, of course, in antiquities, and in Craven above all. He makes a very pretty apology, too, for dwelling on his high ancestry, "merely as a matter of curiosity and antiquarian interest;" but I think he was very proud of it, after all, as he had a perfect right to be, and was very much like the brother a little wide of Addingham, who used to cry himself down so steadily in the class-meeting, that one day his wise old leader said, "I will tell thee what's t' matter wi' thee, John; thou's noan sa humble as thou maks out. Thou's just a little bit proud, John; *thou's proud of thy humility.*" So I felt that, quite unaware to himself, my dear old friend had a real pride in his descent. It was a good deal more to him than "a matter of curious interest;" but it sat beautifully on him as the bending of a rare lily towards the grass.

Dr. Dixon's book will speak for itself—it is wine which needs no bush, and will win its own way. Dunham Whitaker's great History of Craven is probably the best book of the kind in the English tongue, but the author was not quite the man to heed the Apostle's word, "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." It is a work for scholars, for persons of wealth and taste, and of more than an average education. But these "Chronicles and Stories" make up in a very charming way for Dr. Whitaker's short-coming, and, beside this, will be welcome to thousands of Craven men who cannot get hold of the great book, or make much of it if they could.

Those who love the beautiful region, as we do who are so far away from it, may well hope also that other men will be stirred by it to gather new sheaves of historic and romantic wealth where so much lies still unreaped

and waiting for the reaper. In looking over the Calendars of State Papers now being published, I have more than once found hints and touches of the old life in Craven, and especially about Skipton, which will be well worth gleaning, and Mr. Froude has indicated other stores to be ransacked by those who have leisure and the taste for them in the M.SS. still unprinted. Dr. Dixon just hints at the name and place of one poor fellow who had to face the doom which fell on the Nortons for the part they took in the Pilgrimage of Grace. I found the record of three more the other day. It is grim reading after three centuries of time.

“xxii. die Jan., 1569.

“Men of Craven to be executed nyghe the townes where they dwelled.—Threshfeld, Robert Araye; Rylleston, Richard Kaley; Hanlith, William Scranston. I will that you Henry Gyrlinton, Thomas Rolandson, George Unes, and Richard Garthe do see to the execution of these above-named in some place nyghe the townes where they dwelled. Hanlith, William Lawson is to be hangman and so discharged.

“(Signed) GEO. BOWES.”

Poor Lawson saved his neck by breaking those of his old comrades, and one thinks that before he went to his own place there would be days when he would fain have changed places with those he had slain. God help him! It is to be noticed also how we would still get into trouble a hundred years later when trouble was abroad. John Field, of Thornton, is a mighty Royalist, I notice, and must needs take more than was good for him one June day, and then because “when t’ drink’s in t’ wit’s oot,” must yell, “The devil confounde Cromwell and all his partakers, for he is a traitor. I drink a health to his confusion, and you are all traitors that refuse it.” John’s words took him to York Castle, as did those of John Ellis, yeoman, of Burnsall, who was on the other side, and also on a June day must declare that the old queen had several children in the absence of her husband; one at Pontefract, for John must needs give chapter and verse, and as Charles II. was by this time on the throne, the old yeoman must needs add, “he also mynds nothing but women.” So Ellis was hauled up to answer.

I notice also that in these days we are busy with the witches. Ann Greene, of Gargrave, is in court Feb. 16, 1663, for this crime. John Tatterson, of the same town, has been to see her about a turn he has got to "worship the enemy," together with a frightful ear-ache. Ann recommended black wool for the ear, but she does not seem to have ventured on the other trouble. John was bound, however, to have some more heroic remedy than mere black wool, so she crossed his ear with a string three times, and evil matter ran out, whereat his ear did amend. And Ann Greene, being questioned, saith "she doth sometimes use a charm for ear-ache, and used it over John Tatterson : she crosses her garter three times over the place, and sayeth 'Boote a god's name' nine times over ; she can also cure paines in the heade, but meddles not with other diseases." There is great store of matter of this sort scattered through out-of-the-way books and M.SS. which can and should be gathered to light up the fast fading life of the old days in Craven.

I find myself wishing also that Dr. Dixon had written one more chapter for us—a chapter containing a picture of a genuine old Craven homestead and its inmates, because no man could have done it so well. I have such a picture in my mind. It is almost half-a-century old. It is a picture of a sturdy, low thatched house, in which the first thing that attracted my child eyes was a wonderful bedstead of black oak, built up all round with oaken boards for curtains, pannelled and carven, with a door through which you went to find the piled-up feathers, shutting and bolting it after you, so that, if the burglars came, you could get ready for a fight. Then there was a settle of black oak, with a very old date on it, and a chair to match, of a discomfort equal to Calvin's chair in Geneva. A quaint old clock in the corner, with a face of brass on which there was a picture of the sun of such a rotund jollity that it has touched the original with lines of laughter to my mind through all these years. The great "fleaek" for the oatbread comes out next, and the flitches of beef and bacon hanging from the black beams. Then the flagged floor with fine sand for a carpet, and the great peat fire with its aromatic pungency ; the rack against the wall with its splendid store of pewter plates, the great oaken dresser under it, and a carven "kist" where it was whispered the old man kept his "brass." He was

a man of the real old Craven breed. I used to think he could not speak in level tones, but must needs address you as if you stood at some distance, a habit caught, I suppose, from talking in the teeth of the wind which blows for ever across the Craven uplands. I use one of his words now and then, or a sentence, when the humour takes me, and the Scandinavian maid who waits on our table is apt, I notice, to understand that better than the modern English; she tells my daughter some of the words are the same they use in Denmark. His dress was but slightly altered from that of the peasants in Chaucer's time. He cut his grass with a scythe, and his grain with a sickle, and hated the French, though he could not tell you why. It was the smouldering hate, no doubt, of 800 years, kept alive ever since the Conqueror laid Craven waste, so that the dead lay on the highways and in the houses unburied, and "*waste*," "*waste*," "*waste*" comes into Domesday perpetually for the sign he had set almost twenty years before on our land. His good wife saved a bit of the old yule-log, wrapped in white linen, to kindle the new withal, and would let no fire go out of the house during the days between "owd and new Kersmas." The old man believed fervently in witches and t' gy-trash. He belonged to the church at Bolton, and slept there in my time with great regularity, especially under the Curate, for "Parson Carr" was not so easy with that fine old habit of getting through a sermon as good Mr. Umpleby. He was, in truth, as I think of him now and remember his queer ways, one third pagan, one third catholic, and the rest was little better than veneer,—I imagine, dating from the Reformation. So he lived as his fathers had lived time out of all mind. They were there on the moor side—the warm side dipping well toward the meadows and woods in Earl Edwin's time; saw the Percies and Romillies and Cliffords come and go, while they still held on eating their brown and oaten-bread and bacon, and drinking their milk and "honey drink" and beer. They will last to the crack of doom. I was quite a boy when the old man's time came to die, and it comes back to me how "he gave commandment concerning his bones," and would have everything done "i' t' owd way." I think, indeed, he had a dim idea that he would be there as a sort of silent spectator, and

might be troubled if things went wrong. So he would have no wine and biscuit served at the funeral—"nēa nut he." They must brew plenty o' drink and bake plenty o' spice cēak and cut it thick, and hand it round at least three times, and everybody must eat and drink their fill. How one hungry growing lad did enjoy that funeral, to be sure; but he wist not, any more than the old man in his coffin, that it was the last long-lingering echo and refrain of the funeral feasts of his pagan ancestors a thousand years ago. And I can remember how they decked his shroud very much as if Ophelia had been there to direct them. There were violets and pansies, columbines and daisies, sweet thyme, rosemary, and rue, for that was the ancient way; and he must be laid away as he had lived, with all the old rites and observances about his dust. Then as they bore him to his burial along the green shadowy lanes to Bolton they sang old funeral chants Job might have written, and Jeremiah set to music, they were so shorn of all that sheds a new radiance on death and the grave.

There is good gleanings also, if the traditions still hold, among the Craven parsons and clerks of the old days. I do not find that capital story of the parson of "'t lang church e' Crēaven," who when his wardens went to him on a Saturday night and asked that he would say the prayer for rain, answered, "To be sure I will; but it will be no use while the wind stays in this quarter." And of his clerk, who, being a poet, was minded to turn a psalm into metre when the Bishop came to hold a Visitation, and submitted what he had done to the parson, of which only this verse, I believe, remains—

"Ye little hills why do ye skip
And wherefore do ye hop?
Is it because that ye have come
To see my Lord Bishōp?"

The psalm was never sung, I think. There are good gleanings, too, among the old race of local preachers. "Locust" preachers, my old friend remembered they were sometimes called. The writer of this chapter was *in* and *of* their rank in Craven more than thirty years ago, and learned from them the first simple lessons in the art of preaching, and

still thinks—as he thought then—that Flesher Bland, of Addingham, who was a local preacher in those days, but is now in the front rank of preachers in Canada, was one of the finest and most impressive pulpit orators it was ever his good fortune to hear. I do not see the story in Dr. Dixon's collection of the brother we raised who felt he had "a call," and being put forward to try his fortune, took for his text, "I am the light of the world," but made so very poor a job of it that one ancient sister got out of all patience, and groaned, "Naay, naay, lad, if thoos the light of the world thoo needs snuffin." But I must stop somewhere, and so will stop here, lest my readers should also be of the old dame's mind.

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.,
March, 1881.







Chronicles and Stories of the Craven Dales, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MALHAM MOOR, in Craven, is much better known by name, than from actual observation. The dalesmen speak of it as a heathenish out-of-the-way place, and inhabited by a race who are only one remove from a savage state. The summer tourist, too frequently relying on such information, passes it by. If a wanderer in search of the picturesque occasionally reach it, the event is more the result of an accident, than of a concerted plan—the termination of a scramble up the precipitous side of the Gordale waterfall. And yet this same moor is one of the most interesting localities in Craven. It is a wild and wonderous region, where the charms of mountain scenery are to be seen and felt in all their grandeur and glory. Malham Moor, properly so called, is not large ; but the table-land, of which it is only a small portion, is of great extent, and forms an undulating tract of country, almost the very summit of several huge ridges that skirt the sides of Wharfedale, Airedale, Littondale, and other romantic dales. It is from hence

we have a view of most of the hills of West Yorkshire and Lancashire, with distant, but distinct peeps at those of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The moorland is divided into small grazing farms, to each of which is assigned its farm house, and cottages for the shepherds. Malham Moor, though a region of mist and shade, is also one of sunshine and light. Nowhere do we find more glorious summer days, more gorgeous moon-lit autumn evenings, more resplendent sunsets, clearer, brighter, star-lit winter nights. If our flowers be few in number, they are vivid in their hues, odorous in their scents, and curious in their structure. For ferns and mosses the botanist, aye, even if he be an Edwin Lees, or a Murithian, may luxuriate to his heart's content. The geologist, also, will find a home in our wilderness. We know not whether, in the days of old Celtic Idolatry, Thor's hammer was elevated there, while the priest made his genuflections, and sang chorals to the God of Day. If the priest did so, he erected no altars. He had no necessity for them; Nature had left fitting shrines for her theistic worship, in the huge masses of crag that are to be found in all directions. The moor is not without its spot of beauty, though it may be what the dreamy, moody Gray styled "beauty reposing in the lap of horror." Lo! there is Malham water, a quiet lake, a mountain mirror bordered with fir and larch, amidst whose shade is a shooting box, the summer and autumn retreat of its worthy proprietor, who allows no opportunity to escape of benefitting the parish wherein he is so large a landowner. By the erection of schools, and by various other efforts, he has already remedied evils that were disregarded by a late non-resident clergyman, and by others who were equally neglectful of the duties of property. In a retired part of the moor stands the old farm house of "The Flatts," which for more than two centuries has

been the residence of the Jackson family ; and yet how few know the place ! We remember, some years ago, on a calm summer day, sauntering along Winterbourne lane—a country road, still adorned with some thick hedges—rows that make it beautiful. For a companion we had Robert Story. We forget what we were discussing. It was either politics or poetry. Most probably it was the latter, for part of a poem still lingers in our memory, and we must have heard it *then* :—

—————“ never again

Shall I cull the primroses in Winterbourne lane.”

In the neighbourhood is an ancient farm house, one of the “ Coates ” that abound in every part of the district. It was then inhabited by a very inquisitive old gentleman, a member of that numerous family, who, having little business of their own to manage, make up for it by attending to the affairs of their neighbours. This worthy, after informing us that it was a “ fine day,” and very hot, stared us in the face and said “ Where do yer cum frae ? ” The question was somewhat impertinent, but nevertheless he was told that we were “ Stephen Jackson, of The Flatts, Malham Moor.” The venerable inquisitor was somewhat incredulous, as he departed exclaiming, “ Flatts ! I’ve knaan Maum Moor aw mi life, an’ nivver heerd o’ sich a spot ! ” This little incident is recorded to show in what a *terra incognita* we have our abode. However, as a useful guide to the personage known as “ our gentle reader,” so plain a direction shall be given that no one need despair of discovering our “ local habitation.” On the moor is a junction where four roads unite. The main road is the one from the great besom-metropolis—Threshfield, to the market-town of Settle. The two

intersecting roads are those to Halton Gill and Malham. Taking, for a short distance, the road to the former place, a little rugged valley is visible between some low furze-covered sides. This valley, or ghyll, is washed by a tiny beck, dashing along over a rough bed of limestone—the water of crystalline clearness, and icy coolness. On the right-hand bank a cart-road can just be traced, by anyone who is on the look out for it. On the left bank is a well-marked footpath carried along the very edge of the beck. Take whichever road you choose, and lo! “The Flatts” bursts on your view! It is a good specimen of a Craven farm house of the better class. The architecture is somewhat modelled after what is called Elizabethian. The edifice, shaded by six lofty ashes, with its porch, stone mullioned windows and their diamonded panes, knobbled gables, and pillared chimneys, is in excellent keeping with the adjacent scenery. Over the porch is a shield, surmounted by the letters and numerals “S. J., 1615,” and the legend “*Laus Deo.*” The armorial bearings are worn away by the hand of time. The shield has a smooth surface, except in one corner, where there is, certainly, what looks like a pair of stockings. The device was taken for such by Captain Hercules Trenoodle, of the Sapheads and Miners, a gentleman who has occasionally paid us a visit. He apologised for mistaking an escutcheon of pretence for a pair of stockings, by saying that stockings were frequently uppermost in his ideas, as he was the first of his family who ever wore a pair. In front of the house is a small square flower garden or parterre, surrounded by a low moss-covered wall, on which the wallflower, “desolation’s plant,” mingles its leaflets with the ladyfern. This little inclosure, during the autumn and summer months is gay with double-daisies, pansies,

sweet-williams, Brompton stocks, and borderings of the *Cheiranthus Marinus*, or Virginian stock. Some of the beds are edged with neatly trimmed box, and at the corners are bushes of lads' love, lavender and rosmarins, the whole being kept in excellent order by the author's sister Deborah. To the right of this parterre is the kitchen garden separated by a thorn edge kept in a well-clipped state. Amidst the thorns are some hardy rose trees, and a few privets. Four yews are seen at equal distances, cut in a very curious and eccentric manner. We have often been advised to cut them down, or to allow them to grow out of shape. They are there still in the "*old original*" condition, and so they will remain. They mark the bad taste of a by-gone generation, but of names whose memories are not to be effaced. Some see beauty in our formal yews. Perhaps, like pug-dogs, the beauty lies in their ugliness. The interior of "The Flatts" presents the usual complement of rooms that are found in similar houses. We have the room that is known as "The House." It is rarely occupied. Our household is small, and we generally use the old oak library, the shelves of which almost bend beneath a goodly collection of antique and legendary lore. The legends we are obliged to keep under lock and key; our servant, Ciceley, having a great *penchant* for such literature.

The Jackson family, before it settled at "The Flatts," was located at a place called "Dernebrook-Ghyll House" in Littondale. Some genealogists have traced our descent from one of the Norman Barons, Guilbert de Jacksonville, who fought in the Crusades, and was slain at the battle of Ascalon. But these *minutiae* are very apocryphal, and have, through lack of evidence, never been "Burked"! The present occupier of "The Flatts" puts them aside, being

perfectly satisfied with his position as a gentleman farmer, and *dilettante* author. It will be necessary here to take a retrospective glance at "The Flatts," and turn to the year 1826, when Quintin Jackson (uncle of the present proprietor) was the owner. He was then in his 86th year, but hale and hearty, and with more vigour than many of his neighbours who were twenty years his juniors. He was one of the old school. His week-day dress was quite after the antique fashion, and we had some little trouble in preventing its being his Sunday costume also. However, he yielded to persuasion, and except at an occasional vestry meeting, he never appeared at Kirkby Church in a Welsh wig, buck-skin breeches, white-ribbed trunk hose, and large shoe-buckles of the purest silver. He was always hunting after queer legendary stories. He would have delighted to have kept a pack of Bargests. He would travel miles to hear a witch or fairy tale; and when he chanced to meet with a well-authenticated narrative, he would take out his pocket-book, and note down the heads of the story. Like Captain Cuttle, his motto was, "*when found, make a note of.*" If, as was sometimes the case, his memory failed, it mattered little. He had a vivid imagination, and there was no difficulty in rendering the sketches perfect—in fact, very superior to what they were, when received from the original source. The tales were transferred to an old disused farming ledger; the number being increased by the contributions of literary friends, or by drawing upon his own imagination. The incidents were various. Some were romantic, some supernatural, or lays or legends of Fairy-land; others were jocose, and detailed the practical jokes of living or departed sons of Momus. The tales, &c., were intermixed with sketches of character, verses that had a locality, and descriptions of scenery. The

opinion of the compiler was shewn by the motto from Martial :—

“Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.”

Mr. Q. Jackson died in 1830, and it was indeed a melancholy day at “The Flatts” when he was borne to his last resting place in Kirkby Churchyard, attended by a long train of farmers and villagers, who, as they passed along the valley, joined in the solemn dirge raised to the memory of the departed. This touching custom still lingers. It is an innocent observance inherited from our catholic ancestors. If ritualism will not interfere with the “dirges slow and due array” of the villagers, nor seek to introduce novelties, it will be long ere our dales shall cease to hear

“The chanted rite that fills
Reverently our ancient hills,
Telling, from his harvest’s done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.”

A few of the above tales were published in Hone’s *Table Book*, under the signature of T. Q. M. Others would have appeared, had not the work been brought to a sudden termination by the bankruptcy of its unfortunate but highly-gifted proprietor. The Stories, after the failure of Hone, were continued in the *Newcastle Magazine*. One of the series, in that publication, was by the late Robert Story. It will be found in the following pages. The stories, gathered from the various sources, will now appear in a complete state. If a few others are added by the editor, he trusts that they will be in accordance with those in the old ledger, and bring no discredit on the time-honoured name of Quintin Jackson.

For detailing some of the above particulars, which are

rather of a personal character, it is hoped that the editor will not be accused of vanity. Every reader likes to know something of an author. We have been particular, because some have rashly asserted that "*Jackson*" is only a *nom de plume*, and that "The Flatts" and its inhabitants are mere myths! They who entertain such an idea have only to visit the moor by following the directions above.





CHAPTER II.

THE early notices of Craven are few and brief. Although the district from time immemorial was a celebrated one, and boasted of its Abbeys, Churches, and Castles, and its nobility and ancient families, it does not appear to have inspired many of its inhabitants to sing or say its praises. One of the earliest notices is found in the pages of the monkish chronicler, *Simeon of Durham*, or "*Dunelmensis*." Like the generality of church historians of the middle ages, Simeon is very credulous, and relates all sorts of wonderful things. But though we may safely set aside the miraculous and superstitious element that so largely pervades the writings of Simeon, there is no reason to dispute what is purely historical. He tells us that in the year 855, Wulfere, Archbishop of York, fled from York to *Addingham*, and was there sheltered and protected by the King of Mercia. Simeon does not say where this "*Addingham*" was, but his translator's note says "*in Wharfedale*." The church historians had no great knowledge of geography or topography, and, therefore, we may reasonably question whether what has been called "our dreary little town" was ever a royal sanctuary, where a King could shelter a prelate. If Simeon did not mean "*Addingham in Wharfedale*," what other place did he refer to? We know no spot with a name that so

approaches the orthography of our Addingham, as to have occasioned a mistake.

Notices of Craven are to be found in a vellum M.S. preserved, amongst the Dodsworth collection, in the Bodleian Library. It is a metrical history of the Piercie family (Percy), commencing with one of that illustrious race, who lived in the

“Yeare of our Lord nine hundred thirty and three,
The fourthē yeare of Kinge Alured of Englande obtaininge
the monarchie,”

and ending with Ingram Pearcie,—who was slain at Thirske, in Henry the VIIth's time, by the insurrection of the Commons. This ancient chronicle is stated to be “made and compiled by mee W^m. Peeris, Clerke and Preeste—Secretarye to the Righte Noble, Earle Henerie, Vth Earle of Northumberlande.” A neat printed copy of this M.S. was edited by a member of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Whether Father Peeris was an inhabitant of Craven, we cannot say. He appears to have had a good topographical knowledge of the district. He may have been a monk of Sawley or Bolton, or (what is a more plausible conjecture) he may have been one of the brotherhood of Fountains Abbey. We are, however, inclined to think that he was wholly unconnected with Craven, and was a secular priest, resident at Alnwick, in the capacity of domestic chaplain to the Percy family. Father Peeris has not the slightest claim to rank as a poet, although he was unquestionably a man of some learning and acute research. The chronicle is, indeed, just as much entitled to the name of a poem, as the Leeds Directory or Bradshaw's Guide would be, if they were hitched into rhyme. The following are passages that relate to Craven:—

“ This fourthe Henery gave the advowson of the Church of Gargrave to Salley his Abbey of white monckes free ; By Elinor, Henery ffith and William the ninth, issue had hee : In Fountayne’s church lyeth hee before the Sacramente, Whiche Abbey hee endued with greate landes and rente.”

“ To the saide Fountaynes [he gave] Mallum and Mallum Moore, both two, Linton and Lintondale thereby, Arncliffe and Arncliffe Coate alsoe ; This hath the Abbey of Fountaynes, and moe Of the Pearcies guift to augment the monckes foode, To praye for the Pearcies they are bounde, And to honour the noble blood.”

Arncliffe Coate still exists, and under its ancient name. Here end our first quotations from Father Peeris. But before leaving this part of his metrical chronicle, we have a few remarks to make. We would point out the allusions to the large possessions in Craven, which were the property of the Abbey of Fountains, and which evidently included the whole of Malham village and Malham Moor, and the other villages and places named. The history of Fountains Abbey, so far as Craven is concerned, is very imperfectly known. In Winterburn lane a steep portion of the road is known as “*Abbey Hill*.” In an adjoining pasture may be traced the remains of a large building. To whatever edifice these belonged, the name of “*Abbey*” seems to connect them with the ancient proprietors of the estate. It is not improbable that the Abbey of Fountains had, on *Abbey Hill*, an oratory, or cell, or grange for the use of their tenantry who were resident in the vicinity of Calton and Winterburn. An inspection of the ancient title deeds would, probably, unravel the mystery that is attached to “*Abbey Hill*.” At a short mile’s distance from the spot is the farm house of “*Kirke-sike*,” i.e., Church rivulet or beck. Adjacent

to this house, are fields called "Great Church Doors," "Little Church Doors," "Parson's Crook," *i.e.*, *Crozier*, &c. We cannot suppose that such names were idly given, and that they are meaningless. Then we have another place called "*Kirke-sink*." The parish of Gargrave is said to have had seven churches in its vicinity, six of which were destroyed by Fitz-Duncan and his Scottish followers. It has been conjectured that the six churches, some of them probably small chapels or shrines, were St. Helen's Chapel near Eshton, Chapels at Friar-Head, Abbey Hill, Kirke Sike, and Kirke Sinke, and also a Chapel at Bordley. But this is mere surmise. The orthography of Malham has occupied the attention of local antiquaries, and the question has been asked "Is not the vulgar name, *Maum*, the proper one?" In support of the Maum theory, an ancient charter is quoted, in which figures one Robert de Maum. If this charter were carefully examined, we should, perhaps, find that Maum was written "*Maūm*," an abbreviation for Mallum. The chronicle of Peeris is of the date of Henry VIIth's time, and the name in it, is in perfect accordance with the modern mode, Malham. The orthography is different, but Malham and Mallum are what the lawyers call "*idem sonans*."

What, it may be asked, is meant by the "*Lintondale*" of the chronicle? No such name is used at present. As it is followed by "*Linton thereby*," our idea is that by "*Lintondale*" is meant the valley or dale in which the village of Linton stands. This dale, the only nameless one, may be said to commence at Threapland and terminate at Linton. Some have suggested that Lintondale may be a mistake for *Littondale*, but the "*thereby*" in connection with *Linton*, shews that a valley, adjoining the village of Linton, is what Peeris alludes to.

In the Ballad of "*The Battle of Flodden Field*," we have a passage referring to Craven :—

" From Pennigent to Pendle Hill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coates did till
They with the lusty Clifford came.
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Whorledale,
And all that Halton hills did climb,
From Langstroth eke and Littondale.
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshly bred,
Were brownd with sounding brows upbend,
All such as Horton fells had fed,
On Clifford banners did attend."

The ballad has been ascribed to Mr. Richard Guy, who was schoolmaster at Clapham about 1737. But the learned and acute Dr. Rimbault, who has investigated the history of it, has proved that Guy was a mere *transcriber* from the Askew M.S., named in the introduction to the Skipton edition of 1867. The Askew M.S. is about the date of 1707 ; whereas, the oldest M.S. (that in the Harleian collection) dates from 1636. The ballad, Dr. Rimbault supposes to have been written towards the close of the sixteenth century. The battle occurred in 1513. The Skipton edition contains an appendix, with a list of Craven men who took a part. It was copied by the late Rev. Wm. Carr, B.D., from the Battle Roll at Bolton Abbey. Under "Marton," we have the name of "John Malham." In the third line of the first quoted verse the word "coates" occurs. In some of the editions it is misprinted "coasts." Coates is evidently the plural of "coate," which is used as an adjunct to different farm houses, as "Arncliffe Coate," "Stainton Coate," &c. It signifies a farm—hence its

connection with "*till*." The "Clifford" was Henry Clifford, who, in 1513, was appointed to a high post in the Flodden Field army. He is supposed to be the "Shepherd Lord." "*Littondale*" occurs in the ballad. Dr. Whitaker asserts that the ancient name of the valley was Amerdale; and Wordsworth, following the Doctor, sings of

"The deep fork of Amerdale."

The truth appears to be, that Littondale was never called Amerdale, which is the name of a small ghyll or hollow, one of the collaterals of Littondale.

The ballad of "*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisburne*" is generally pressed into the list of Craven poems. If the production be of as early a date as the reign of Henry VIIth, it merits a passing notice, from its hero being connected with the town, or, it may be, the *forest* of Gisburne. The scene does not appear to have any connection with Craven, but to be laid in Nottingham, to the sheriff of which county, Guy was officer or javelin man. When "Doomsday Book" was compiled, there was a resident family at Gisburne called "Guy," from whom Gisburne derives its name, which signifies Guy's burne or brook. There are plenty of *Guis* in all parts of our district, and Gisburne has its share; but we are not genealogists sufficient to say whether any of the race are descended from the old original stock!

Historians who have written on that remarkable and fanatical movement known as "*The Pilgrimage of Grace*," (A.D. 1536), mention an incident that seems to have escaped the scrutinising glance of Whitaker. When a band of pilgrims passed through Bolton Abbey village, they seized some young women, and carried them off. Happily, the parish priest of Skipton (who is designated Vicar) was at

hand, and he, with the aid of a strong lusty young peasant, so belaboured the vagabonds, that the young women were released, and restored to their families. It is not very clear what was the intent of this pilgrim-act. It might be a Sabinian attempt; or it might be a mere scouring of the highways and bye-ways, to compel those who were without, to come in! One thing is clear—the young women regarded the act of the Grace-men as a very *ungracious* proceeding, and rejoiced at being under the protection of the priest and his lusty young friend.

In the "*Faery Queene*" of Spenser three of our Craven rivers are named, viz.: the Aire, the Nid, and the Wharfe. They are characterised by the epithets "still," "unquiet," and "swift." The Nid is on the verge of the district, but its claim to rank as a Craven river is unquestionable.

In the "*Polyolbion*" of Michael Drayton are some notices of Craven. They are so spirited and truthful, that every peruser of that fine old poem must regret that Drayton's Craven Sketches are mere versifications of Camden's prose. The "Songs" which treat of Craven, are, unfortunately, not amongst the eighteen, which were so copiously annotated by the great and learned Selden.

In the twenty-eighth song of the "*Polyolbion*" will be found all that relates to Craven. Turn to it, reader, and learn how pleasantly this grand old bard in his sonorous lines discourseth of "Langstrethdale" and her "mountaineers," of "Barden Chase," of "Wharfdale," of "Whernside," and of the river that flows from it, "Nimble Nid," of "Kilnsay Craggs," &c., &c. All this we would quote, if we could find room for ancient

poetical matters of detail. There is one passage, however, that we must give entire. It may be entitled

THE LEGEND OF THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL
AT GIGGLESWICK.

“ In all my spacious tract, let them, so wise, survey
My Ribble’s rising banks, their worst and let them say,
At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow.
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high
Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps, put on the sky,
Amongst th’ Oreads there, and Sylvans made abode,
(It was ere human-foot upon those hills had trod),
Of all the mountain kind, and since she was most fair,
It was a Satyr’s chance to see her silver hair
Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliffe she clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame.
And after her he goes ; which when she did espy,
Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly,
They hurry down the rocks, o’er hill and dale they drive ;
To take her he doth strain, t’ outstrip him she doth strive,
As one his kind that knew, and greatly feared his rape,
And to the topick gods by praying to escape,
They turned her to a spring, which as she then did pant,
When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant.
Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short did blow,
Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow.”

When Drayton lived, bards

“ *Believed the magic wonders that they sung.*”

Our Sadducean age rejects such a tale, and has reduced the nymph and Satyr and the compassion of the gods to a double Syphon !

“ *Drunken Barnaby* ” in his “ *Journal* ”—that farrago of Anglo-latin, doggerel English, coarse wit, and broad jokes—has a distich about the well :—

“ Near to the road as the traveller goes
A fine fresh well both ebbs and flows ;
Neither know, the learned that travel,
What procures it, salt or gravel.”

The author of “*Barnabæ Itinerarium*” (1716) was *Richard Braithwaite*, a Cumberland man. It has often been printed at London, Leeds, York, &c. The best edition is the London one of 1805.

The three ballads of “*Arthur o’ Bradley*” seem derived from the Bradleys (Ambo) of Craven. “*Parkin*” figures in “*Arthur o’ Bradley’s Wedding*.” It is a Craven cake, which under *that* name we have never found elsewhere. There are many other Bradleys.

The ballad of the “*Rising in the North*” is a poetical account of the great Northern Insurrection in the year 1569, which proved fatal to so many of the Northern Catholic families, and to none more so than to the Nortons of Rylstone Hall. The ballad is the foundation of Wordsworth’s “*White Doe of Rylstone*,” a poem containing some spirited descriptions of Craven scenery.

Some notices of Craven may be found in the pages of Camden, Leland, Harrison the topographer, De Foe, and Dodsworth. De Foe never visited Craven. The “*Journey through several parts of England and Wales*” is the mere compilation of a bookseller’s hack, which necessity often compelled the author of “*Robinson Crusoe*” to be.

The more modern writers who have noticed Craven are Gough, Pennant, Gray, West, Housman, Doctor Whitaker, John Hurtley, Mrs. Cappe, the Rev. James Leslie Armstrong, the Rev. William Carr, Southey, in

"The Doctor," Robert Story, the poet, Mr. Montague, the Rev. B. J. Harker (whose "*Rambles in Upper Wharfedale*" are sketches thrown off in a style worthy of a Gilbert White, or of Gilpin the Forest-Walker), and the Rev. Robert Collyer, formerly of Ilkley, and now of Chicago, U.S. America. Armstrong's book is a most ridiculous effort. We have in it "a rock, *perfectly perpendicular*, with a slight falling in of the top, on either side;" "an *old* castle built after the fashion of *ancient times*;" "an old building *far dilapidated by its new walls*;" "*ascended upwards*;" water *rushing with slow and silvery sound*." The book is become a rarity, but "when found," a copy is worth preserving as a literary curiosity. Mr. Armstrong makes dreadful havoc with his relatives and antecedents!

But there are three other writers in whose romances we have most unmistakeable sketches of Craven scenery and character, viz.: Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell; for so the three talented members of the Brontë family chose to call themselves. Their melancholy history is well known through the biographical memoir from the pen of the late Mrs. Gaskell. Let the reader turn to "*Wuthering Heights*," and, if he know anything of Craven or its scenery, he will find in that wonderful novel some truly graphic sketching. Long before we knew anything of the author, we said "This is Craven!" and we knew where to find the bleak and barren moorland solitudes, where the misanthropic hero had his crazy dwelling. Perhaps, we could have pointed out the misanthrope himself.

The late Rev. F. H. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby) has written "*The Lay of St. Cuthbert, a Legend of the North Countrie*." The scene is laid at Bolton Abbey and Hall.

But there is a sad topographical confusion; and, Bolton in Wensleydale, is confounded with Bolton in Craven. The probability is, that Mr. Barham was personally unacquainted with either place, and blended the history of one Bolton with that of the other.

Craven is not an Arcadia or a Vallombrosa, but still it is a poetic region. We have Wordsworth and Story amongst our poets. We may add Rogers, and Whiffen, the translator of Tasso; and greatest of all, P. B. Shelley. We refrain from naming another, the authoress of "*The White Horse of Wharfedale*," beyond expressing our admiration of that beautiful legend.

"*De Clifford, a Romance of the Red Rose*," was written in India, by Lieut. Kennedy, the author of "*Fitful Fancies*." A long absence from England, and a residence amongst the stupendous Himalaya mountains did not erase from his memory the green pastoral hills and dales of Craven. The *De Clifford* is the legendary Shepherd Lord. Story says of this romance—

"Witness *De Clifford's* high romance and pure.
The modest author lives without the fame
His song should yield, and few inquire his name."

John Nicholson, author of "*The Lyre of Ebor*," was a true poet; but being an uneducated man, he formed his style after antiquated models. He knew, perhaps, little of English poetry and metres, beyond what he had obtained from such works as "*Enfield's Speaker*" and "*The Pleasing Instructor*." His poems contain too many addresses to the "Muse;" and vulgar and common-place lines and ideas frequently obtrude, and mar the beauty of passages that, otherwise, would be justly admired.

The tomb of the "*Airedale Poet*" is in the Church-yard at Bingley.

Amongst our poets we ought, perhaps, to include the late John Broughton, of Grassington, and the late William Cliffe, of Skipton. They were rhymers, rather than poets. Broughton was a stonemason and schoolmaster. He possessed the rhyming faculty on a somewhat extensive scale. His lines are in general smooth, and his satire, is by no means, void of wit and pungency. His principal work is a "*Dialogue, between Linton Mill and the Parish Church.*" It is seasoned with three rather spicy ingredients, viz. : Antinomianism, Bigotry, and a total want of Christian Charity. Originality, is the only feature in which it is deficient. Broughton was a wholesale copyist, —not one of your petty larceny authors. He was like the besom-maker in Joe Miller, who laughed at his fellow-rogue who merely stole sticks and heather ; because it was quite as easy, and much more profitable, to prig the ready-made articles ! Broughton was a Scotsman, and so he did not scruple to appropriate whole lines, and even verses, from Burns and Ramsay ! Broughton's book was a wretched specimen of printing. It was never paid for ! Broughton was a musical genius. For many years he was bass (query, *base* !) singer at Grassington Independent Chapel, where his voice—a *vox et præterea nihil* !—was heard over the rest of the choir. In vain the leader would sometimes give a gentle "*hush ! not so loud !*"—poor Jack would not be put down. Sometimes, when he lost the words, he would substitute "*wow, wow, lol, lol, tol lol lol !*" or something equally serious ! He could not see any impropriety—he would say "it was the same as a bass fiddle accompaniment"—of course as a Girston one ! William Cliffe was a much superior genius to Broughton, and a better educated man. He wrote some really humo-

rous songs, but none of them have been printed. Had he attempted "dialect songs," he would have succeeded. Cliffe was a flying-stationer, bailiff, and fiddler, as well as poet and comic vocalist. He was a "man of the world." No one had a better understanding of the maxim—"do at Rome, as Rome does." When a flying-stationer, not even Autolychus himself had a happier knack of setting off his wares to the best advantage. For the country lass there was always a joke about sweethearts and marriage. Sometimes, a hearty *smack* was the preliminary to the sale of a "*Pamela*"—that rubbishy, ill-written, and clumsily-concocted tale; but which, nevertheless, is still a favourite with servant girls, who expect to marry their masters! When Cliffe was trafficking with a worthy Wesleyan or Independent, he would look very serious, and leave with a pack *minus* a Hervey or a Drelincourt—the last-named work having tacked to it "*The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*"—a fiction, written by De Foe, (*vide* "*The Autobiography of Satan*," by J. R. Beard, D.D. Williams & Norgate, London, 1872.) Cliffe's *legal* business was conducted after a peculiar fashion. His inventory taking would frequently conclude in this manner: "Cheer up! this is a bad business; but we'll get it settled! it's no use fretting! come! I'll play a tune on the fiddle, and sing a funny song!" By such behaviour the good-natured bailiff would become a favourite, when he was the "man in possession." Cliffe's most celebrated song was "*The Worthies of Skipton*." It was a very personal affair; and high and low, and rich and poor, were introduced after the most impartial fashion. It commenced:

"Talk no more of your heroes of Greece,
Nor your Pompeys and Cæsars of Rome, sir;
They were nothing but asses and geese,
Compared with our worthies at home, sir.

For Skipton's the pride of the nation,
And every man in it's an earl, sir—
At least in his own estimation,
And worth all the rest of the worl', sir."

The poet then proceeded to take the "worthies" by house row, *ex. gr.*

"Old Binns is a broad-brim, but still
He is not the man to provoke, sir,
If you don't send your corn to his mill,
He'll sue you, for breaking the soke, sir."

"Near our parliament house doth reside
Roger Smith, whom in luck hath no marrow;
And we say, when we mean to deride,
He found all his bags in a barrow."

The "Parliament house" was a blacksmith's shop, and Roger Smith was a dweller in the vicinity, of whom some scandal was prevalent, which gave him the soubriquet of "Bags." There was only one stanza, where moral delinquency came in for a lash. It is not quotable—all we can say is that the line

"At lying he near was a baulker"

rhymed with the word "*Walker*." The verse is well known, and our *hiatus* can be easily supplied. One of Cliffe's songs was "*The old Woman of Kettlewell*." We cannot give a single verse of it; it has all passed from memory, except the chorus:

"She'd a d—d unruly tongue."

Cliffe was a professional fiddler at country fairs. On one occasion, when on the road to Malham Feast, he was met by the late Mr. Quintin Jackson. "Well," said Cliffe, holding up his fiddle, "I'm like the man in

the Elegy, I

'hold the noiseless *tenor* of my way.' "

This was too good a joke to be lost, and so from that time to his death he was known at "The Flatts" as the "*tenor Cliffe!*" We remember a song by some unknown author, of which Cliffe's satire was the subject. It was written in the dialect. It concluded thus—

" But Billy mun mind, or he'll suffer for it,
And mebbe to York will be 'bliged for to trudge;
For they say how X X—hes gotten a werrit,
An's ganging ta hev him afore meh Lord Judge."

It would seem from this, that Cliffe's satire was, at some time or other, nearly getting him into hot water. Long will it be ere the Craveners forget their "Minstrel Bailiff"—he was a "fellow of infinite mirth!"—Peace to his memory.

The Dialect of Craven has, of late years, attracted attention to Chaucer, who has incorporated some of it in the discourse of his two "scoleres" of Strother (Langstrothdale). The late Rev. W. Carr, B.D., has exemplified it, in two dialogues of his "*Horæ Momenta Cravenæ.*" The recent re-publication of the "*Felon Sewe,*" the Ballad of "*Slaadburn Faar,*" the Craven poems of Tom Twisleton, and the "*Nidderdill Olmenac,*" have all helped to elucidate the dialect, which contains more of pure Saxon, than the provincialism of any other district.—Dorsetshire, perhaps, excepted.

In Craven many of the strong, expressive words of Shakespeare and Piers Plowman, and also of the translators of the Bible, are still in daily use. Why should such words be lost? Talkers may, perhaps, shrink from

the charge of eccentricity incurred by using them. But, authors and scribes surely need not be under any such fear of censure. In the United States of America, *Saxonisms* maintain their ground. The Americans can even claim a classic antiquity for such colloquyisms as "*I guess*," "*I reckon*," "*I calculate*," &c. This is a fact, well-known to the readers of Occleve, Gower, and other authors of the same date.

We conclude this chapter with a few local rhymes—

- (1) " In Skipton-in-Craven
Is never a haven,
And many a day of foul weather :
And he that would say
To a pretty girl nay,
I wish for his cravat a tether !"

The genuineness is very questionable. We have never found it, except in Rob Roy. Is it not from one of Scott's " Old Plays " ?

- (2) " Sutton under the sun,
Where God and good men never come,"

is often quoted. If it mean anything, it may probably signify that the village of Sutton, near Kildwick, is so overshadowed by hills, that, at certain seasons of the year, the sun never shines upon it, and therefore the place, from its dampness and gloom, is only inhabited by those who have " Hobson's choice." But, probably, in ancient times, Sutton was " under the sun " in another sense. On the moorland above is a supposed Druidical temple—these are huge stones called Hitchinstone (*i.e.*, Rocking-stone), Navaxstone, and Kidstone—the last name derived, probably, from the stone having been used for sacrifice of the *Kid*. If the square ground at Hitchinstone was ever

a temple for Sun Worship, the term "under the sun" is easily understood, in connection with Sutton. The second line about "God and good men" may have originated from the hatred to Druidism (or its lingerings) by some early missionary. Sutton now possesses a church, and it is hoped that the second line, at least, has become a dead letter.

- (3) "Pendle hill, Pennyghent, and little Ingleborough,
You'll not find three such hills, and travel England thorough."

This ancient rhyme is popular, but the ordnance survey has somewhat divested it of truthfulness.

- (4) "Lothersdale famed, as is well knaan."
For lime-kilns, Quakers, an a moon ov its aan."

The Quakers are almost extinct; the lime-kilns flourish; but a new church and schools have, it may be presumed, made the present dalesmen better astronomers than were their ancestors! Lothersdale figures in an early poem of James Montgomery. It records the death, in York Castle, of a Quaker, who was *persecuted* for non-payment of church-rates to the vicar of Carleton.

- (5) "Hips an haws, an hollin-stubbs,
Are good enough for Kirkby cubs."

This rhyme is popular in Malhamdale. We are not aware, that the inhabitants of Kirkby have done anything to merit such a castigation!





CHAPTER III.

BEFORE entering on the subject of Craven monachism, and conventual traditions and legends, we must offer a few remarks on Druidism, and the creeds with which it became affiliated. When Druidism was the religion of the ancient Britons, it appears, in its earliest stage, to have been a pure theism, and which was only *astronomically* connected with the study of the heavenly bodies. Even when Druidism was blended with the worship of Baal—Bel—Belus—Belinus, or the Sun, we have no proof that its original purity was not maintained. The religion of Baal, or Sun Worship, was probably identical with that of the Indian Parsees, or Fire Worshippers. It had a degree of sublimity about it; and, perhaps, after all, was not idolatrous. The modern sect deny that they *worship* fire, and say that they only

“ Morn and evening seek to trace
Their great Creator’s dwelling place
Amid the burning lights of heaven.”

—MOORE.

When the Saxons came into Britain, they introduced the stern mythology of the Scythian Odin, with its idolatry and polytheism. It had its male and female divinities, some of whose names linger in our weekly

calendar, where we find the personified Sun and Moon, Tuisco or Mars, the supreme Woden or Odin, Thor, the mighty thunderer, Freya or Frigga, the Scandinavian Venus, and Satur or Saturn, a deity borrowed from the Mythology of the East.

The Saxons, we may presume, found the majority of the ancient Britons without a religion. The prevailing systems were not suited to their savage life, and they became easy converts to a faith that offered a Valhalla (Valfalli)—a heaven that was a reward for those who had distinguished themselves in sanguinary conflicts, as warriors on land, or as sea-kings on the deep. When the first Christian missionaries visited Scandinavia, and the different provinces of Celtic Europe, they encountered only one religion, which was Odinism. It had become so universal that the older creeds had yielded before it, and were only saved from utter annihilation by ingrafting their mysteries on the new faith. Odinism, in its Eddaic sagas and legends, inculcated the worship of One Supreme. But, notwithstanding such teaching, Thor, a son of Odin, and a subordinate deity or demi-god, became the chief object of worship. In his earthly state he was a blacksmith, and his temptation by Loki, the evil spirit, and the mode in which the smith punished the demon, seem to be the origin of the legend of Saint Dunstan, who was also a blacksmith, and the punisher of a tempter. The legend of Thor and Loki is as follows: Thor in his mortal state was at his trade of a blacksmith, when a suspicious looking stranger entered the smithy. After a while, *Loki* (for it was the evil one), made a *tempting* offer to Thor. He was to have wealth and power, and idleness—a perfect “otium cum dignitate,” for a long period. But at its termination, Thor was to be Loki’s servant, and dwell for ever in “Hela’s drear abode.” “What sort of a place is

this Hela?" asked Thor; "I should like to see it, before I enter into any agreement!" To this Loki answered, "You shall go with me, and look at it!" "Is it a long way off?" asked Thor. Loki said it was very distant. "Then," responded Thor, "we must take some money with us to pay for eating and drinking, and other necessities." To this Loki assented. Thor (who was a giant) then produced an immense sack, which he said was his purse, and Loki was requested to enter, and see what money was at the bottom. Loki did so, when Thor drew the strings, and so imprisoned the tempter. He then placed the sack across the anvil, and he and his apprentice boy began to deal their sturdiest blows! Loki roared with pain, and was only released, by promising that he would immediately depart, and never again tempt the blacksmith, or enter his smithy.

St. Dunstan punished the tempter by seizing his nose with red-hot tongs. The old rhyme says:—

" St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
Seized the Devil by the nose
With red-hot tongs, and made him roar :
They heard him twenty miles and more."

The *minutiae* vary in the two legends; but it is evident that our mediæval story is a reflex of the Scandinavian one.

Having made the above preliminary remarks for the purpose of showing what old Celtic paganism was, we will now endeavour to discover if there be any traces of it, in or near our district. A talented writer, in the *Bradford Observer*, gives some interesting particulars of Druidism and the Druid's Altar on Harden Moor, near Bingley. We quote his words:—"The Druids' Altar is a

bold and rocky precipice on the right bank of the river, crowned, on its summit, with huge blocks of millstone grit, on one of which is pointed out the spot where sacrifices were offered in connection with the dark and mysterious worship of the Druids. The other great stone, crowded with the initials of numerous visitors, is thought by some to have been used as a platform for the officiating priests, while performing their religious ceremonies, and delivering their injunctions to the awe-struck multitude below. There can be little doubt, from the position of the rocks, taken in conjunction with the adjoining woods (so favourable for the *sacred groves*), and also the venerated tradition in support of the belief, that the valley of Bingley was once the residence of the ancient priests of the Britons." Another correspondent of the same journal says: "The 'Druids' Altar' on Harden Moor, near Bingley, appears, to us, to afford proof sufficient that this neighbourhood was at one time under Druidical sway. There would be no lack of the wherewithal to form their temples,

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks,

—KEATS.

being on every side, and huge blocks of stone always ready to their hand."

In the paper from which we make the above extract, we find that, in the immediate vicinity of the "Druids' Altar," is a spot called *Bell Bank*. Now, as *Bel*, in many localities, is synonymeous with Baal, Belus, or Belinus—the Sun—the proximity of a "Bell Bank" to the "Druids' Altar" is remarkable, and almost confirms the belief that the stones on Harden Moor are really and truly what tradition represents them. John Nicholson, the Airedale

Poet, has some lines in his "*Airedale in Ancient Times*," which merit a quotation :—

" The rock, which yet retains the Altar's name,
Had honours paid, and mighty was its fame ;
There, 'tis presum'd, the misletoe was laid,
While to their unknown god the Druids pray'd ;
*There were domestic quarrels made to cease,
And foes, at variance, thence returned in peace.*
Unlike the various priests of modern days,
So different that they teach a thousand ways ;
And tho' they boast superior knowledge giv'n,
Who knows but Druids taught the way to heav'n ?

The next spot in Airedale where we trace Druidism is the square ground above Sutton, to which an allusion has been made in a preceding chapter. The names of two of the stones are very *Druidical*. Hitchingstone (that gives a name to the place) is neither more nor less than *rocking* stone. In the south-west of England *Hitching* is a dialect or provincial word for *rocking*. A hitching-chair is a rocking chair, and a man with a *hitch*, is one who is of a nervous, unquiet disposition. The dictionary of the French Academy gives the verb *accrocher* (à rocher ?) as synonymous with our verb "to hitch," and says it signifies to *hang* or *suspend*. There is now no upper or rocking stone in the above square, but the probability is that there was once such a stone, although it may have long since disappeared. Indeed, when we visited the place, many years ago, our aged guide said, "there were some mair *stones*, but they were brokken up for waaing." Mr. William Gomersall, of Otterburn (member of the Swiss Murithian Society, &c.), who recently visited Hitchingstone, points out that the principal mass (the Hitchingstone) is *perforated*. This important fact had escaped our notice. The Druids

attached great value to such a perforation. It was sacred, and it was utilised in their worship—no matter whether it had been made by hands, or caused by the action of the weather. The following is a note with which Mr. Gomersall has favoured us:—"The Hitchingstone on ICKORNSHAW MOOR.—(*above Sutton.*)—This immense block of stone is a denuded millstone grit, and is very remarkable in having through its entire length, at an angle of, perhaps, 25 degrees, a hole as though a cannon ball had pierced the block, but which on careful examination bears evidence of having been produced by the decay of one of the palms of the Carboniferous era, and called by geologists a *Sigillaria*. Upon other blocks left on the moor, we recently noticed several impressions of Calamites and Lepidodendrons," &c.

We can make nothing of another stone called *Navaxstone*. The name is not only a puzzle to us, but to several of our archæological friends whom we have consulted.

The stone known as *Kidstone* is probably from the Anglo-Saxon; and, if so, it signifies the Stone of the Kid, or the altar for sacrifice. It may be from the Danish *Kæd*—flesh. The human sacrifices attributed to the Druids by Tacitus, Pliny the elder, and other Roman authors who sought to penetrate the Druidic mysteries, are generally discredited by modern investigators. The truth appears to be that the Druid priests, like those of the ancient Jews, were legislators, as well as ministers of religion. The wicker-basket victims were *criminals*, and the supposed sacrifices were *executions*. Nicholson, in the lines that we have *italicised* above, seems to have understood this union of church and state! Standing within the square at Hitchingstone, we cannot refrain from indulging in an imaginative vision, and in believing

that in long gone days, on solemn festivals, the vast area was filled with anxious worshippers waiting till the stone rocked. The omen would then be greeted by choral hymns—such as in our *enlightened* days, ascend when Neapolitans behold the triumph of the spiritual legerdmain that liquifies the chemical composition palmed off on ignorant fanatics as the blood of a mythic Saint—St. Januarius!

At Skipton is a bridge called *Bel-mont*—it is supposed from the elevated ground near it! *Bel mont* is the hill of Baal, or, in plain English *Sun Hill*. Is our *Bel-mont* ancient or modern? Is the name derived from any connection with Sun Worship? Near Lausanne, in Switzerland, is a village, in an elevated position, called *Bel mont*. In old Latin chronicles it is *Belini Mons*—the *hill of Baal*; and a short distance from it is a fine forest called *Sauve Belin*, but which in Latin chronicles and church M.SS. is named *Sylva Belini*—the wood of Belinus or Baal? We leave *our Bel-mont* as an unravelled mystery, but one on which, perhaps, Helvetic archæology seems to throw a little light.

The village of *Bel Busk*, has, owing to its being an important station on a railway, become a place of some note and importance; and the curious are endeavouring to penetrate the meaning of its name. *Bel* is evidently Baal. *Busk* is Norman French. Before the Norman conquest Idolatry had been nominally abolished, but *de facto* it was generally practised. A law of Canute, passed only half-a-century before the Conquest, forbade the worship of the Sun, Moon, and the heavenly bodies in general. The corrupt Norman Latin for a grove—a necessary adjunct to the “high places” of Druidism and Sun Worship—is *boschus*, from the Italian *bosco*;

and therefore Bel Busk is Baal's grove.* A Yorkshireman, some centuries ago, wrote a work "*De Sphæra*," and called himself *Joannes de Bosco*—his name was *John Wood*. Bel Busk has no grove or wood near it, at present; but, as Robert Storey says:—

“There was a time when Craven saw
From Bingley unto Outershaw,
One forest stretch o’er hill and dale,
Unlimited by wall or pale.”

We have a *Sun Hill* near Hetton; but we cannot determine whether the name is ancient, or of modern date. There is nothing particularly resplendent or sunny about it; but it is, from its elevated position and commanding view, just such a place as Sun Worshippers would have selected for a *Mons Beli*.

At Skirethorns is a "*Druids' Altar*"—the name is old, and lives in the traditions of the neighbourhood

* Our much esteemed correspondent, Mr. Gomersall, of Otterburn, has favoured us with the following communication:—
“Tradition say that the name of *Bell Busk* comes from a *bell* that was said to be hung in a *bush* or tree, at the confluence of the Otterburn with the river *Aire*, for the purpose of being rung in the old pack-horse days as a warning to travellers at night when the waters were out. Formerly there were only a few farm houses adjacent to the Fords over those streams, which would have a flat and boggy margin. Within a hundred years a mill was built on the *Aire* at this spot, a village followed it, and now we have a railway station!” We insert the above “traditionary” explanation, but we still adhere to our opinion as expressed in the text. The learned “OUTIS” of “*Notes and Queries*”—a clerical gentleman who was long connected with Craven, says, in a letter addressed to us, “*the derivation is self evident—Bel Busk is Baal's Grove.*” The *bell* and *bush* are mere village gossip—derivations of the Dean Swift sort!

in connection with Druidic rites. The designation is preserved in the Ordnance Map, where it would not have appeared had its claim not been properly established—at least so far as antiquity and tradition go.

The name of the remarkable hill of Elboton or Helboton in the parish of Linton, Doctor Whitaker says, is derived from the Saxon, and signifies *Faries' Mansion*. But other philologists say it is derived from A.S. *Halige-Boden*—sacred ground, or—for they are not certain—from the Celtic *Haul Dun* or Sun Hill. The peopling of the hill with the Fairies does not at all militate against its having been, in Saxon and Celtic times, connected with religion. The fairies, and most of our superstitions, came in with the Odinism of Scandinavia; and a “sacred ground” is a place where such belief would be most likely to linger. Therefore, we will leave the green hill in the quiet possession of the “green folk,” as Craveners were wont to call them—

“Lovely forms ! too lovely to be feared
By shepherd passing o’er the moonlit hills.”

—WILSON.

The worship of Thor, in Craven, seems to have been connected a good deal with wells and springs. A well in Burnsall parish still retains the name of Thorskill or Thor’s Well—“kill” signifying a spring or well. In addition to this well, there are numerous Craven places connected with Thor. Such are Thornton, Thorlby, Thorgill, and Thorpole, the ancient name of Threapland.

The influence of Thor remained in Celtic countries long after the introduction of Christianity. A century ago, or it may be a little more, Thursday was a holy day.

Amusements were not indulged in, and old women refrained from churning butter. These absurdities have vanished from our dales, and probably from every other part of our country. But they are still to be found in Gothland and Norway, though they are gradually dying out.

We might continue this investigation by an examination of Brimham Crag, near Pateley Bridge; but we should be going beyond the limits of our title page, which confines our researches and observations to the Craven Dales.

We conclude these remarks by a Sonnet suggested by Sun Worship. It is from the pen of a lady.

S O N N E T.

“ The glare of noon is past ! a brighter hue
Th’ ethereal sky assumes ; the source of light
Begins to wane, and verging into night
Majestically bids the world adieu.
Oh ! even in thy decline, how glorious still !
The landscape fades, but still the raptured eye
Rests on thy beauteous robe of every dye,
Tinting, with splendour, yonder western hill !
Peace be to him whose lips thy beams inspire
To offer pious vows—the while he lifts
To thee th’ adoring eye for all his gifts,
And lights thine altars with the sacred fire.
Yet could I worship any God but One,
Methinks like *his* ’twould be the setting sun !”





CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH Craven occupies a prominent position in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, we have no notice whatever of the district in the *Golden Legend*; and therefore our readers, who chance to be admirers of Monkish Stories, must not feel disappointed. To make amend for the want of ancient "saws," they will, however, meet with some "modern instances." The "*Felon Sewe*" is the most ancient *Craven* story with which we are acquainted, and *that* is only "Craven" so far as the language is concerned (and perhaps the authorship), for the action occurs out of the district. Yorkshire has produced some very respectable titular saints, who were excellent miracle-mongers, but for some reason, best known to themselves, they did not choose to be born in Craven! Why our Abbeys should be so destitute of legendary lore, is a question we cannot undertake to solve—such, however, is the unfortunate case! The localities connected with monkish history—with friars

"White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,"

are Embsay, Bolton, Barnoldswick, and Sawley. At Embsay, a monastery is said to have been founded in

1120, by William de Meschines, and Cecilia his wife, who was the daughter of Robert de Romille, a Norman Baron, and the builder of Skipton Castle. The most ancient parts of the castle have some details that are genuine Norman, and seem to corroborate the traditional statements. William de Meschines is said to have been a natural son of William Rufus, the "*Red King*." There is, however, great difficulty in determining the genealogy. The subject has been discussed in "*Notes and Queries*." (3s. v. 310 & 382).

We can only conjecture what sort of a pile the Embsay Monastery was. It was, in all probability, an enlargement of a building erected for the Saxon Cure; or a parochial chapel or church, to which was attached the usual complement of priests. The name of Embsay *Kirke* has descended to the present day. The monastery was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin; and the modern church, dedicated to the same saint, occupies the site of the ancient foundation. "*Kirke*" seems to have been a very general word for a Craven church. Whatever was the nature of the Embsay establishment, it appears that, after a brief duration of thirty years, it was removed to Bolton-in-Wharfedale, and there it became a monastic institution of some importance, both in a legendary and historical point of view. The "*Monasticon*" says that the Abbey of Bolton consisted of more than two hundred persons, who, judging from an account of one year's provisions, certainly understood how to "live well"—in a worldly sense; for in one year, 1000 gallons of wine were consumed! It may well be said—

"No baron or squire, or knight o' the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar."

What are we to understand by the "Wines"? At so early a period, we can hardly suppose that the produce of foreign vineyards reached England. Before the hop was introduced, and flourished in extensive gardens, as at present, the South and West of England had vineyards. There were even some in the very midst of what is now London. If the monks of Bolton were not supplied with wine of such native growth, we may suppose that their wine was that superior sort of cider, which still goes by the name of "Apple-wine."

According to tradition, the translation from Embsay to Bolton was effected by Adeliza de Romille, the daughter of William de Meschines, and the widow of William Fitz Duncan, a Scotsman. In an early MS. poem, written by an inhabitant of Craven, we find the following passage, which, although rather prosaic, is not a bad illustration of the deeds of Fitz Duncan and his followers:—

" In the twelfth century, a robber band
Laid waste the dales of Craven : none were spared
By the invaders—from the mountain glen
The smoke arose of ruined cottages.
Old men, with hairs of silv'ry grey, and youths
Just entering into manhood—virgins fair
As is the harvest-moon when it allumes
Our heath-clad hills—all perished by the sword.
Oh ! what a voice of wailing then was heard
Amid our homesteads ! wives were weeping o'er
Their husband's blood-stained corpses, and the maid
Lamented for her love. The lawless band
Even defiled the churches ! for the chalice
Wont to contain the sacred wine, was filled
With juice profane—the holy crucifix
Torn from the altar, and from sainted shrines
The gold and silver taken."

Fitz Duncan, from all that is recorded of him, appears to have been a monster, whose life was one scene of atrocity. History and tradition go hand in hand with poetry in narrating his cruelties, which only ceased with his death. As heir to his ill-gotten possessions, he left an only son called "The Boy of Egremond," from one of his maternal grandfather's baronies, and the (presumed) fate of this boy is thus described by Doctor Whitaker :—"In the deep solitude of the woods betwixt Bolton and Barden, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel, little more than four feet wide, and pours, throughout the tremendous fissure, with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place was then, as it is now, called the STRID, from a feat that is often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction that awaits a faltering step. Such was the fate of Adeliza de Romille's only son ; as he was inconsiderately bounding over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. To commemorate this tragic end of 'The Boy of Egremond,' the last hope of the house of De Romille, the widowed mother chose the beautiful banks of the Wharfe for the translation of the Embsay Priory." Connected with this story is a tradition that when the Falconer, who had witnessed the fate of young Romille, met the lady Adeliza, he said, "*What is good for a bootless bene?*" and she replied "*endless sorrow!*" Wordsworth calls the question "dark words." The "*bene*" has been frequently discussed. It perhaps means a prayer, and is a provincial abbreviation of "*benedictus*" or "*benedicite*."

There is nothing improbable in the legend. Adeliza appears to have been an amiable and pious woman. If her son perished as above narrated, what was more

natural than that she should have regarded his death as a judgment for the sins of his father, and according to the belief of a superstitious age, have deemed that an offended Deity could only be appeased by the endowment of a religious house, and daily masses? There is nothing irrational about the legend, if we examine it throughout, from the accident to the Falconer's speech, and the foundation of the Priory. But is it true? "*That is the question!*" There are several circumstances to be urged against it. The first is, that we find from the "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," this same drowned "Boy of Egremond," for whose death the monks of Bolton were to say daily masses, was himself a party, and witness to the charter under which the Abbey was founded!

The legend of a man meeting his death through the obstinacy or holding back of an animal is a very common one, and, with variations, is to be found in France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and other countries. In Craven we have a legend connected with a place in Lothersdale, called "Swine Harrie" or "Harry," *i.e.*, "Swine Theft," or "steal." We have the word "harry" in the oft-used proverb—"Harry no man's beast, you may have an ass of your own." The Lothersdale story belongs to the same class of fictions, and is thus related in *Hone's Table Book*:—"Swine Harrie" is the name of a field on the side of Pinnow, a hill in Lothersdale in Craven, and is said to have derived its name from the following singular circumstance:—A native of the valley was once at the dead of night crossing the field, with a pig which he had stolen from a neighbouring farm yard. He led the obstinate animal by a rope tied to its leg, which was noosed at the end where the thief held it. On coming to a ladder stile, the thief being a very corpulent man, transferred the rope from his hand to

his neck. When he reached the topmost step, his feet slipped, the pig pulled hard on the other side, the noose tightened, and on the following morning the culprit was found dead." In South Devon is a similar legend connected with a spot called "Hangman's Stone." In Charnwood forest, Leicestershire, we have a version connected with a spot, that is also called "Hangman's Stone." In the Leicestershire legend the animal is a deer. A local poet has versified the story in a ballad from which we give a few verses :—

"What matter that warders, and trusty regarders,
Look'd well to the Forest right?
The Shepherd encroachers were aye practised poachers,
And their day was the noon of night.

If the smaller prey did not hap in their way,
What matter? the sheep and deer,
Were a goodlier meal, and the verb "to steal"
Was neuter, or nameless here!

John of Oxley had watch'd on the round Cat Hill,
He had 'harried' all Timber-Wood;
Each rabbit and hare said ha! ha! to his snare,
But the venison he knew was good.

A herd was resting beneath the broad oak,
(The ranger he knew was a-bed),
One shaft he drew on his well-tried yew,
And a gallant hart lay dead.

He tied its legs, and he hoisted his prize,
And he toil'd over Lubcloud brow:
He reach'd the tall stone, standing out alone—
Standing then, as it standeth now.

With his back to the stone, he rested his load,
And he chuckled with glee to think
That the rest of the way, on the down-hill lay,
And his wife would have spiced the drink.

That 'rest of the way' John Oxley ne'er trod :
 That ale was untouched by him :
 In the morning grey, there were looks that way,
 But the mountain mists were dim.

Days past—he came not—his children play'd
 And wept—then gamboll'd again ;
 They saw with surprise their mother's wet eyes,
 Were still on the hills—in vain.

* * * * *

A swineherd was passing o'er Great-Ive's Head,
 When he noticed a motionless man :
 He shouted in vain—no reply could he gain—
 So he down to the grey stone ran.

There was Oxley's corse on one side the stone,
 On the other the down-hanging deer :
 The burden had slipp'd, and his neck it had nipped :
 He was hang'd by his prize—all was clear !

The gallows still stands upon Shepeshed high lands,
 As a mark for the poacher to own,
 How the wicked will get within their own net ;
 And 'tis called 'THE GREY HANGMAN'S STONE !' ”

There is a still greater resemblance to the Craven legend, in a Pyrenean legend, where the hero is a bear-hunter, and meets his fate by being precipitated by his dog into the torrent of a ravine known as “The Fatal Ravine.” The Americans have got up an horrible version of the story. The details are very circumstantial. We have date, place, &c. ! This new version of “Swine Harrie” is as follows :—“On the 12th (or 13th) of March, 1859, at four or five miles from Cincinnati, near Comminsville, an individual had disinterred a corpse for the purpose of anatomy. The resurrectionist had placed the corpse in a sack, which he dragged by a cord. On arriving at a wall, which he was obliged to cross, he passed the cord round

his neck, so that his hands might be at liberty to ascend. All was right till he got to the top of the wall, when he fell on the other side, before he was able to free his neck. On the following day he was found suspended, and, of course, dead !”

They who wish to retain the legend of the “Boy of Egremond,” and to get over the difficulties of the story, think that the incident may refer not to the Boy of Egremond, but to a son of Cecilia de Meschines, who founded the “Kirke” at Embsay. She had two sons, both of whom died young, and one of them may have been the drowned boy. This is mere supposition ; against it is the fact that no ecclesiastical writer has taken any notice of the tale. Several M.SS are in existence (the conventual labours of the Monks of Bolton) ; but in none of them do we discover the remotest allusion to a legend, which, certainly, would have been mentioned, had it possessed the slightest colouring of truth.

The picturesque ruin of Bolton Abbey has been so often described, that it is unnecessary to go over such well-trodden ground. As it has been well said, “for beauty of site it has no equal.” Indeed, it is in the centre of scenery, where Art has so admirably blended her work with that of Nature, that he must be a nice discriminator who can say where the one has begun and the other ended. We cannot leave the Abbey without a remark on the two sculptured *dogs*, that figure so conspicuously on the *new* West front of the building, an erection intended for the support of a magnificent tower. An inscription over the entrance records that it was commenced by Prior Moone in 1520. Popular tradition says that the dogs represent the *greyhounds* of the Boy

of Egremond! It so happens that the dogs are not greyhounds, but old English mastiffs or bloodhounds. If Prior Moone did not intend them for mere ornaments, he may have adopted them as emblematic of watchfulness, fidelity and gratitude. It was the custom to relieve the sick and lame, and the tired wayfarer at the gates of a convent, and the dogs may represent those in the parable of Lazarus and Dives. But the maiden name of the foundress furnishes a more satisfactory clue to the enigma. *Meschines*, or, more properly, "*Mez chienez*"—in modern French "*Mes chiens*"—is, literally translated, "my dogs." We find in old French, or rather, Norman Heraldry, that *dogs* figured in the Arms of De Meschines. The bearing has a reference to the name, which perhaps originated from the first of the family having been a huntsman. Such armorial bearings are by no means uncommon, and are called "canting" arms. Thus, it requires very little logic to explain the Bolton dogs. They are taken from the arms of the foundress, and are therefore most appropriately placed over the principal entrance

" 'mid statues, shields, and floral tracery."

The legend of the "Boy of Egremond" has been versified by Wordsworth, Rogers, and others. Wordsworth's poem terminates too much after the style of a "last dying speech and confession"—ballad writing was not his *forte*. Rogers has been more successful; but his version is a *lake-poem* rather than a simple ballad. The following version has one virtue—brevity! It is transcribed from the Album kept at the Hotel at Bolton Bridge.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

“She look’d from the turret—the last beam of day
Was tinting the mountains with golden array :
The call of the herdsman came up from the dale—
Alas ! ’twas the only sound borne on the gale.
She listen’d—all silent—the night-dew fell chill—
No watch-dog bay’d welcome—no bugle rung shrill—
Why comes not the loved one, the daring, the strong ?
Go ! ask the wild torrent that murmurs along.
In the homes of the vallies the childless ones weep :
Their mornings how dreary—how broken their sleep :
Proud Dame of the tyrant, weep with them, and deem
If the sword hath its triumph,—that so hath the stream.
The grey monks of Embsay may pray for the dead,
And penance do duly, while mass-rite is said :
All bootless the bene is, and tear-drops will fall—
The voice that is silent earth cannot recall.”

—D.

Another tradition is connected with the Strid,—that, previously to any fatal accident, a *White Horse* is seen to rise from its waters. The same spectral steed also appears every May-day morning, and is said to be an harbinger of evil to the beholder. Can the White Horse of the Strid have any connection with Sliepner the steed of Odin, and is it his mission to convey the spirits of the drowned to the halls of Valhalla ? Gray, in his version of an Eddaic poem, introduces Sleipner as *black* :—

“Uprose the King of men with speed,
And saddled straight his *coal-black* steed,”—

but this is mere poetic license. The old Scandinavian Sagas represent Sleipner as *white* ; and the same hue lingers in Berkshire, where we have the “Vale of the White Horse,” and the periodical dressing of the figure of the steed, cut on the side of a steep hill that overlooks the

valley. The White Horse of the Strid may, however, have another origin, and particularly, as he is connected with death. He may be the White Horse of the Apocalyptic vision. Gray's *saddle* is, perhaps, also a license; but be that as it may, he has certainly put the saddle on the wrong horse. The Craven legend is the theme of the following very beautiful poem, which originally appeared in the *European Magazine*, from whence it was transferred to the *Poetic Album* of Alaric Watts. It is said to be from the pen of a lady, a native of York, but who was long located in Craven. The Hall of Beamsley, Bethmesley or Bethlehem's-lea, is near the village of Bolton Bridge, where an hospital was dedicated to Our Lady of Bethlehem. The above hall was erected by the old family of Mauleverer, whose descendants, with a name softened down to *Morley*, owned it for many years. The late Colonel Morley sold the Hall to the late Duke of Devonshire, and it now forms a part of the Cavendish property.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFEDALE.

A TRADITIONAL TALE.

“ O Sisters, hasten we on our way,
The Wharfe is wide and strong !
Our father, alone in his hall, will say,
‘ My daughters linger long.’
Yet, tarry awhile in the yellow moonlight,
And each shall see her own true knight.
For now in her boat of an acorn-shell
The fairy-queen may be,
She dives in a water-spider's bell
To keep her revelry ;
We'll drop a thistle's beard in the tide—
'Twill serve for bridles when fairies ride ;
And she who shall first her White Horse see
Shall be the heiress of Bethmeslie.

Then Jeanette spoke with her eyes of light—
‘O if I had fairy power,
I would change this elm to a gallant knight,
And this grey rock to a bower :
Our dwelling should be behind a screen
Of blossoming alders and laurustine ;
Our hives should tempt the wild bees all,
And the swallows love our eaves :
For the eglantine should tuft our wall,
And cover their nests with leaves :
The spindle’s wool should lie unspun,
And our lambs lie safe in the summer-sun,
While the merry bells ring for my knight and me,
Farewell to the halls of Bethmeslie !’

Then Annette shook her golden hair—
‘If I had power and will,
These rocks should change to marble rare,
And the oaks should leave the hill,
To build a dome of prouder height
Than ever yet rose in the morning light.
And every one of these slender reeds
Should be a page in green,
To lead and deck my berry-brown steeds,
And call my greyhounds in ;
These lilies all should be ladies gay,
To weave the pearls for my silk array,
And none but a princely knight should see
Smiles in the lady of Bethmeslie.’

Then softly said their sister May—
‘I would ask neither spell nor wand,
For better I prize this white rose-spray
Plucked by my father’s hand :
And little I heed the knight to see
Who seeks the heiress of Bethmeslie !
Yet would I give one of these roses white
If the fairy queen would ride
Safe o’er this flood ere the dead of night,
And bear us by her side.
And then with her wing, let her lift the latch
Of my father’s gate, and his slumbers watch,

And touch his eyes with her glow-worm gleams
Till he sees and blesses us in his dreams !'

The night winds howled o'er Bolton Strid.
The flood was dark and drear,
But through it swam the Fairy-queen's steed
The lady May to bear :
And that milk-white steed was seen to skim
Like a flash of the moon on the water's brim.
The morning came, and the winds were tame,
The flood slept on the shore ;
But the sisters three of Bethmeslie
Returned to its hall no more.

Now, under the shade of its ruined wall,
A thorn grows lonely, bare and tall ;
And there is a weak and weeping weed
Seems on its rugged stem to feed :
The shepherds sit in the green recess :
And call them Pride and Idleness.
But there is the root of a white rose-tree
Still blooms at the gate of Bethmeslie.

Woe to the maid that on morn of May
Shall see that White Horse rise !
The hope of her heart shall pass away
As the foam of his nostril flies,
Unless to her father's knee she brings
The white rose-tree's first offerings :—
There is no dew from summer-skies
Has power like the drop from a father's eyes ;
And if on her cheek that tear of bliss
Shall mingle with his holy kiss,
The bloom of her cheek shall blessed be
As the Fairy's rose of Bethmeslie."

Bolton Strid is not the only one. There are two others, quite as remarkable as fissures, if they are not so famed in song. They are all connected with *striding*. "Loup-scar," near Burnsall, is Leap-scar—"loup" being dialectic for "leap." The other strid is near Grassington, and is

known as "Gay strills," i.e., "Gay" or good strides or "striddles"—pronounced trippingly "strills." Doctor Whitaker, spelling the place "Ghaist rills" or *ghost* rills, indulges in a poetic rhapsody about "the angry spirit of the waters!" He ought to have known the meaning of "gay," and of "striddles" or "strills," and also that in our dialect a "ghost" is not a "ghaist" but a "goast."

The Woods of Bolton are much frequented by pleasure seekers and holiday folk, who go rambling about and threading the numerous walks. On these occasions the Abbey comes in for its due share of admiration and inspection.

"The Abbey of Bolton exhibits then fresh scenes
From any display'd, since Sir William de Meschines
And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation,
With William the Norman, and laid its foundation."

—BARHAM.

But, alas, there is one class of the community to whom Bolton Woods are *terra incognita*. "These woods are closed on Sundays." If the warders could speak Latin to any of the would-be-intruders they would doubtless say :—

"Proul, O procul este profani!
Conclamat vates, 'et toto absistite luco.'"

Surely, a closing during the hours of divine service would suffice! It seems hard that they, who for six days have been breathing the unhealthy atmosphere of the mine or the loom-chamber, should be shut out from the shade of the greenwood tree, and told that on God's blessed Sabbath, the forest is not for the *profanum vulgus*. It is an exclusion like this that sets class against class, and encourages Spencean and red republican ideas about the

rights of property. We cannot help thinking of two stanzas written by Thomas Love Peacock, the clever author of "The Genius of the Thames," and the executor of Shelley.* The entire poem has been given by "*Notes and Queries*."

"The rich man hath a carriage
At hand, for Sunday riding ;
But the poor man's start
From town in a cart
Is an infamy past abiding !

The nasal-twang of Moses
Is the song of the saints in glory ;
But the hymn of the lark
O'er the open park
Tells a very different story ! "

—*Rich and Poor, or, Saint and Sinner.*

* A complete edition of the prose and poetical works of Peacock, with a biography by Lord Houghton, has just been published (1875).





CHAPTER V.

IT is pleasing to connect the illustrious name of William Wordsworth with Craven; and with a poem where we meet with neither potters nor waggoners, nor even with that horrible bore, a moralising Scotch Pedlar, or Chapman! In 1814 Wordsworth visited Craven; but, we believe, that his tour was confined to Bolton Abbey and its environs. About this time he wrote some strange Sonnets on Malham Water, Malham Cove, and Gordale; but he never saw those places! The verses were suggested by Westall's illustrations. It was very different with Bolton. Wordsworth was *there*, the guest of the late Rev. W. Carr, B.D., a gentleman by birth as well as by education, and whose profound learning, and deep archæologic research, were combined with a love and relish for all that was sublime and beautiful in nature. Beneath the roof of the clerical enthusiast, who may be said to have made and popularised Bolton, we can fancy how the great Lake Poet found himself "at home." Wordsworth was charmed with the Bolton scenery, and he determined to make it the subject of a poem. Mr. Carr suggested the "White Doe of Rylstone," and pointed to the legend, as narrated by Whitaker in the following passage:—"Not long after the

dissolution, a White Doe continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone, over the fells to Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard, during Divine Service ; after the close of which, she returned home, as regularly as the rest of the congregation !” Wordsworth was well acquainted with Whitaker’s Craven, and knew all the legends of Bolton, one of which he had turned into a ballad, called “The force of Prayer, or the Founding of Bolton Priory.” He suggested to Mr. Carr that the story of the Doe, *per se*, was too simple, and that he had no idea of adding a new pastoral to his pet lamb and other zoological favourites ! On this Mr. Carr hinted that in the legend of the Doe might be interwoven the “Rising of the North” in 1569, and the “Fate of the Nortons.” Wordsworth caught at the idea, and the result was, that in 1816 appeared “The White Doe of Rylstone, or, the Fate of the Nortons.” We had these particulars from Mr. Carr himself, during a luncheon at his hospitable manse. The poem has elicited a good deal of criticism. Byron disliked it, even more than he did “The Excursion ;” but Byron’s ill-natured criticisms are of little value. If Wordsworth suffered at his hands, so also did Keats, and Cowper ; for of the latter he could write, “The Calvinist was an amiable man, but no poet !” By other critics the “White Doe” has been held up as Wordsworth’s *chef-d’œuvre*. And, certainly, in none of his works do we find more delicious rhythm and versification, more exquisite description of scenery, or more touching incidents. The poem is, however, very unequal. The chivalric cantos are less pleasing and natural than those wherein we find ourselves amongst the wild fells of Rylstone, or beneath the greenwood trees of Bolton and Barden, or side by side with Emily and her milk-white Doe, on the rugged paths of Crookrise. The Doe is thus

introduced. The scene is Bolton Priory ;—the time a Sabbath morning in the days of the miscalled “good Queen Bess !” Wordsworth, we must premise, apologizes for making Bolton Abbey, what Crabbe calls “a tall building with a tower and bells,”—adjuncts that it never possessed !

“ From Bolton’s old monastic tower,
The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;
The sun is bright : the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal Wharfe,
Through the vale, retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company !
Of lasses and of shepherd-grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;
Path or no path, what care they ?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton’s mouldering Priory.

* * * *

In the shattered fabric’s heart
Remaineth one protected part,
A rural Chapel, neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest ;
And thither young and old repair
This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.
Fast the Church-yard fills, anon
Look again, and they all are gone :
The cluster round the porch, and the folk,
Who sate in the shade of the Prior’s Oak !
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the Church with a lofty voice !
They sing a service which they feel :

For 'tis the sunrise, now, of zeal,
And faith and hope are in their prime,
In great Eliza's golden prime.
A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed without and within ;
For, though the priest more tranquilly
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft—the dusky trees between
And down the path, through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen ;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the Church-yard ground ;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God ;
—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe !
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven.
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away ;
A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."

The poet has drawn a pleasing picture—a Sabbath in the mountains ! There have been,—there *are* many such gatherings in and around the ruined Church of Bolton. But there are no sittings now beneath the "Prior's Oak." That venerable tree was sold in 1720 for £70—an act of the vilest sacrilege. The tree contained 1400 feet of timber, and it saved a church-rate ! Alas ! that such a black spot should intrude on the poet's Sabbath in the mountains. For while we read the impassioned lines, we

cannot but regret the loss of the venerable tree that figures there.

We have often heard a town-bred stranger speak with rapture of a Sunday among our hills, and say, as he departed from the simple service in a mountain chapel, that he had experienced feelings and emotions that never came across him when mingling with the worshippers in the crowded city. A fashionable church in a populous town is not at all to our liking. The artificial distinctions of society, which should be lost sight of when man worships his Maker, are too much kept up there. We never could comprehend "miserable sinners" riding in a splendid vehicle to church; or, if walking, decked in silks and satins, and attended by liveried flunkies carrying the "ladies'" costly prayer-books! We have been blamed for these remarks that we reiterate from our first edition. Since then Lord Houghton has broached similar ideas in one of the most beautiful of his lyrics. We still think, and maintain, that the Church where Sunday seems made for a display of millinery and Dundrearyism is the most solemn when it is deserted—when we can say with the poet—

"In truth it is a solemn sight
To see such a place in the noon of night,
With its empty pews, and its closed books,
And its stonem men with awful looks,
Carven in niches, or lying in nooks :
And its pulpit with never a parson there,
And its clerk's desk with no one to mutter a prayer :
And its organ hushed, and no girls and boys
To lustily sing with heart and voice,
And all looking ghostly, and quaint, and odd,
In the hushed and desolate house of God."

—REV. F. H. BARHAM.

But the mountain chapel is solemn at *all* times, and at none more so than on the Sabbath festival, when peculiarities, that would be ludicrous elsewhere, even have a charm. The refined ear, at such a time, can tolerate the clarionet harshly blown, the bass viol *basely* played, the provincialisms of the clerk, and sometimes of the parson too, and even the odd-fashioned dresses of the peasants. But the march of intellect is, now-a-days, invading the dales. The remarks above—from notes and dottings made long ago, no longer are applicable to the

“rural chapel neatly drest”

of Bolton, where now, as in the days of old, the organ peals thro’ the sacred aisles, and accompanies the Gregorian chant—the very same plain-song that the old possessors—the Augustine monks—joined in, under the ancient ritual.

But we are digressing too much, and we will return to the Doe; for the poet has more to say concerning her, and we must luxuriate over the Salvator-like picture. Listen!

“Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living tend your holy cares,
Ye multitude pursue your prayers,
And blame not me, if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
If I with this bright creature go;
From the bowers of earth below;
’Tis a work for Sabbath hours,
Whether she be of forest bowers,
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A gift of grace from purest heaven.”

The Doe is rambling amongst the ruins, and there is one spot where she often lingers.

“ Pass ye who will yon chantry door,
And through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a grizely sight,
A vault where the bodies are buried upright.
There face to face, and hand to hand
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand,
And in his place among son and sire
Is John de Clapham that fierce Esquire :
A valiant man, and a man of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and the Red,
Who dragg’d Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.”

The poet amid the ruins is ever with the Doe, like Una with her Lion. How admirably does he describe the venerable pile, glorious even in decay. With what a voice of power does he recall the days of the old faith, with its long train of priests and magnificent ritual !

“ What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and round this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate !
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright ;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath
From some lofty arch or wall
As she passes underneath :
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone and ivy, and the spread

Of the elder's bushy head ;
Some jealous and forbidding cell
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

* * * *

But say among those holy places,
Which thus, assiduously, she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine
Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode ;
For old magnificence undone ;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy, with a hand of healing,—
The altar whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament,—
The dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair.
And sapling ash, whose place of birth
Is that lordly chamber's hearth ?
She sees a warrior carved in stone
Among the thick woods stretched alone ;
A warrior with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast :
Methinks she passeth by the sight
As a common creature might :

If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere,
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves, with pace how light !
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrewn ;
And in this way she fares, till at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;

Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly."

But the service is over—and the Doe becomes an object of interest and speculation. And now a scene occurs, where the painter has rushed to the poet's side. We have, in the original quarto edition, an illustration from the graceful pencil of Sir George Beaumont, our English Claude. Not that the artist was required, for the poet's description is so vivid, that we need no artistic aid to bring before us the ruins and the Wharfe, the forest-trees, the lingering, gossiping congregation, and the Doe.

" The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the river in its flowing :
Can there be a softer sound ?
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—When now again the people rear
A voice of praise, with awful cheer ;
It is the last, the parting song ;
And from the temple forth they throng—
And quickly spread themselves abroad—
While each pursues his several road.
But some, a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung,
Turn with obeisance gladly paid,
Towards the spot, where, full in view,
The lovely Doe of whitest hue,
Her Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound,
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide ;
As if in some respect of pride ;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood ;
Or guilt that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.
'Look, there she is, my child ! draw near ;
She fears not,—wherefore should we fear ?
She means no harm'—but still the boy,
To whom the words were softly said
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red ;
Again the mother whispered low,
'Now, you have seen the famous Doe !
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this Sabbath-day ;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart, when we are gone ;
Thus, doth she keep, from year to year
Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair.' ”

To one and all the Doe is a mystery. Each has a different story. An aged man deems that he beholds the spirit of the lady Adeliza. It is a fanciful idea, but such as may well harbour in the breast of a lover of the old creed. In his youthful days, he had sat by the convent fire ; and convent legends, told by departed monks, remain in his memory, though, after an absence of long years, he has only just returned to his native dale a wounded warrior. The most painful sight to the old man is—

“ This stately Priory ;
The Lady's work,—but now laid low ;
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe.”

A student from Oxford hath another conceit. To him the mysterious creature is a fairy, or the guardian angel of the Shepherd Lord, Henry Clifford—that celebrated character who retired from the bustle of the world. During the whole reign of Henry VII, and the first years of his son, Lord Clifford led the life of a recluse at Barden Tower, now a ruin. By the aid of the monks of Bolton he studied astronomy, astrology, and alchemy; and, perhaps, he indulged now and then in a sly peep at Ovid's "Art of Love." We say "perhaps," for it is only on the supposition that he is the hero of "*The Nut Brown Maid*." It was Dr. Whitaker who first broached this idea. A reference to dates puts aside such an interpretation. "The Nut Brown Maid" was written before 1521. Henry Clifford died in 1543. Lady Margaret Percy was his second wife; and it was not in his youth, or during his banishment, that he wooed her. The ballad was written long before the courtship could have occurred. Dr. Whitaker relied a good deal on the phrase "Westmoreland is my heritage," unmindful of the fact, that the minstrels were famed for "Wagga-wagga" gifts, and were very lavish in bestowing towns, and even counties, on heroes who had no right to them! We have an instance of this in the ballad of "Lord Bateman," who had a castle "in London town," and owned the "half Northumberland!"

In the *denouement* to the poem, the "White Doe" turns out to be no spirit or fairy, or goblin. She is a genuine Doe—Craven born—entrapped by Francis Norton, of Rylstone, and by him presented to his sister Emily. Norton perished in the rebellion, and his corpse was privately interred at Bolton. The affectionate sister is in the habit of secretly visiting her brother's grave. The Doe, her companion in these melancholy walks, thus

becomes acquainted with the wild track over the fells from Rylstone to Bolton.

“ But most to Bolton’s sacred pile,
On favouring nights she longed to go :
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe ;
Nor did she fear in the still moonshine,
To look upon St. Mary’s shrine ;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.”

Thus ends the poetical history connected with the Augustinian Priory of Bolton.

A passage above quoted, which relates the strange mode of burial adopted at Bolton by the Claphams of Beamsley Hall, is in a recent work, viz : “*A List of Roman Catholics in the County of York, 1604*,” spoken of as a “*vague tradition*.” Whitaker touches the same tradition in his account of the Claphams, and says : “I have looked into the vault, through an aperture, in the pavement, but could discover no coffins, excepting one of the Morley family.”

But in 1871, the Rev. Robert Collyer had an interview with Mr. Hustwick, the chatty custodian of the Abbey and its precincts. Dr. Collyer mentioned Whitaker’s statement about the Clapham vault, and Mr. Hustwick said : “I can tell you all about it. I have found it all out by myself, and it cost me three pounds ; but I determined to get to the bottom of it, and I did. I knew, nearly, where the vault must be, so I got some men to dig. We did not strike the vault at once, but after awhile we found it, opened it, and there were the coffins sure enough, standing upright, just as the old folk used to say they were.”

Whitaker's peep, it would seem, was only into a small portion of the vault, which was not, as he supposed, confined to the space of the "chantry" within the chapel, but extended under the adjoining modern altar-wall into the ruins, where the real entrance was. It seems strange that Whitaker, Wordsworth, and, perhaps, Mr. Carr, should not have been aware of this: for the vault must have been opened when a son of the late Colonel Morley, of Beamsley Hall, near Bolton, was interred. But probably the funeral occurred before the incumbency of Mr. Carr. The Morley family claimed descent from the ancient Mauleverers, whose name has undergone the three changes of Maule, Mauley, and Morley. A correspondent at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, says "nothing seems to be known *here* about the ferocious act attributed to John de Clapham, and mentioned by Wordsworth." Our chief tradition is connected with the "Old Woman" of "Banbury Cross," who had "rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes." If we have any other popular tradition, it is what we find in "Drunken Barnaby" who says:—

"Thence to Banbury (O profane one!)
Where I spied a Puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

Whitaker is rather sarcastic about the great antiquity claimed for the Claphams—by themselves! Their "castle" was not one *in Spain*, but it appears to have been an edifice of the same description! The language of a "*De Clapham*" seems to have been that of the "Marquis of Carrabas."

"The King himself must yield to me,
He's no such length of pedigree!"

When it begins I hardly know
The mist of time o'erspreads it so !

—BERANGER.

Rylstone has been so inseparably connected with Bolton Priory by the poet, that, although the link is in a great degree formed "of such stuff as dreams are made of," our account of Bolton would be imperfect without an introduction of Rylstone. Poetical pilgrims will find the village deserving a visit. It is certainly "beautiful—exceedingly," with its mass of foliage around its comfortable looking houses. Many regard it as the model village of the dales. It would please us better if the wealthy proprietors who have so adorned it, had allowed it to retain more of its original features. It has, in our eyes, too much the appearance of a cockney suburban retreat ! A Craven village has its peculiar features, and its distinctive architecture, which a correct and chaste taste cannot dispense with. The modern nondescript "villa" is a poor substitute for an old Craven homestead, with its tudor-like doorways, its porch, and its mullioned windows, and its pillared chimneys, An ornamental sheet of water does not compensate for the destruction of the village green. The Rylstone of the poet and of the historian no longer exists, or, we might say, has only an imaginary existence in the region of fancy. Of the far-famed Hall not a stone remains. We cannot even indulge in an Ossianic rhapsody, and say "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, and they are desolate."

“———despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ;
The walks and pools neglect hath sown
With weeds ; its bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,

While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly mansion of its pride
Is stripped : the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the spring."

—WORDSWORTH.

Towards the close of the last century, and even later, portions of the ruined Hall were standing. The venerable mother of the late Francis King (of whom more anon) used to describe it, as it then existed. She would tell of mullioned casements, of pointed arches, of square turrets, of capacious fire-places, and clustered chimneys. For those who were credulous she had tales of phantoms, who haunted desert chambers, and scared the belated wanderer. The building must have been erected as early as the reign of Henry VI. Unhappily for the antiquary, the Rylstonians of the last century were not archæologists, and the old hall formed a convenient quarry whenever a few stones were required. The Hall was on the same side as the Church, and in close proximity. The gardens, the pleasure grounds, and the dried up ponds are still traceable. The Church, a neat edifice, and very tastefully restored, has a low square tower facing a fine range of lofty fells. That old grey tower serves more to perpetuate the Rylstone of the past than any other landmark. Its bells have been represented as containing the cypher of *Christopher Norton*, and the family motto "God us ayde." This is said to be a mistake. The bells, we are told, bear no such legend! A writer in "*Notes and Queries*" (Nov. 26, 1868), says "Through the courtesy of the Rev. Wm. Bury (the rector), I have now before me a rubbing of the bell to which Wordsworth alludes, taken in 1852 when the Church was

rebuilt, and the bells were recast. The inscription is in Lombardic letters of rather ornate character, and is as follows :—

‘IN GOD IS AL.’

The letter ‘I’ in the third word has a leaf on each side of it, which may have lead to its being mistaken for U or V; and the ‘L’ of the ‘AL’ is ornamented in such a way, that it might look like J.N. The inscription has been correctly reproduced on the new bell.” An error, certainly, seems to have been committed by Wordsworth and others, *i.e.*, if the examination be correct; but is such error corrected by “J.T.F.,” the writer in “*Notes and Queries?*” May not the “IN,” which commences the legend, instead of being the preposition “in,” as he supposes, be meant for the cypher of *John Norton*: and may not the legend be “*God is all*,” and not “*In God is all?*” The remark about the L is above our comprehension. The three words on the bell (according to the new version) certainly do not form the Norton’s motto, which was “*God us ayde*.” It was in strict accordance with their remarkable arms, which represented the five wounds of the Redeemer.* The apparent mistake about the legend, in reading “*God us ayde*” for “*God is all*” was originally made by the late Rev. W. Carr, who, examining the bell in the dimness of the tower, thought that the obscurely cast legend was the family motto—a sentence with which he was quite conversant. Wordsworth relied on Mr. Carr’s statement.

* The five wounds of our Saviour were the two on the hands, two on the feet, and the one in his side caused by the Roman soldier’s spear. We give this explanation, for the question has been asked.

In antiquarian matters few authors were more careful than Mr. Carr. However, it is only just to the memory of Wordsworth, that the mistake should be given to the right person, and that the poet should not be blamed for a presumed trivial error of the clergyman. It will be no easy matter to persuade the inhabitants of Rylstone that Wordsworth is in error. Their children, when wandering in grassy lanes, and listening to the Sabbath call, will long continue to hear "God us aid," and be as firmly persuaded that such is the language of the bells, as Whittington was, when he heard St. Mary-le-Bow send from its steeple the "Turn again, Whittington, Lord-Mayor of London."

So complete has been the destruction of Rylstone Hall and its grounds, that old Mrs. King used to quote, as applicable to the place, the lines in an ancient ballad :

" Down are those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood."

It was this quotation that caused her minstrel son to designate Rylstone as "The city of Troy,"—a name by which it is still known, and one that it is not likely to lose !

Norton Tower is well described by Wordsworth :

" High on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell :
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike fame
Stands single—*Norton Tower* its name.
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,

Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.
The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
As Pendle-Hill or Penny-gent
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
Had often heard the sounds of glee
When there the youthful Norton's met
To practice games and archery."

As to the uses of the tower, there have been various conjectures. It was, perhaps, a summer house, erected for the sake of an extensive view. Apart from its associations, it is about as interesting as a village "pound," to which it bears some resemblance. Behind the ruins are some wild and rugged ravines. In one are the remains of a decoy, constructed, it is said, to entrap the deer of the Cliffords. There are also 'some 'butts' for archery. The story must be received *cum grano salis*. The Norton family, although not ennobled, was equal in respectability, antiquity, and station, to that of the Cliffords, and, therefore, it is too much to believe that the Nortons were common poachers! The family estates were adjacent, and disputes about boundaries and territorial rights seem to have ripened into deadly feuds. The entrapped deer were, doubtless, *trespassers*. On the attainder of Richard Norton, the Rylstone estates were granted to, or purchased by, the Cliffords. Whether all the male branches of the Nortons were catholic, and took a part in the "Rising in the North," is questionable. We believe that one branch adhered to the *reformed* creed—that is, to the Anglican faith, as it existed previously to Papal usurpation. A member of this branch was, probably, *Thomas Norton*, who, in conjunction with *Thomas Sackville*, afterwards *Earl of Dorset*,

wrote the first English Tragedy of "*Ferrex and Porrex*," and also assisted Sternhold and Hopkins in their version of the Psalms. Those which Norton "did into verse" are signed "N." If this Thomas Norton was one of the "blasted family," his reform principles, through the patronage of the Cliffords, may have obtained him a situation, which he held at the Court of Elizabeth. He was intimate with the *Sackville* family, some of whom, in after years, intermarried with the Cliffords, and with their descendants, the Tuftons. A member of the Norton family was Roger de Norton, of St. Albans, Herts, who gave a bell to the clock-tower of that town, with the inscription :

"Demisi Celis, Habeo nomen Gabrielis."

The Rylstone Nortons may have taken a lesson from the St. Alban's Norton, and "gone and done likewise!"

In relating the "Fate of the Nortons," we cannot but dwell on the fact, that, in numerous instances, attainders have been removed, titles restored, and forfeited estates, or their equivalents, given to descendants. But such favours of the Crown have only hitherto been bestowed where the rebel traitors were noble! No such justice has ever been shown to *commoners*! The descendants of the Nortons (and there are such) are surely as worthy of consideration as the families that represent the treasonable Scotch Lords of 1715 and 1745. But it is ever so—

"That in the Captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."





CHAPTER VI.

THE Abbey of Kirkstall, near Leeds, is beyond the boundaries of Craven. It cannot, however, be passed over by a Craven chronicler, for it was a translation of an Abbey, founded at Barnoldswick, by Henry de Lacy, A.D. 1147, and peopled by a swarm from Fountains. Utilitarianism has destroyed much of the poetry and romance of Kirkstall. Though the river beneath its walls has become little better than a common sewer—though the sweet voice of birds is hushed by the clang of the forge and the rail, and the once pure atmosphere is polluted by the smoke of the steam engine—the ruined Abbey, with its green “ivy garlands,” still attracts the pilgrim and the artist. Kirkstall has been claimed as the scene of “Mary the Maid of the Inn,”—but Southey has said that the incidents, which actually occurred, were “*either at Furness or Kirkstall—he forgot which.*” The architecture of Kirkstall is referable to an era when the early Byzantine (improperly styled Norman) was passing into Saxon or early English. It was, no doubt, many years in building (thirty at least), and the later portions were evidently constructed when the early English was in a state of transition, and passing into the more ornate and decorated perpendicular gothic. There

is a talk of restoring Kirkstall; and some enthusiasts will cry out against it. Others of a less poetical and more pious turn, will rejoice, and think that the place will be more useful as a church and missionary college, than as a ruin—the holiday resort for pic-nic parties and revelry. The “procession’s stately tread,” and the solemn swell of the organ to the chanted hymn, will surely be a good exchange for the scrape of the violin, and the dance over the vaults of the sainted dead. Kirkstall belonged to the Cistercian Order,—the same powerful body who possessed Sawley and Fountains. Craven, in the olden time, was well studded with Cistercian monks. It must have been a difficult matter to have taken a ramble without coming in contact with one of those white-robed ecclesiastics. Friar Tuck was a member of the fraternity; for, according to the ballad of “*Robin Hood and the Friar*,” he quitted Fountains Abbey, to undertake the onerous duties of domestic chaplain to Robin Hood! But we will not make the Cistercians responsible for the clerical errors of one of their brethren. It would be just as fair to regard the friar as a correct specimen of *his* cloth, as to quote a certain departed Craven clergyman as a specimen of a dales’ parish priest. The latter worthy used to boast that “he could make a besom, *wallop* a potter, or preach a sermon with any man in the country!” The Friar and the Parson were unfortunate exceptions. We will not say of either of them, “*ex uno disce omnes*.” William of Malmsbury says—“The Cistercian Order is the surest road to heaven.” It was of English origin, and founded in 1098, by Stephen Harding, a monk of Sherborne Minster, in Dorset, whose travels to Scotland, France, Burgundy, Rome, and various other places, are minutely detailed by William of Malmsbury. This monkish

historian was a learned man, and was patronised by that great scholar, Robert of Gloucester. The chronicle of *Malmsburiensis* abounds with wonderful tales and strange legends. While we reject these fictions and superstitions of the middle age, we may, nevertheless, safely rely upon the historical facts that he narrates, and particularly, on what he says of the domestic economy of the religious orders. The term Cistercian originated from the first monastery having been erected in the forest of Citeaux (in Latin *Cistercia*), near Dijon, in France. "The Cistercian monks never eat flesh-meat, fish, or eggs; their only animal food is milk and cheese. Their Lent is longer than that observed by the rest of the church; for it commences on the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and terminates on the vigil of the festival of the Resurrection. They observe manual labour, tilling the ground with their own hands. They keep, almost, a perpetual silence, never speaking, except to the Superior, or by his permission. They sing the whole Divine Office, or the Canonical hours, rising all the year round at two in the morning, and at the great festivals at midnight, for the celebration of matins. They celebrate the Holy Eucharist every day with great solemnity. They spend much time in mental prayer and meditation; and, above all, they are exhorted to aim at the highest practice of christian virtue, and at the closest imitation of the divine example of our Lord Jesus Christ, as it is found in the Holy Gospel." Such is the account given by the Very Reverend Father Odilo Woolfrey, the late Prior of the modern Cistercian Abbey at Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire. If some of the above regulations partake of severity, there are others which excite ludicrous ideas, and exemplify the near connection between the sublime and the ridiculous. The Cistercians are not allowed to

wear linen, or even breeches, except any brother is on a journey, in which case that article is allowed, but only on condition that the same shall be well washed and put by, when the necessity for its use no longer exists! There are Cistercian *nuns* as well as monks. Father Woolfrey does not inform us whether the above rules are binding on the gentler sex! An "almost perpetual silence" would be a somewhat awkward rule for nuns, to say nothing of the "inexpressible" regulations! While we laugh at some of the absurdities of the Order, let us not close our hearts to its many excellencies, amongst which are prominent, hospitality to the stranger and wayfarer, the relief of the poor, and the visitation of the sick.

The account which the modern Prior gives of the order, harmonises with that of the ancient monk. For William of Malmsbury further says:—"The Cistercians have minds always rejoicing in the Lord—they give all diligence to improve their morals. They love purity more than glittering vestments—they are a model for monks, a mirror for the diligent, a spur for the indolent. However splendid may be the exterior of their churches, all is plain within them. They are not blazoned with jewels and glittering with silver. Their walls do not glisten with various coloured paintings; nor is the reflection of the sun's rays cast upon a gorgeous ceiling. While others adopt such vanities, the Cistercians regard them as stumbling blocks that impede the journey to the 'house not made with hands.'"

The translation of the Abbey of Barnoldswick to Kirkstall occurred about the year 1153. The incidents attendant on this translation have been so well told by a writer in the *Leeds Mercury* of May 10, 1873, that we

cannot do better than follow his very graphic and interesting sketch :—"Henry de Laci, Baron of Pontefract, was a mighty lord, who, setting out from his Castle, could travel in a straight line over his Yorkshire and Lancashire estates for 90 miles. Henry de Lacy, or Laci, lay sick, and his danger was great ; whereupon he vowed that, if spared, he would erect 'an abbey for monks of the Cistercian Order in honour of the most glorious Virgin and Mother of God, Mary.' The Romish clergy in those days were far too faithful to permit such a vow to be broken. It was, therefore, no sooner made than it was committed to parchment, and signed. Henry de Lacy recovered, and observed his vow at a cost which did credit to his piety. Among his other possessions was Barnoldswick-in-Craven. This Barnoldswick he gave to the monks in 1147. The villagers were ejected, and the monks installed. Now, Barnoldswick boasted a parish church, and a parish priest, who ministered to the spiritual wants of four villages ; but after the Cistercian colony from Fountains took up its abode there, it was naturally much aggrieved by the devotions of these simple people. The maxim that 'two of a trade can never agree' is peculiarly true of the various religious sects. The monks of Byland deserted their original foundation because they could not bear to hear the bells of Rievaulx Abbey in the neighbourhood ! Be the reason what it might, the Abbot Alexander, at Fountains, and his Cistercians conceived a violent distaste to the parish priest at Barnoldswick and his humble flock. To gratify this they took the law into their own hands, and destroyed the parish church. The parishioners were furious—they appealed to force. They appealed also to the Archbishop of York, who prudently washed his hands of the bad business by referring it to the Pope. The Holy Father decided in favour of his

children, declaring (worthy man!) that 'To pull down a church, in order to establish a monastery, was pious, and worthy of countenance, inasmuch as the lesser good should always yield to the greater!' There was no getting over that! But the violent monks were also troubled by violent neighbours. They had other troubles, too; for the Scots at this time invaded Yorkshire, and spared neither the lands nor the goods of the holy brotherhood. Then, bad harvests and cold weather were added to their other miseries. Just when things were at their worst, the Abbot had occasion to make a journey, and in the course of it he passed through Airedale. In a lovely wooded vale he chanced to encounter a small body of hermits, whose leader was Seleth, the Prior of Barnoldswick.

"These pious men, who had come from the south, told Alexander how Seleth had heard a voice in a dream, saying to him, 'Arise, Seleth; go into the province of York, and seek diligently, in a valley called Airedale, for a certain place named Kirkstall, for there thou shalt provide a future habitation for thy brethren, wherein to serve my Son.' He asked, 'Who is thy Son, whom I ought to serve?' And the voice replied, 'I am Mary; my Son is Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world.' Seleth set out forthwith, and had been directed by certain shepherds to this place. Now, the Abbot was charmed with the beauty of the spot, and failed not to point out to the good Anchorites the advantages of monastic life. To fast in the midst of plenty, were surely more meritorious than to starve with nothing to eat, as they did. Abbot Alexander was a man of business, and fully understood the value of time; so, without delay, he posted off to Pontefract, to Baron de Lacy. He poured his tale of sorrow into the Baron's ear, and forgot not to dilate

also on his newly-formed hopes. The Baron entered heartily into his plans. William de Poictou was the owner of Kirkstall. The land was easily secured. De Lacy laid the foundation stone with his own hands, and bore the whole cost of the subsequent structure. Its building occupied a period of thirty years, and was completed shortly before the death of Abbot Alexander, who gave it his constant attention." Whether Seleth was the *first* Abbot of Kirkstall, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that he became Abbot there, and died in the odour of sanctity.

The ravages of the Scots are alluded to by Malmesburiensis, to whom "Scoti" and "Gothi" were almost synonymous terms. He has also a joke about the use of brimstone, and what is now politely called "*The Caledonian Cremona*." Nor is the little creature that Burns saw "on a lady's bonnet" forgotten in the philippics of this angry old monk!

The legend of Seleth with his vision, is hardly worthy of a serious thought. Whitaker, however, discredits the tale—not on account of its great improbability, but because—"how could Seleth find a place called *Kirkstall*, when the name *must* have been given after the erection of the Abbey?" May the name not have arisen from a Saxon Cure at the place—that is, from a parish church, the precursor of the Abbey? *Kirke* was a Saxon term much more frequently applied to parish churches, than to convents. Embsay is the only exception in Craven,—and "*Priory*" not "*Kirke*" seems to have been the ancient designation of the building there.

A question is worth discussing—What is the distinction between an Abbey and a Priory? Properly speaking, an

"*Abbey*" is a community,* and not a building—in fact, it is a religious body, the head of which is an Abbot, who generally is a mitred one, and a bishop *in partibus*. Where there is an Abbot there is always a Prior, who is a kind of chief ruler, or Vicarius, but the building cannot be named after him. "Priory" can only be applied, properly, to a building connected with one of the minor orders, and where there is no Abbot. If Bolton were in this condition at the era of the dissolution, it was a Priory. If it was governed by an Abbot, it was not a Priory, and the appellation is a misnomer.

It is curious to find how the Virgin figures in so many legends and stories—ancient and modern—of the Roman Church. From the days of Seleth to those of the grotto of Lourdes, it is always the Virgin who is the apparition. The principal difference between the appearances of the olden times, and those of our days, is that *now*, the revelations are made to children and ignorant girls and old women. Satin shoes, blue mantles, and spangled dresses invariably form a part of the supernatural vision, which is no dream of the night, but a manifestation visible in the clear light of a morning or mid-day sun! And Bishops pretend to believe. If they really credit such impostures, we may well say—Alas! for poor human nature!

The monastery of Barnoldswick was on the margin of a brook, where the remains of the foundations can just be traced. The building, except a portion retained as a

* In Switzerland, the *Trade Societies* are *Abbayes*. Thus we hear of "The Abbaye of Masons,"—of Carpenters, Shoemakers, &c. Fribourg and Berne abound with *Abbayes*

grange, was demolished to prevent an appropriation to any secular or profane purpose.

The dream of Seleth has been versified as follows :—

THE VISION OF SELETH.

“ The Vision of Seleth ! a dream of the night !
A fair river flowed through a valley of light ;
Gay flower-spangled meadows were spread o’er the scene,
And the forest birds sang from the ash branches green.

The Vision of Seleth ! a dream of the night !
That stream was as lovely, those heavens as bright ;
But o’er the pure waters a tall Abbey frowned,
And the white-vested Bedesman was pacing around.

The Vision of Seleth ! a dream of the night !
The lofty arched chancel in sable was dight,
Low chanted the monks, mid the death-bell’s dread toll,
And they prayed for the ABBOT—they prayed for *his* soul !

The Vision of Seleth ! a dream of the night !
On a desolate ruin the moonbeam shone bright ;
Wild screamed the foul raven, and dark ivy twine
Clung close to the alder that waved o’er the shrine.”

—D.

In the vicinity of Barnoldswick is abundant food for the archæologist. We would particularly notice the ancient and very interesting church of St. Mary-le-Gill. The village of Bracewell contains the ruins of two Halls. One of them was long the principal residence of a branch of the Tempest family. It is the only specimen of an ancient brickbuilding to be found in the district. It was probably built or completed in the early part of Elizabeth’s reign.* The other mansion is of greater

* Since our first impression these ruins have been removed, and a new edifice erected on the site. Venerable antiquity has yielded to modern elegance !

antiquity. According to tradition, it was once inhabited by Henry VI. It is said that, after the battle of Hexham, he remained for several months in the neighbourhood, passing his time at Bracewell and Bolton-by-Bolland. In the old hall of Bolton are shewn a pair of gloves, a pair of boots, and a spoon said to have been the property of the King. A Well near the Hall is still known as "Henry the Sixth's Well." Bolton Hall, the ancient seat of the Pudsay family, was erected about 1350. It is in the possession of their descendants—the Dawsons. The Pudseys were at Bolton so far back as the reign of Henry I. The church is a handsome building of late English, and with a very noble tower. It contains many curious monuments of the Pudseys. One of these is in memory of Sir Ralph Pudsay, his three wives, and his seventeen children, all of whom are sculptured, and wearing the costume of the time. Whitaker gives a drawing of it.

An inhabitant of the Hall, from 1577 to 1629, was William Pudsay, Esquire. Webster, in his "History of Metals," says: "William Pudsay, in the reign of Elizabeth, did get good store of silver in a field called 'Skelhorn,' in the township of Remington-in-Craven, and converted it to his own use, or rather coined it. Many do so believe, there being many shillings marked with an *escalop*, which the people of that country call '*Pudsay shillings*' to this day." The story of the shillings is very doubtful. If there were any such coinage, it is probable, from the *escalop shell* being stamped on it, that the "coins" were medals to give away to pilgrims as memorials of the Crusades, and as a silent and safe protest against the Reformation. The story of the coins has a most improbable legend tacked to it. Near Bolton Hall, and close by the river, is a rock called "*Pudsay's Leap*." It

is nearly perpendicular, and is, at least, 100 feet high. Tradition (that supplier of the defects of history) says, that when the officers of justice came, in the reign of Elizabeth, to apprehend Squire Pudsay for coining, he was made aware of their approach. Finding that he could not escape by any other method, he mounted his horse, and rode to the top of "Rainber Scar," or "Scaur." He there took a leap into the river, which at that time was swollen by a flood, and, by so doing, he escaped his pursuers! He then made for London, and cast himself at the feet of the queen, who granted him a free pardon. This, it is said, was not from any favour to the culprit. It was an act of gratitude for the good offices rendered by his ancestors to Henry VI. Webster "knew those who had seen the pardon!"—but it does not appear that *he* had inspected the precious document; nor does he give the names of the individuals who are sheltered under the convenient term "those." Our opinion is, that the coinage of *shillings* is a fiction; and that the Squire stood in no need of a pardon, through fear of confiscation of property, combined with being hanged, drawn, and quartered!—for such was then the punishment of "Petty Treason," and even so late as the days of George the Second!

"Bolton-by-Bowland" is so called from the contiguity of the village to the Forest of Bowland, which, although out of the district of Craven, merits a passing note. Bowland (provincially *Bolland*) is a wild district. In no part of England can we find scenery of a more Swiss-like character. But it is in Italy that we can trace the greatest resemblance to Bowland; and where we find it, is amongst the bare Apennines that lie between Bologna and Pistoija. The Bowland hills are neither Alps nor Apennines, but they are high enough and wild enough

to warrant a comparison. The Trough is a narrow gorge. The name is a form of the Scotch word "Trosach." We have one place in Craven called a "trough," viz. :—" *Girling Trough*," near Conistone-in-Kettlewelldale, but it is not equal to that of Bowland.

That portion of Craven which borders on the county of Lancaster, and may be said to extend from Barnoldswick to Mitton, is well worthy of a tourist's visit. If the country around Gisburn and Slaidburn want some of the bolder features of nature, we have, in its stead, beautiful forest scenery with rich pasturage, and distant peeps at many of the loftiest Yorkshire and Lancashire ranges. But the great attraction in this part of Craven is Sawley Abbey—so called from the neighbourhood producing the *Willow-Sallow*—the *Salix Alba*, (*L.*) or common *Osier*. This Abbey was a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1147 by William de Percy. Its first occupants were an Abbot and twelve monks, a swarm from the hive at Fountains. In those days Abbots were as easily created as West country mining "captains" and Lincolnshire "bankers" are in ours! In the chronicle of Father Peeris we find allusion to *two* William Percies, either of whom (from the time in which they lived) might have been the founder of Sawley. Peeris, by the bye, makes not the slightest allusion to the *founding* of Sawley. This is a remarkable omission in "a true recorde," as he designates his work. He merely names it in connection with Gargrave.

The following are the passages which allude to the two Williams :—

" William Percy, this noble famous knight
Was married to a Lady, which Mary hight,
To Sr. Robert de Turke, daughter was shee,
A valiant man descended of noble antiquity.

Peeris then gives the issue of the marriage—Walter, Alane, Richard, and *William*, all of whom died in childhood except the last named :

Peeris says :—

“ They died all children except William the fourth son a clarcke,
Who was after Abbot of Whitbye.”

The chronicler then states that

“ In the year of our Lord, a thousand, a hundreth, thirty and three,

This William founded an Abbey called Handall of holy women of Cisterensis order, to serve God in theire verginitye.

Hee married Ellenor, who was daughter to the Earle of Arundell,

By whom he had issue Henery the fifth, and the eighth William, as the pedigree can tell.”

If the William Percy, who founded Sawley, was a member of the house of Northumberland, he must have been the individual mentioned in the last quoted verse of the chronicle. Assuming that as a fact, it seems that although William Percy was a Priest and an Abbot, he *married* ! Did he obtain a dispensation from an “ infallible ” source, or did he set the laws of the church at defiance ? The presumption is, that being the last of his race, it was deemed expedient that he should marry, and so a dispensation was obtained. In the days of old, money was an all-powerful agent at the Papal court, and through its agency—the *auri sacra fames*—anything could be obtained, from pardon of the crimes and disgusting vices of a Cenci, to the removal of the priestly vows of a Percy.

The establishment of Sawley consisted of the Abbot and thirty monks, and forty-six servants. From a MS.

still in existence, it appears that in 1381, seventy head of cattle were slaughtered, and 260 quarters of malt were brewed. The animal food (prohibited to the order) was, we presume, for the tenants of the Abbey, and also for the poor who sought a meal at the convent doors. The ale was, of course, for the monks—there were no “Good Templars” then!!

When we first knew Sawley, it was, in every sense of the word, a *ruin*. Rank grass, a shelter for the toad, waved amidst its walls. Rubbish covered altar, and shrine, and tomb. Boys played at cock-shye with fallen corbels and capitals. Cows, sheep, and pigs fed and squatted in its precincts, and portions of the sacred pile were appropriated to still viler purposes. The visitor turned from it with loathing, and drew comparisons—not of the most “odorous” nature—between it and Bolton and Fountains. This deplorable state of things continued till 1849, when Earl de Grey, to whom it belongs, determined to protect it from further spoliation. The first work was to remove a hut that had been built within the ruins, one of a number erected with stones taken from the old walls. On some of these stones were richly-carved shields of the Percies, Tempests, Lacys, and Hamertons. The destruction of the hovel led to the removal of an immense quantity of rubbish and filth. The ruins are *now* in such a clean state, that a tolerably correct opinion can be formed of what the building was, before the dissolution. It was a large cruciform church, without side aisles. It was destitute of columns, with the exception of those attached to arches, that formed entrances to the transept and four chapels. In each of these chapels are the remains of an altar, and the floors are covered with beautiful tessellated pavements. At the south end of the transept, which was forty-two yards long, is the tomb of

William de Rimington, who, in 1372, was Chancellor of Oxford, and *Prior* of Sawley. He was a man of great learning, and was probably a native of Rimington, who received his early education at Sawley. He was well fitted to be second in command at the monastery. The Latin inscription on his tomb says "Master William de Rimington, professor of the sacred page, and Prior of this house, and formerly Chancellor of Oxford. May God be gracious to his soul."

We can now trace the foundations of the entire edifice, and not merely those of the church and its chapels. We can ascertain the position of the chapter-house, the dormitories, the refectory, the cloisters, the court-yard, the Abbot's house, &c. This is as it ought to be. "*Desolation*," says Shelley, "*is a delicate thing*,"—but then, "*delicacy*" ought to have clean robes, and be as fragrant as the wall-flower that blooms on the crumbling tower, or above the mullioned casement of the friar's cell, or the Baron's hall. Sawley has peculiar claims to protection. It gave a Chancellor to Oxford, and a Bishop to Llandaff. The bishop was Miles* de Salley, who became Abbot of Einsham in Oxfordshire, and subsequently was created Bishop of Llandaff. He died in 1516, and was buried in the gorgeous chapel of the Gaunts, at Bristol, where he has an elegant tomb with an effigy in full episcopal attire. The name of Sawley was originally spelt "Salley," as it appears in the chronicle of Father Peiris.

With this notice of Sawley we take leave of Abbey ground, not without regret that, in passing over it, we have met with so few legends.

* *Miles* is a name not uncommon in Craven.



CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE quitting the border district of Craven, we would point out some localities, which are not so remarkable for their scenery, as for their historical interest. Half-a-mile south of Gisburne are Westby and Arnoldsbigging, ancient seats of the Lister family—that is, of the ancestry of the present owner of Gisburne Park, Lord Ribblesdale. Westby is now a farm house. Arnoldsbigging has wholly disappeared, with the exception of a small portion of the vaulted cellar. Tradition tells us that it was an extensive mansion; and, as the garden was an acre in extent, and was surrounded by brick walls four yards high, we may take for granted that the mansion was what tradition represents. In the garden is a fine tree of variegated holly. It contains about fifteen feet of timber, and some of the branches are seven yards in length. The fish ponds still exist, and we can trace the pergolas or covered walks. Westby was the birth-place of Josias Lister, who fell in the battle of Tadcaster, A.D. 1642. Captain Lister was shot through the head. He was interred in the parish church of Tadcaster. It is recorded, that when the son of Captain Lister, some years after the battle, was passing through Tadcaster, he

visited the church. Observing the sexton at work within the edifice, he inquired where Captain Lister was buried. The sexton replied by showing a skull just exhumed, which he averred was that of the Captain. On examination, a bullet was found in it. This testimony to the truth of the grave-digger's words, so affected the young man, that he was seized with illness, and died soon afterwards.

One of the Lister family, named Barbara, was married to Charles Nowell, of Little Mearby, in a covered walk at Arnoldsbigging. The match was a clandestine one; and the young pair separated, immediately after the ceremony. They never saw each other again, for the bridegroom was unfortunately drowned. When the corpse was found, the license (which Mr. Nowell had neglected to deliver to the minister), was in his pocket. The widow sued for dower on the Mearby estate, and obtained it from this single circumstance.

In the preceding pages we have had much to say about Catholicism and its legends. We have now to do with Protestantism, as it existed in the days when "Church and King" was the cry of a tyrant majority, who protested, not only against the Roman catholic faith, but even against every form of *Protestantism*, that did not square with their contracted ideas. Every sect has its "Book of Martyrs," and Neal's "*History of the Puritans*" shows how a number of goodly men were persecuted, and, in some cases, even unto death, because they claimed the protestant right of private judgment, and of worshipping according to the dictates of conscience. Craven cannot shew any of these martyrs. Dr. Whitaker writes, that at the time of the Reformation the Craven clergy retained their benefices, and found it quite

as easy to read the Common Prayer, as to say or sing the Mass. In 1662, when the Act of Uniformity was passed, no Craven clergyman was found amongst the 2500, who resigned their cures rather than submit to regulations which infringed the rights of conscience. Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, the Directory, or the Liturgy,—the change was of no moment to the pliable clergy of Craven! There is one confessor, however, who, although not a Craven man, either by family or benefice, was, through the latter portion of his chequered life, very intimately connected with our district and its noble-minded lay puritans.

At a short distance from Westby, on the Settle road, is the old farm house of Monybents, rendered memorable in the history of what is known as "The old Dissent," by its connection with Oliver Heywood, a clergyman, to whose name is always added the words—"the learned and pious." Mr. Heywood was a member of an ancient family in the county of Lancaster—one that, at the present day, holds a prominent rank amongst the Baronetcy and the Nonconformist aristocracy of that county. When the Act of 1662 was passed, Mr. Heywood was clergyman at Coley, near Halifax. He had a relative (some say a brother)—Nathaniel Heywood, M.A., who was vicar of Ormskirk. The two Heywoods resigned their livings; and their names occupy prominent places amongst the 2500 who turned out, because they considered their Presbyterian ordination valid, objected to Liturgical forms, and saw no necessity for an Episcopal "imposition," although it might be supposed to confer apostolical succession! From these "ejected" ministers, as they are falsely called, (for a voluntary resignation of an office is not an ejection,) originated the sect of "English Presbyterians," which has often been con-

founded with that of the Independents or Congregationalists. The Independents are of much earlier origin, and date from the Rev. Robert Brown, who was vicar of Islington, Middlesex, in the reign of Elizabeth. The sects differed in doctrine, as well as in discipline. The Independents were rigidly orthodox; but the Presbyterians were only partially so. The strict clauses of title deeds, and clear definitions of doctrine, did not prevent many of their congregations from lapsing into Arian and Sabellian, or "broad" views.* Amongst the Independents each congregation had self-government, and regulated its own affairs; and often very badly, where an ignorant deacon with a heavy purse, and who occupied the "big pew" ruled the congregation, and laid down the law! The Presbyterians had a synodical government and discipline, and twenty congregations formed, by their ministers, a Presbytery. In any disputes, theological or otherwise, the Presbyterians had the advantage over the Independents, for a *questio vexata*—whatever it was—was decided by intellect, and not by the caprice of an ignorant "Lord Deacon," as Robert Robinson calls such a functionary! On the 24th August, 1662, Oliver Heywood left Coley; yet he continued to reside in the vicinity, and frequently preached in private houses. But the authorities, spurred on by some of the neighbouring clergy, silenced Mr. Heywood. He therefore determined to take his departure, and seek

* A New England gentleman (a Congregationalist) informs us of a fact, that we were not, previously, aware of. A great number of the churches founded by the Pilgrim Fathers have passed into the hands of the Unitarians, and are held by them at the present time. The Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed in the *Mayflower*, were nearly all "English Presbyterians."

a refuge in the country that lays between Bowland and Winterburn in Craven. "One winter's morning," (says the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., his learned biographer,) "and while it was yet dark, the horse was saddled, and this good man set out like Abraham when he left his father's home, and not knowing whither he went." His road, for some time, was along bye-ways, —shady lanes with overshadowing boughs, and which were mere horse tracks. He had nothing in his pocket towards his travelling expenses, but he had full confidence in the protection of Providence. In the language of Milton—

"The world was all before him—where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide."

At length, he allowed his horse to choose the road ; and thus they travelled on till both were weary.* Towards evening the horse stopped at the door of a farm house near the road. Mr. Heywood gave a gentle rap, and a respectable looking woman answered the knock, and inquired what was wanted. "I have reason," said Mr. Heywood, "to apologise for giving you trouble, being an entire stranger in this part. My horse has need, as well as myself, of shelter and refreshment for the night ; if you could make it convenient, please give my horse a little hay, and a shelter under cover ; for myself, I shall be satisfied with a seat by your fireside—I ask no more." The good woman said she would consult her husband. After a few minutes, they both came to the door, and Mr. Heywood repeated his request.

* The solitary ride of the Puritan along the green lanes would form a good subject for an historical painting.

He told them he had no money to give, but he trusted that God would reward them. The mistress assured him, that for an act of hospitality they did not expect any reward. She apologised for the homely accommodation of her house; but, such as it was, it was at his service, and he was heartily welcome.

After supper, they all sat round the fire in the apartment known as the "*house*," when the farmer asked the stranger from whence he came? Mr. Heywood said "he was born in Lancashire, and that he had a wife and family in the environs of Halifax." "That is a town," said the farmer, "that I was at, some years ago." He then inquired after some of the inhabitants, and asked if an aged lady there was still alive? Satisfactory answers were given. The farmer's wife now asked him if he knew one Mr. Oliver Heywood, who was once a church minister, but for some reason or other was forbidden to preach? Mr. Heywood said that he knew him, and that while some spake well of him, others would say everything that was bad. "I believe," said the farmer, "that he belongs to the sect everywhere spoken against." Mr. Heywood said he could say little in his favour, and had rather talk on some other subject. The farmer and his good wife looked at each other, and then at the stranger. After keeping them for some minutes in suspense, Mr. Heywood said, "I am that poor outcast?" All, now, was surprise, and joy, and thankfulness that a merciful Providence had brought Mr. Heywood to Monyvents. The farmer said, "Mr. Heywood, I am glad to see you, having long had a regard for you. The night is not far spent. I have neighbours who love the gospel, and, if you will give us a few words, I will go and invite them. This is an out-of-the-way spot, and we need fear no interruption."

Mr. Heywood assented, and a few were soon gathered together, who were addressed with fervour and affection. After the discourse, a small collection was made. The present house of Monybents is not the house where Mr. Heywood preached, but one that occupies the site. The name of the farmer was *Shutte*. It deserves to be remembered. Between the above events, which occurred in 1662, and what occurred in 1541 to Peter Paul Vergerio, Bishop of Capo d' Istria, in Italy, there is a most remarkable resemblance. The Italian Reformer fled from persecution and the "Holy Inquisition;" and in the midst of winter's cold, *he* demanded a night's shelter at an humble Inn at Pontresina, in the Grisons, the landlord of which was the Prefect or Mayor. He was questioned, and, after some hesitation, he told who he was. He, on the next day, addressed a congregation collected by the Innkeeper, who was a friend to the Reform. Here the resemblance ends. Vergerio's triumphant future was different to that of Heywood; but in their general characters and demeanours, and their firmness in the faith, there was much in common. We can honour, equally, those two holy men,—the Sabellian founder of the Vergerionian church, and Oliver Heywood, the Calvinistic puritan. Did Heywood know the history of Vergerio? If he did—may not the "bread cast on the waters" by the bishop, have been "found," by the puritan, "after many days?"

The *Old Dissent* seems to have taken an early root in the border district of Craven. A Presbyterian chapel was erected at Newton-in-Bowland, very soon after 1662, owing, it is said, to the number of adherents obtained through the private teachings of Oliver Heywood. The chapel is in the hands of the Independents. Heywood's preaching was attended with great

success in several parts of Craven, particularly at Skipton, Rathmell, Marton Top, and Gisburn, and at Tosside in Houghton Forest, where there is still an Independent congregation, whose descent can be traced to puritan times, though the chapel is of modern date. At a later period we find Heywood at Winterburn-in-Craven. If the good man had his triumphs, he had also his trials. At Skipton, was one William Greenwood, an Attorney-at-Law, and a veritable pettifogger. He had married the widow of one Whitley, of Sinderhills, near Coley. Greenwood was a worthless character. He was a confirmed drunkard, and an habitual user of profane and dirty language. His wife was of dissipated habits, and, like her husband, was seldom sober. She appears to have had the most violent hatred of Mr. Heywood. It was at her instigation that proceedings were commenced against him—her drunken sot of a hen-pecked husband being the scape-goat prosecutor. Heywood was not put into any Inquisition or spiritual court, or even threatened with one. He had merely to appear before some local justices, who knew him, and who also knew how to carry out the proverb that “kissing goes by favour?” These good Justices could not discharge Mr. Heywood, and send him out of court “*not guilty!*” On the contrary, they told him that he had transgressed the law; so they imposed a slight fine, and some trivial expenses, and the prisoner was dismissed with a gentle caution. The fine and expenses were paid in the court, by his friends, to the great annoyance of the State and Church lawyer. It is said, that when Greenwood was leaving the court, he was told by an old potter-wife, who was a gipsey, and a wise-woman, that he would meet with a violent death. This prophecy preyed on Greenwood, and he coupled it with what Heywood said in the court, and with a full

gaze fixed on the trembling lawyer, viz. :—"The Lord will avenge his own elect." Certain it is, that in 1664, Greenwood was thrown from his horse, opposite the Market Cross, in Skipton, and was killed on the spot. He was drunk at the time. In 1688, Mrs. Greenwood, the widow, was thrown from *her* horse, and almost at the spot where her late husband met his fate. She was drunk at the time. Thus, the scriptural denunciation, and the gipsy's prophecy, were said to have received their fulfilment; and the fates of the husband and wife were, by many, regarded as the judgment of heaven. Skipton Cross, a venerable bit of masonry, was removed in 1843 or thereabouts. It is well that Drunken Barnaby was not living at the time!

The notices of Craven are not numerous in Mr. Heywood's journal or diary, as given in the work of Mr. Hunter. On July 29th, 1677, Heywood records that he was at the house of Richard Mitchel, who lived between Skipton and Settle. From thence he proceeded to Winterburn, and preached at Mr. John Hey's. In 1679, October 21, Mr. Heywood "paid a visit to Craven." On this occasion he "rested at Bingley, and preached to a numerous audience, at the house of Mr. Thomas Leech." His journal contains nothing further of this visit. In 1680 there was an ordination at Mr. Hey's, when Timothy Hodgson was admitted to the ministry. Mr. Heywood says: "The Craven people were present, including Mrs. Lambert." Mr. Hodgson was afterwards chaplain to Sir John and Lady Hewley, and there is no doubt whatever that he was an Arian. Who Mr. Hey was we cannot ascertain; but he was, evidently, a person of some importance, whose "upper room" was used as a meeting house, and was the precursor of Winterburn Chapel, which building was consecrated—

(the Puritans did not object to the term)—on a Sunday, in May, 1682. The date of the day is not given. Oliver Heywood officiated, and preached from I *Cor.*, *verses* vi, xi. On that occasion were present Richard, Robert, and Martha Mitchel, all of Marton Scar; *John Hey*, of Winterburn, and Mrs. Lambert, of Calton Hall—names, says the biographer of Heywood, “illustrious in the chronicles of the old Dissent.”

Though Winterburn Chapel was consecrated in 1682, we can trace no deeds or other legal documents before those of 1704 and 1708, copies of which have been kindly placed in our hands, by the authorities of the chapel. In the first named document the “*new erected* edifice, chappell, oratory, or meeting place” is set apart for religious worship. The place is declared to be, as to government and discipline, “Presbyterian, and not of any other persuasion.” The ministers or teachers are to be “orthodox, and sound in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, and such as hold and profess the *doctrinal* articles of the Church of England.”

Such ministers or teachers are also to be duly qualified, according to the act passed in the first year of William the Third, for the relief of protestant Dissenters. The parties to this deed are Sir John Middleton, of Belsay Castle, in the County of Northumberland, Baronet,* David Yates, of Bordley, in the County of

* In an Indenture (quoted in Hodgson's *History of Northumberland*, “Newcastle, 1832, vol. ii., p. 441), and dated July 20, 1721, are the names of Sir William Middleton, Bart., and the Rev. Comberbach Leech, of Belsay, clerk. The deed relates to the *Presbyterian* Chapel at Morpeth. By a mistake, the christian name of Mr. Leech is given in Hodgson, ‘*Cumberland Leech*.’” Sir William Middleton was son and heir of Sir John Middleton, Bart., who died in 1717.

York, William Kighley, of Rilston, in the said county, yeoman, and Comberbach Leech, of Belsay, in the County of Northumberland, clerk. In the other Indenture, that of 1708—the parties are “Barbara Lambert, widow and relict of John Lambert, late of Calton, in the County of York, Esquire, of the one part, and Sir John Middleton, Thomas Whaley, of Winterburn, in the County of York, gentleman, Comberbach Leech (above described), David Yates (above described), and William Kighley (above described), of the other part. This deed of 1708, alludes to the clauses of the one of 1704 as valid and binding. It names the chapel as “*lately* erected upon the land of him the said *Thomas Whaley*.” Mrs. Lambert, by the same deed, invests in trustees the sum of £100, as an endowment. The trustees are the said “Sir John Middleton, *Thomas Whaley*, Comberbach Leech, David Yates, and William Kighley.” In a “memorandum” or endorsement, signed by “Bar^a Lambert” only, it is expressed, that if at any time, a removal is necessary, it shall be effected by an understanding come to with the people who “formerly met at *Pasture House*, and now, commonly, have their meeting at Horton, which is much desired by the said Mrs. Lambert.” *Pasture House* still exists; it is a short distance from Horton in Craven. It was the original place of meeting for the Presbyterian Nonconformists, and continued so until Horton Chapel* was built (1743). *Pasture House* is at present (1875) a farm house occupied by one Joseph Carr. *Marton Scar*, named in Heywood’s diary, is about a mile and a half from *Pasture House*, on the road leading from Horton

* An Academy or College was attached to this chapel;—little, if anything, is known about it or its conductors.

to Gargrave. The land on which Winterburn Chapel stands was evidently a gift—*Mr. Whaley's* "consideration" being the nominal sum of five shillings. Though the affairs of the chapel are, at present, in good and respectable hands, it is beyond a doubt that the small endowment has been the cause of inattention and neglect in bygone days. According to the requirements of the Deeds, Church-books ought to have been kept—where are they now?—if there ever were such! Though we lack the proof, there can be little doubt that the dear old meeting house—which Whitaker scornfully calls a "conventicle"—was erected chiefly by Mrs. Lambert, of Calton Hall, who was one of the Listers of Arnoldsbiggin, and widow of a son of Major General Lambert—the same Lambert that Whitaker has a sneer for—because one of the family was a "scrivener," and, as a necessary consequence, could not have a genealogical tree planted in the reign of William the Conqueror, as is stated on the family monument in Kirkby-Malhamdale Church!

The popular legend that Oliver Cromwell attended worship at Winterburn Chapel is an absurdity, as proved by the date of consecration. He was once in the parish of Kirkby, as will be shown in another place. The first pastors at Winterburn were a Mr. Issot, and *John* Heywood, the son of Oliver. The latter was ordained in 1681, at an assembly held at the house of Mr. John Hey, of Winterburn, and in the presence of Oliver Heywood, Robert Mitchel and John Hey. In 1686, Oliver Heywood paid "a visit to Martha Mitchel, of Marton Scar." where he met Mrs. Lambert, "newly come from London," and "rode with her to Calton Hall, where he preached from Mark x., 21." Mr. Issot died soon after his appointment. Mr. Oliver Heywood

assisted at the ordination of Nicholas Kershaw,* the successor of Mr. Issot. The service took place at Rathmell, to which place the Rev. Richard Frankland (formerly of Calton), had removed from Attercliffe. This was in 1689. The ceremony was at Rathmell to accommodate the 38 pupils of Mr. Frankland, who had an estate there. He was "ejected" clergyman of Bishop Auckland, and educated at his college in Rathmell 303 pupils. One of them was a son of Sir Thomas Liddell, of Ravensworth, Bart., an ancestor of the present Lord Ravensworth. The Rathmell Academy was afterwards removed to Warrington, Manchester, and York. It was removed a second time to Manchester. It is now at London, and, under the name of "Manchester New College," is affiliated to the University of London. It is an interesting historical fact, that in the humble village of Calton originated a school, which, after divers changes of localities and names, became the important institution known as "Manchester New College." It is the chief seat of learning amongst the Unitarians and General Baptists (old connection), but is open to all sects, and has no theological test, or compulsory chapel attendance.

In 1693 and 1698 Oliver Heywood was at two ordinations at Rathmell.† At the first of them Mr. James Mitchel, son of James and Martha Mitchel, of Marton Scar, was ordained. We have no particulars of the

* He was unpopular, and two ministers, Messrs. Jollie and Sagar, refused to assist. The cause does not appear.

† At one of these ordinations a minister assisted, who was called "*Accepted Lister*." He was son of Joseph Lister, the historian, of Bradford.

other ordination. The early records of the "Old Dissent" in Craven prove that the churches were agitated by controversy. The points in dispute were "Imputed Righteousness" and "Socinianism," both of which were considered opposed to Presbyterian belief. *Few of the names recorded in Mr. Heywood's journal remain in the district, but we meet with some of them. Mitchel is still a surname; but we cannot say whether any modern personage of that name can trace descent from the puritan family at Marton Scar. Frankland is another Craven name; Issot, Kershaw, Whaley and Hey seem unknown. "Yates" is a name borne by a distinguished English Presbyterian family in Lancashire. Though English Presbyterianism took early root in Craven, it appears to have met with a limited success. The chapels named in Heywood's journal, are in the hands of the Independents, with whom, although a Presbyterian, he was connected; for in 1672, a room, in which he preached at Northowram, was licensed for the "use of the persuasion, commonly called *Congregational*."* Heywood died May 4th, 1702, aged 73, and was buried in the Parish Church at Halifax.

* A writer in the *Lancaster Guardian*, May, 1873, says:—
"Crossing the valley into Northowram town, an obliging native escorted us to the place where Oliver Heywood resided, when he was ejected from Coley. A portion of the edifice still stands; and, in the rear, we are shown an old window where Heywood is *said* to have preached to the people, when he dared not take them into his house. Coming to the front of the place, now occupied by several families, a stone is seen in the wall, within a plain ornamental border, bearing the initials H., with O. A. under, and then Ebenezer, and the date 1677. The initials signify Oliver Heywood and his wife Abigail. A little further down the road is the Independent

The decay of English Presbyterianism has been the subject of much inquiry, controversy, and ignorant misrepresentation. Few writers have considered the origin of the sect. In the first place, it was not a voluntary system, got up by some enthusiast who aimed at forming a new sect, and was ambitious to hand his name down to succeeding generations, as an awakener of the people. English Presbyterianism (which had never any connection with Scotland) was the "established church of the Commonwealth." Its first ministers were necessitated to resign their cures, because their consciences rebelled against the changes that came in with the introduction of high church episcopacy. In many places the Puritan clergy conformed, and, on re-entering the Church, carried along with them the rich portion of the congregation. In other cases, the chief supporters of the cause again resumed their seats at the Parish Church,—a building connected with their most cherished recollections, and in whose precincts were the tombs of their ancestors.

"Who loves not the house where they worshipped their God ?
Who loves not the spot where their ashes repose ?
Dear is the daisy that blooms on the sod,
For dear is the dust out of which it arose."

—STOREY.

chapel and burial ground of Northowram. The building is a plain, roomy structure, devoid of ornament, bearing the inscription on its front "Heywood Chapel, 1836." In the south wall is a stone from the original chapel built by Heywood, containing, in a plain border, the date '1688.'

The tradition of the "*window*" reminds the author of these pages, of Venice, where, in the Rialto, he was not only shewn *Shylock's* house, but the *window* from which *Jessica* escaped !

Presbyterian preaching, too, was not of a kind to attract, or to *make* a congregation. The clergy were highly educated, and often gentlemen by birth. They sought not to attract by clap-trap and vulgar eccentricity ; and so their ministrations were only acceptable to the learned and intellectual. No instance can be shewn where a Presbyterian minister ever selected such subjects as "Old shoes and clouted," "Concubines and virgins," "The scarlet W——," "Spewing out," &c., &c. Such delicate subjects were actually on a printed card, issued, a few years ago, by an ex-cobler who had intruded into a pulpit—which certainly was not a presbyterian one! The use of written sermons was another cause for unpopularity. The causes above detailed, much more than any theological reasons, retarded the progress of the Old Dissent. In many of the Presbyterian chapels the ancient Church Books are still in existence. In some that we have examined, we find that the congregations were never numerous.

Winterburn Chapel is an humble pile, with no architectural pretensions. Yet there is something about it that interests the beholder.

"No gothic columns lofty arches raise ;
No pealing organ swells the note of praise ;
Yet there devotion breathes the fervent prayer,
To heaven more grateful than the incensed air."

—BRETTELL.

The old place has been sorely tried, and a sad history is connected with it. But it has now a good and learned man as its spiritual guardian ; and, under its new regime, we trust it will long continue to be the Sabbath resort of surrounding villagers, who are not ashamed to worship "in the *conventicle* at

Winterburn where Mrs. Lambert attended." With those ill-natured words of Dr. Whitaker (that we feel a pride in adopting) we conclude our notice of Craven puritanism and Winterburn Chapel, with its aristocratical founders, and the evergreen memory of the "learned and pious Oliver Heywood!"—a name not allowed to live, or even to *die*, in the pages of our clerical historian.

Congregationalism (properly so called) or Independency is of a more modern date than Presbyterianism in Craven. While, however, we endorse this historical fact, we, at the same time, must admit that Craven Independency had its origin in the Presbyterianism of the ejected ministers. The oldest Independent chapel is that of Skipton, where the Nonconformist cause evidently sprung out of the preachings and visitings of Oliver Heywood and his puritan associates. The Skipton Congregationalists first assembled in or about 1770, at the house of one James *Harrison*, who was probably an ancestor of the Harrisons, whose names have long been connected with Skipton chapel, and are so at the present time. The Chapel in the Newmarket-street was erected about 1777; the worship having been previously conducted as above stated. There are other Independent chapels in the district; but they are all of modern origin; and Skipton may be regarded as the nucleus from which they sprung. In a work by the Rev. J. G. Miall, entitled "Congregationalism in Yorkshire," will be found a good notice of the chapel in Newmarket-street, and short memoirs of its ministers, from 1774 to the present day. Mr. Miall's history has been transferred to the pages of the Skipton Congregational Magazine, a respectably conducted work, to which we have pleasure in referring our readers.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE ancient town of Skipton is called Skipton-in-Craven, to distinguish the capital of the district from Skipton-on-Swale, a place of very minor importance. The first syllable of Skipton is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word signifying "*Sheep*." Whitaker, frequently at guess-work in his derivatives, is correct here. In the Roman times, as we know historically, England was the granary of north-western Europe. Our southern, south-east, and central counties, not only produced sufficient grain for home consumption, but exported largely. The Saxons destroyed the civilization which was brought in by the Romans. Even agriculture was abandoned, along with viticulture, which also prevailed to a considerable extent, among the ancient Britons. Savages depend more on animal food, than on cereals. Cattle could be easily transferred from one district to another; even in days when the drover could not be put aside for a vehicle of any description. Our climate—we speak here of Craven—is peculiarly favourable to cattle breeding. It is by no means so for the culture of cereals, unless science be called in aid; and there was not much *science* in Britain's Saxon days! The people, principally fed on

pigs or wild boars ; an indigenous race that abounded in the woods, where they still retain possession, as anyone who has visited some of our old forests is aware. These hardy brutes flourished from Norway to the Equator. From the tenth to the fifteenth century, *sheep* began to supplant the pigs, and to form the wealth of the country. Their flesh fed the people, and their wool clothed them, forming a becoming substitute for the cutical pictorialism of the Aboriginal Britons ! One of our waggish friends suggests, that the horns of the rams would be utilized for *buttons* ! But it so happens, that, in those remote days, buttons were unknown, and the fastening of the sheep-skins would be made with the wooden skewer—an appliance still in use for plaids amongst the Cheviot shepherds !* The quantity of wool was so great, that, in addition to what was required for home consumption, we exported largely to the Low-countries. Bruges and Ghent became the centre of manufacturing industry. The vessels that bore our wool to Antwerp, returned to the Thames and the Cinque Ports, laden with gold and silver. Hence the wealth, and thence the power of England, during four centuries. The wool-sack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits, was, in its origin, a symbol of England's greatness derived from wool. The ancient Heraldists understood this ; and so, in their blazonings,

* It seems strange that at the present day, and in Europe, a people should be found, whose coverings are almost entirely made of sheep and goat-skins ! In the Campagna of Rome, with the exception of a coat of coarse and ragged cloth, the peasants are so clothed ! Specimens of these very dirty, but very orthodox individuals, may be seen every day walking about in the "City of the Cæsars."

the golden fleece of Jason was united to the sceptre of the monarch, and the mace of the lawyer. Can we, therefore, wonder that sheep should have formed a nomenclature for so many places, and to none more naturally than to the picturesque metropolis of Craven? Skipton is in the very centre of a pastoral district, where, as Kennedy says :—

“——murmurs Aire so musically blithe,
Thro’ fields so beautifully green in spring.”

And as the same sweet poet also says, where,

“——’mid mountains, Aire
Winds thro’ the dark-green valleys of the North.”

The country around Skipton is altogether pastoral. We have no acres of waving grain; but amidst the wild moorland solitudes of Rombald’s Moor, on the one hand, and the rich slopes of Pinnow on the other, are thousands of sheep and cattle walks. And if we descend from these lofty ranges, we find the same in the valleys beneath—in those luxuriant *Ings*, where

“The gentle Aire thro’ verdant meadows gliding,
Mingleth its music with the black-bird’s lay.”

Besides the two Yorkshire Skiptons, many localities can be pointed out, to which, in various forms, the sheep gives a name. Thus we have Shipley, Skibeden (sheep *dene* or valley), Shipton-moynes (monks), Shepton Mallet (from the family of Mallet), Wetherby, &c., &c. Farrer, a family surname, is common amongst us—it signifies a shepherd. In Germany, a Protestant clergyman is a pastor or *Pfarrer*. The *Ton* in Skipton is the same as the Celtic *dun*, meaning a *hill* (*unde*

"the Downs"). As it was on a hill, where the Celts fixed their homes for safety, surrounding them by a wall, the term *ton* or *dun* obtained the secondary meaning of a *fortification*, or fortified position. And thus, an assemblage of hovels became known as a *toon* or *toun*.* The Celts, in this respect, followed the same plan as the ancient Etruscans. Most of the old towns in the Apennines are hill-fortresses. Such are Arezzo, Miniato, Cretona, Fiesole, Perugia, Cianciano, Montepulciano, &c. When the Normans took to castle building, they generally selected the site of a Celtic, British, or Saxon castrum. The great ornament—we may say the pride of Skipton—is the Castle, proudly placed on an eminence that overtops the town, and rivets the gaze of the stranger. It was built soon after the Norman conquest by Robert de Romille, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. It is very probable that it occupies the site of an old fortress, which, with its dependencies, would be the original Skipton. As corroborative of such an idea, there are places where the castrum bears the name of the more modern town, but with the addition of *old*—as at Durham and Salisbury, where the ancient camps are known as "*Old Durham*" and "*Old Sarum*." With the exception of two round towers, and some similar out-works in the Ballium or Bailey, no portion of the castle is of so early a date as the Norman era. However, it can lay claim to a respectable antiquity: for, in the fourth year of the reign of Edward II., it passed into the Clifford family. To the antiquary the uninhabited part

* The Irish call such an assemblage a *town*. And we speak of Stirton and Thorlby as the "*little towns*." Other examples might be adduced.

is the most interesting. It is here that, after passing a noble gateway, and ascending a flight of stone steps, we enter the Court-yard, rendered famous by the venerable yew. From this yard another flight of stone steps brings us into the large Baronial Hall. The yew tree is a fine specimen of the *Taxus* tribe. As it is the fashion at Skipton to lay everything at the door of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, we are told, that after she had restored the Castle, which on the 22nd December, 1645, was almost destroyed by the Parliamentary forces, she planted the yew tree!* This statement rests entirely on tradition. Considering the immense size and great height of the tree, and the very slow growth of all the *taxus* tribe, our idea is that the venerable tree was planted a century or two before the days of Lady Anne Pembroke, who was born in 1589, and died in 1676. In *her* days the popularity of the yew was in decadence—its branches were no longer wanted for cross-bows and arrows. Had Lady Anne desired a tree to adorn her Court-yard, it is much more probable that the Lime or Linden (so frequently planted in or near old castles) would have been preferred to the yew, which had become a church-yard tree. A recent visitor says: "The old yew tree bears the appearance of age, yet withal is strong and vigorous. There is an air of solemn and lonely grandeur about it, as it stands amidst the chilly

* The Countess has even been accused of performing Punch's exploit—of throwing a baby out of the window! In our school days we were wont to regard, with awe and dread, the indelible stains of the poor baby's blood on the pavement of the gateway! The *red* marks were caused by a minute moss that was nourished by the dampness of the place!

and mouldering towers all around. Its isolation invests it with an aspect of sadness. Like a caged eagle, or a fettered lion, it seems to sigh for the freedom of its fellows.

“ Dark tree of ages crowning yonder keep,
Waving in sighs, and drooping as to weep,—
What doth it there ? Its brethren are all gone ;
A hermit now, it blooms and mourns alone.
Float balmiest breezes round those thin grey leaves,
Where her last song some lingering spirit weaves ;
Sun ! veil thy fire,—ye storms ! forbear to swell,
And dews of evening, nurse this relic well.”

—MICHELL.

The following sonnet appeared some years ago :—

THE YEW TREE—SKIPTON CASTLE.

“ When fell on Romille's towers the pale moonlight,
A lone enthusiast sought thy gloomy shade,
And fancy brought aerial music play'd
By hands unseen ; and as the wind of night
Swept thro' thy aged branches, on the blast,
He deemed the spirits of the 'Deiri' past
Hymning a martial chorus ; such a strain
As Celtic bard might sing in warriors' hall.
He heard their solemn voices rise and fall—
Beheld their swarthy forms, and o'er again
Witnessed their battles fought : then came the clang
Of shield and buckler, and the piercing cry
Of wounded warrior—while, of victory,
Loud shouts throughout the haunted chambers rang.”

Three rooms, in this portion of the “uninhabited” part of the castle, were long used as the studio and work-rooms of George Smith, the celebrated pyrotechnist or poker-painter—if such a term can be applied to one who eschewed paint, and only worked with hot-irons.

One of Smith's most elaborate works—an *Annunciation*—is in Skipton Church. Smith, who was a native of Skipton, is regarded by many as the inventor of Pyrotechny—a word coined for him by the late Rev. Thomas Garthorn, M.A., master of Skipton Grammar School. But in *Notes and Queries* some early examples have been given, which deprive Smith of the invention. The old Italian painters when using wood or pannel, frequently *filled in* by application of hot-irons. In the long gallery at Florence are several paintings on pannel, where, for the minor details, recourse has been had to pyrotechny. However, George Smith may not have been aware of this; and in him, the conception may have been an original one. One thing, however, is certain—inventor or not—Smith attained a high degree of excellence; and genuine "Smiths" always command a good price in the shops of London picture-dealers. Lovers of art must, however, be on their guard, as there are numerous false "Smiths"—particularly in the London market. George Smith has a wide reputation, and his works are well known to curiosity-dealers throughout Europe. We have had a "*Smith*" offered to us at Rome.

At the time of the French Revolution some nuns—refugees from France—were occupants, for a short time, of the "uninhabited" part. They wished to remain; but the Earl of Thanet would not consent to a nunnery being in his castle. He was very kind to the poor ladies, during their stay. They settled at Heath.

The *Craven Pioneer* of January 23rd, 1875, contains an interesting article on the recent restoration of Skipton Castle, which we give *in extenso*. We are ignorant of the author's name. His very graphic

sketch, which is as follows, is entitled :—

“SKIPTON CASTLE : ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.”

“We live in an age of restorations. Castles and mansions, cathedrals and churches, abbeys and monasteries, halls and humbler dwellings, however primitive in structure, are giving way to the so-called improvements of the time. I will not, however, trouble you with a dissertation on modern innovations. Since Sir Walter Scott's days, everyone understands the historical interest of an old abbey or ruined castle. My object is simply to describe, as best I can, and so give to your mind's eye a peep into the interior of the majestic looking ‘Skipton Castle.’

“The castle is admitted by all persons, whose artistic taste has been even but slightly cultivated, to be a noble specimen of a very interesting epoch of our national architecture. It is also a great historical landmark. Within its walls Henry the Eighth, Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Fair Rosamond, and the House of Clifford have personal, or at least, traditional associations. The renowned General Lambert, a Craven man, failed, after a three years' siege, to batter down its walls. *Desormais* still testifies of that noble lady, Lady Anne Pembroke. And the pile of buildings itself stands a monument of ages. It has, however, recently been renovated, and the renovations have very wisely brought back some original forms, and serve to hide the more serious dilapidations that time has caused. But whatever pleasure might be derived from the alterations, it is mingled with regret that so much has disappeared, and also that private collections elsewhere are now enriched with what belongs

to us. Not a few treasured mementoes have 'departed hence;' and as the visitor takes a walk around he misses old friends. Do not grieve, however, for them amid the 'coatings of paint' that are to preserve, for the future, the bare remains of a long and tried past!

"Walking through the gateway, on each side is a tower tenanted by the 'Sentinel.' The inhabited portion of the castle is entered by a side door to the servants' hall. As I passed into a reception room, I noticed an old-fashioned wardrobe for the cloaks of visitors. I was gathering information without a 'cloak,' so they did not open it. This ante-receiving room formerly served the purposes of a store room. Now, it is neatly furnished with antique oak. A new fire-place has been substituted; the surroundings of which are marbled in green and black. The walls are papered; there is a new enriched ceiling, from which ornamental gasfittings are suspended. The door is exquisitely painted in light oak, the wood work is polished and varnished, and the mullions of the windows are repaired. The furniture is antique oak. And, to save repetition, let me say, at the outset, many of the rooms have undergone a similar transformation to this one.

"Leaving it, we turned to the right, and traversed a floor of encaustic tiles, small diamond-shaped blue, and large octagon cream-coloured. The walls are in light granite marble. This passage-way leads to the principal entrance hall, where a great change has been made. A vestibule on the left of the principal entrance hall is quite unique. The ceiling is decorated. An archway has the top in light marble, with oblong plaster moulding, surrounded by a richly-worked jasper,

and supported by pillars with plastered corbels attached. The pillars are in fancy-coloured marbles painted, and the base is in blue and gold. A window in the vestibule has its sides drawn out in imitation panels of dark oak painting, similar to other windows in the castle. Many of the sides of the windows are in their original condition, and have oak panels. Others have been so neglected, that the oak has decayed, and in some instances entirely disappeared; so that new ones have been substituted, and painted in imitation. Above the vestibule an ornamental ceiling has recently been added. The principal strong oak doorway comprises three rows of six panels. It is strengthened by iron work, and is in fine preservation. The fastenings are an iron bar, and sundry bolts and locks. It has been repainted and polished. Having got thus far, the 'grand staircase' has next to be ascended. It is about six feet wide, and has about fifty steps. The steps are oak; and there is a magnificent solid black oak bannister, supported by about fifty massive twisted pillars of like material. These have all been cleaned, repolished, and varnished, including the steps and floors of the halls leading to the bedrooms. The wall has been papered like the passage below, in imitation of granite, and the new ceilings are decorated.

"On the left of the second landing is a drawing-room, which contains a beautiful collection of old-fashioned furniture. In the centre of the room is the oldest table in the castle. The top is inlaid with coloured ivory—a circle, enclosing flowers, and leaves of lilies, carnations, &c. Underneath, and somewhat decayed, are two oval-shaped designs of similar character. It is probable that this table had a loose top, now fastened, and that both sides were in use. The chairs are numerous.

Besides arm-chairs, and two easy-chairs, there are fourteen, many of them specimens of 'olden days.' Another cabinet, formerly in the housekeeper's retreat, now adorns the drawing-room. This, and an old side-table, stand between the two windows of the room. The side-table is dark oak, and is supported by four pillars of elegant design, which are casket-shaped, and neatly carved. The frame has diagonal lines, interspersed with dots. On the table, stands a specimen of ancient British pottery, said to have belonged to the late Earl of Thanet. It is a fruit-dish with plate. There is also a smaller cabinet, half sexangular. A table of modern make, from the roots of oak trees polished, has pretensions, in design on the surface, to a lion's head; but, on my visit, I failed to find it, though I have recollections of seeing it distinctly, on a former occasion. It is a puzzle! as you must stand in a certain position to see 'the lion.' There is a fine fire-place. The surroundings of the fire-place, which has new grating and chimney piece, are in finely-worked jasper paint, with black and gold lines. The fender and fire-irons are new. For lovers of ancient tapestry the castle has a treat in store. In fact, the tapestry is said to be the oldest in England. In the drawing-room the art-subjects are the four seasons of the year, which are divided by oak panelling and the windows. Spring is in two parts; thus really making five pieces, each of which will be about nine feet square, and like, in size, to various fine specimens in the bedrooms. The pictures on the walls are portraits of Lady Anne Clifford in old age, and in youth—a striking contrast; Lord Clifford, grandfather to Lady Anne; and his wife. This latter lady was Eleanor Brandon, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, Queen

Dowager of France, who was the daughter of Henry the VIII. On the occasion of the marriage between Lord Clifford and Eleanor Brandon, the eastern end, now the inhabited portion of the present castle, was erected for the reception of the bride. Such was the urgency and despatch, that the whole building was completed in five months. The other portraits are Oliver Cromwell, and the second Earl of Cumberland. An old painting of the family of the Cliffords—a group—has been restored, and sent to Hothfield Place. The room is a well-shaped octagon. The ceiling is plain, and there is a fine gasalier of five pendants. A small retiring room adjacent, is Lady Anne Clifford's devotional oratory—an admirable retreat for meditation. The view from the window is charming. Skipton woods in all their seclusion and beauty, the reservoir, the overhanging trees, the canal, the river with its rocky banks, the mill, and stonestaithe, are all in full view. The intervening space, above a yard wide, between the drawing-room and this retiring room, is believed to have hid a secret passage to the high tower. The state bedroom in the high tower has tapestry remarkable for workmanship. 'The Siege of Troy' is one representation. The 'Spanish Inquisition' depicts the persecution against Protestant Christians. Both males and females appear to be undergoing the torture of the thumb-screw, pillory, iron belt, &c. Others are having their tongues burned, or cut out, their hands or fingers severed from their bodies, &c. On the roof of the prison are friends of the suffering ones at work with pickaxes, pulling down the building, to liberate the persecuted; while another portion in the room shows them rejoicing over their deliverance. There are also 'The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba,' diversi-

fied scenes in the life of King David, and 'The Deer Hunt.'

"The ragged remains of a hair-seated chair, which at first glance, one might suppose had come from an old store-room of a second-hand furniture-broker, is a State Chair! Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, King Henry the Eighth, Fair Rosamond, and other English royal personages, and many others have, you are informed, used this heirloom! The coat of arms kept here, with the motto '*Ales propriis volat*,' was in honour of Lady Eleanor.* The room adjoining contains an old iron chest. Here was once the wealth of Skipton; and as there still is 'a mystery in the iron chest,' it cannot be opened. The massive lumps of carved oak in this room once formed the State bed, whereon King Henry, and other royal visitors, slept. A little painting in the State bedroom, which was much disfigured by ill-usage, had an inscription in one corner—ANNO DOMINI, 1588, and the figure was that of Lady Anne Clifford's father, in his sea garb. He was one of the principal leaders of the fleet against the Spanish Armada; and the numerous medals which run from shoulder to shoulder, in semi-circular form, are badges of honour for his success against that fleet. An old chair, too, has the arms of the Clifford family drawn out in needlework. On the drawing-room floor, but remote from that apartment, are eight bedrooms. The furniture in them is mostly of an ordinary kind; but there are a few curiosities and antiquities. All the

* The motto is probably meant for a play or pun on "Eleanor," the diminutive of which is Eley, or Aley. Our ancestors were fond of these "*belli concetti*."

bedrooms, on this floor, are kept in present use. One has a portion of a round tower of the older building of the Castle as its walls. The interest attaching to the bedrooms may be best judged from an incident relating thereto—the bed in which it occurred being yet pointed out in the Castle. ‘Henry, the twelfth baron, and second Earl of Cumberland, was made a Knight of the Garter when only sixteen, and was married at the early age of twenty. He took for his wife Eleanor Brandon, who made choice of Skipton Castle for her residence, in preference to other homes of the Cliffords. Her ladyship died where she had spent her wedded life, and was buried in Skipton Church. So that the daughter of a queen of France who was the grand-daughter of a king of England, lies interred within the walls of that sacred edifice. After the death of his wife, his lordship retired from the court into the country, and spent his time, principally, in this neighbourhood, where he economised his expenditure, and retrieved the declining fortunes of his house. Soon after this, he was visited with a strange affliction, in which he became so reduced that his medical attendant pronounced him, at one time, to be actually dead. He was accordingly laid out and prepared for burial; but, whilst in this state, one of his servants observed some signs of life remaining in him. He was at once attended to, and means employed for his recovery. For five or six weeks he was supported solely by milk, which he sucked from the breasts of a woman. He afterwards became strong, and took for his second wife, Ann, the daughter of Lord Dacre, by whom he had several children.’ Descending by the servant’s staircase, which is narrow, but has some good dark oak railings, the dining-room is reached. Here

is a perfect suite of furniture of the Earl of Thanet's time.* There are two arm chairs, four easy chairs, and nine ordinary chairs, with couch, three tables, and a chiffonier. A magnificent sideboard is near the entrance, and under it a wine chest. The carpet is in keeping with the character of the furniture. There are twelve windows, and four gas pendants, and a gasalier to light the room. In the servant's hall are an old cupboard and dining table, a drinking cup with the initials 'A.P.,' a door handle of 'antediluvian' date, a cannon ball which Oliver Cromwell's army sent into the castle, a wine cup with a coat of arms inscribed 'The Earl of Thanet,' and a lady's stirrup. The butler's pantry and the housekeeper's room were gone through, and I had completed my morning's walk. I am glad to learn that the habitable portion of the castle, when the family are not at home, is open to visitors; and that the uninhabited portion may, at any time, be inspected on application to Mr. Walsh, the gatekeeper."

The author of the above remarks gives a glance at the "Woods" and other scenes viewed from the Castle: and he does this pleasantly, and without seeing any *bête noire*!

There is one advantage, which small continental towns have over towns such as Skipton. We allude to the public "promenades," and places of recreation, which, under various appellations, are so common abroad. Indeed, it is rare to meet with a town, or even *village*, that lacks such a communal resort! In the vicinity of many of our *large* cities and towns, we have parks and open spaces, with various and often high-

* What Earl? There have been several!

sounding classical names. But in towns like Skipton, we seldom, if ever, meet with a spot where the humblest peasant has the same proprietorial right as the richest individual.*

We are tolerably well acquainted with Rhenish Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; and we cannot call to remembrance a single town that has not its place of public resort. In some towns, as at Vevey, in Switzerland, (a place not half the size of Skipton), the people are so jealous of their rights, that we find a notice on the public "promenade" stating that "This place belongs to the *people*, who are its only guardians, and therefore can protect their own property." And so the police do not intrude.

But if Skipton has no such *public* property, it has its "*Springs*," a dell

"——Where trees are thick
And water very cool."

—J. H. REYNOLDS.

The "Springs" belongs to the Castle estate; and is therefore private property, and can only be visited by permission of Sir H. J. Tufton. However, every facility is rendered; and "The Springs" is accessible at all proper times. Whitaker acknowledged the beauty of Skipton Wood, or The Springs. Indeed, he could not do otherwise—but he could not refrain from an attack on the cotton-mill of Messrs. Sidgwick, which he regarded, not merely as a blot on the landscape, but as a *moral*

* The village of Selborne, in Hampshire, has an ancient *Plaistowe*, or Play-place. It figures in *Gilbert White's* celebrated *History*—but we speak from our own visit to the spot.

blemish! Now, much of the beauty of the Springs is caused by the canalization of Ellerbeck, which has had its bed diverted to supply three mills—that of Messrs. Sidgwick being the most important. Mills, such as the large cotton-mill of Messrs. Sidgwick, are often attacked, and represented as monstrosities; but really, they are not a whit more unpicturesque than the convents that we meet with in so many Swiss and Italian valleys, and which are always lauded! The style of architecture is the same: a large edifice of brick or stone, three or four stories high, with a cupola-formed campanile! Indeed, the appearance of the convents of St. Bernard and Vallombrosa, and numerous others, is exactly that presented by many of our cotton and worsted mills; and particularly by that of Messrs. Sidgwick. If there be any advantage, it is on our side—for mills are of much greater utility than convents. Mills foster and protect industry—convents are the resorts of fanaticism and indolence—of those

“Who think to merit heaven, by making earth a hell!”

—BYRON.

It is long since we paid a visit to the Springs; but the spot is vivid in our remembrance. After long, long years, we can call to mind its many pleasant labyrinthian walks and rocky dells. We particularly remember that portion of the Springs, where we enter the pine forest, known as *Old Park Wood*,—

“———a wood where grew

The branching pine, and solitary yew.

It was a melancholy spot, where sun

Could scarcely pierce; and thro’ it gently run

A little stream that flowed ’twixt banks of moss—

So narrow, any one might leap across.”

—BOCCACCIO.

It used to be our delight to wander (not alone) by that "little stream," and linger in "*Frazer's Bower*," where an old oak interlaced its branches with honey-suckle, dog-roses, and bind-weed, and formed a pleasant harbour, named after its gallant maker, Lieut. Frazer, who, about 1810, was an officer to a Skipton recruiting party. It is difficult *now* to point out where Frazer's Bower stood; but we think that we could find the place. It was immediately over a cavern, and close to Ellerbeck. The pine forest terminated a little beyond the bower; and we then left the gloom of the wood to pass through pleasant fields, and gaze on the rugged fells of Crookrise. With the following verses, which find locality in the pine forest, and in Frazer's Bower, we conclude our notice of "Skipton Springs."

THE BOWER REVISITED.

"Long years had passed! I sought the bower
My boyhood loved to train;
The rock—the ferns, the bind-weed's flower
I thought to greet again.
Music, Romance, and Song were there;
Spring violets gemmed the ground;
Sweet blended with the forest air,
The mountain brooklet's sound.

All withered was the dear oak-tree;
The sportive birds had fled
The shattered boughs, whence, wild and free,
No sheltering covert spread.
Our tryst was desolate! alone
I lingered by the spot,
Musing on Hope's bright day-dreams flown,
And vows so soon forgot."

—D.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT VIA REGGIO, TUSCANY (1874).

“Deep is the shade of Via Reggio’s wood ;
And, as amid its solemn aisles I stray,
Screen’d from the glare of blue Italian day,
Dreams of another grove of pines intrude,
And memories crowd my Tuscan solitude.
Low murmurings of a placid tideless sea,
Why sound ye like a babbling forest-rill,
Now, while the cushat from yon olive-hill
With softest note is breathing peace to me ?
Why should remembrance o’er the bye-past brood ?
Here comes no treachery—here no Lamian eyes
Return love-glances ; and no well-feigned guise
Deceives a trustful heart—all, all is good ;
The gloomiest vistas hope on cloudless skies.”

An object of equal interest with the Castle is the ancient Parish Church of “*The Holy Trinity*,”—that being the dedication, if a correspondent of “*Notes and Queries*” be correct. Such correspondent was anonymous ; and an ex-Skiptonian asked for the *proof* of the statement. None has, hitherto, been given ! Some ancient documentary, or even traditional evidence is desirable. In the absence of such, the above “dedication” rests on the mere “*ipse dixit*” of an unknown. The late Rev. John Pering used to say the dedicatory saint was *St. James*.* Skipton Church is a spacious and venerable collegiate-like edifice. It is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Craven (a district by no means deficient in good churches) ; and now that

* It seems strange that Skipton Church should be the only one in Craven, where a doubt exists as to its dedication. Cannot the doubt be solved by the *Feast* ?

an ugly organ-gallery has been removed, and a chapel—long mis-used as a parochial library—been thrown open, the interior, with its fine open roof, is seen in all its architectural beauty. Some portions are of the reign of Henry II. They consist of two or three arches, contiguous to the left of the “little door.” They are probably the remains of an ancient shrine, or of a side altar. In modern times, they have formed a convenient sleeping spot during an afternoon’s sermon! The entire edifice abounds with mural monuments; many of which are in very bad taste. One, erected to perpetuate the memory of a member of the Wainman family, has a poetical inscription of some merit, and very superior to the generality of monumental poetry. It is said to have been composed by the late John Baynes, Esq., of Embsay Kirk, an accomplished scholar and linguist, whose early death elicited a just and feeling paragraph from his friend Dr. Whitaker.* After a hasty glance at the modern marbles, the visitor’s gaze will be turned to the altar, which is in every respect a “high-altar,” elevated, as it is, over the family vault of the Cliffords. Here is indeed

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,”—

for such a family display is rarely met with—the long tombs of the Cliffords (Earls of Cumberland) being ranged on each side, and also placed against the wall.

* Whitaker’s *History of Craven* was suggested by the notes and collections of Mr. Baynes, which were handed over to the Doctor by the representatives of the deceased. Whitaker made the modest remark, that had his friend lived, Baynes’s *History of Craven* would have been a superior work to his.

The area within the communion rails has been laid with tiles, from the fabric of Minton. The expense of this handsome and appropriate pavement was defrayed by public subscription. The elegant reredos was erected in 1874, to the memory of the late Henry Alcock, Esq. The church was desecrated, during the Commonwealth, by the rebels of the parliamentary faction. It was long supposed that they had carried off the brasses. We have, however, no right to paint a certain personage darker than truth warrants. The parliamentarians, or their adherents, were not such *brazen* rascals as they have been represented; for they did *not* steal these precious memorials! They were removed by an adherent of the family, and concealed in the wall of a farm-house at Thorleby. The secret was most religiously kept; so much so, indeed, that it appears to have died with the concealer. It was only in 1829 that the brasses were, accidentally, discovered, and handed over to Mr. Hodgson, a Quaker gentleman, who for many years was steward to the Thanet family. Mr. Hodgson died in 1831. He was well-known in Skipton as "the Squire," (an ancient designation for a *steward* or bailiff), and by the eccentricities of his son George. The brasses are now in their proper places; a complete restoration of the tombs having, at a great expense, been effected by the Ducal family of Devonshire. The church has a lofty tower, with a fine peal of bells, that are rung by a company of first-rate campanologists. The old custom of tolling the curfew is still adhered to at Skipton. The day of the month is also sounded after the curfew. It is also customary to toll the "minute-bell," immediately after the death of any of the inhabitants, and from the number of strokes given, after the minute-bell, we learn the sex of the departed. This old ecclesiastical usage is

found in many Catholic countries, and particularly in the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland.

We have also a custom, in connection with marriage, called "*Saying the nominy*." The newly married are stopped at the great doors of the church, where, "for a consideration," they have to bear the infliction of the following lines, a copy of which we received many years ago from the late sexton, "*Old Tommy Thompson*."—

"God prosper long, your nuptials with much peace,
And mutual love betwixt you still increase;
If happy minds and pious hearts unite,
Your present love will future times delight.
Christ pour upon you things that needful be,
And crown your nuptials with felicity!
I wish you as much health, wealth, silver, gold,
As apples in an orchard may be told.
I wish that you may never disagree,
Till wolves and lambs do join in unity!"

The now disused burial-ground of the old church contains an extraordinary collection of

"Uncouth rhymes, with rural sculpture deck'd."

The "moralist" (such as the one pictured by Gray) will meet with several versions of "*Afflictions sore*," "*A tender wife*," and many others, equally *sublime, poetic, and rare*! We remember one, that used to strike our fancy. It compared the life of man to travellers resting, at different hours, at an Inn. The conclusion said:—

"Who stay the shortest, have the least to pay,"

a truism that no one will dispute! The following "modern instance" is even more curious than the above. It is from the same churchyard, and is found

on the grave-stone of William Wilson, who died March 1st, 1848.

“ A tender husband, a father dear,
A faithful friend lies buried here ;
Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek patience filled his breast,
His coat of arms—an holy life,
An upright heart—his crest.
Quartered therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran :
A conscience void of all offence
Before both God and man.
In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands will wish they'd been allied
To this great family.”

Skipton has another church connected with the Establishment, viz. : “Christ Church.” It was consecrated in 1839. There is nothing about its architecture that calls for any lengthened notice or description. It is simply elegant. The chapels, connected with the Catholics, Methodists, (Wesleyan, and Primitive), and Baptists, are modern. Congregationalism or Independency at Skipton, is more than a century old, for it dates from 1770. In 1777 the Rev. Samuel Phillips, of Keighley, caused a chapel to be erected. It was the precursor of the present edifice in Newmarket-street, and occupied the same site. The opening sermons were preached by two well-known ministers, the Rev. C. Burder,* of Lancaster, and the Rev. J. Cockin, of Halifax. The chapel is now known as “*The Congregational Chapel.*”

* Was not this minister an ancestor of the Burders of Hackney ; a family ranking deservedly high in Dissenting

It was originally called "The Presbyterian Chapel." The congregation seems to have had a tolerably prosperous course, and not to have been subjected to the officious influence of any Lord Deacon, or other important personage—a fate that has frequently befallen another chapel in the district! The doctrines of the Swedenborgian, or New Jerusalem Church, were introduced into Craven by Mr. Garth, who had a school near the Congregational Chapel, in the Newmarket-street. Mr. Garth, who was called a "New Light," was very much persecuted for his opinions. At the instigation of the late Rev. Robert Thomlinson, curate of Skipton, and his churchwardens, he was proceeded against for holding an unlicensed assembly. The end of these narrow-minded proceedings was the establishment of the chapel at Embsay! Were Mr. Thomlinson living *now*, we wonder what he would think of Emerson's Essay, "*Swedenborg, or the Mystic*"? Emerson holds doctrinal opinions that are diametrically opposed to those of the New Church. Yet this does not prevent his doing justice to Swedenborg, and to his numerous intelligent English and American disciples.

Skipton retains a good deal of its primitive character, although it has not stood still, while progress has been marching onwards. The tenure of a considerable portion of the land has retarded its increase. However, in half-a-century, it has doubled its population, and it is now entitled to rank as a manufacturing town. This is owing to the enterprising and successful exertions of

annals? One of them, who conformed, and entered the Established Church, was the author of the celebrated "*Village Sermons*," a popular work with idle clergymen.

Messrs. Sidgwick, Dewhurst, Walton, &c. It has its Mechanics' Institute, Town Hall, Temperance Hall, &c. The Freemasons also have a lodge; the "Antediluvian Buffalos" have not yet arrived!

We knew Skipton when it had hardly a good shop—when its "stores" (to use an Americanism) were dingy looking dens—gloomy by day, and scarcely less so, when *illuminated* by thick tallow-dips at night. There was no gas,* and our streets had oil lamps of a peculiar *domestic* shape, which caused a comparison that was by no means an *odorous* one. The lamplighter was an eccentric, who was known as "*Tom Trick*," the boys used to annoy him, by calling after him—

"Lamp-lighter, saltpetre,
Married a wife, and 'gan to beat her."

Poetry very inappropriate, as Tom was a bachelor, and his only beating was when some unfortunate boy was caught, and got a slight castigation! We can speak feelingly! In those days a shopkeeper had little to do, except to prop up his doorway, and, like *Sister Ann*, "to see if anyone was coming," and then, if a passer was a *passer-by*, to give melancholy glances of despair at the old "shop keepers" that for years had decorated his windows! All this is changed, and no Miss Mitford could manufacture a Belford-Regis out of the Skipton of the present day! We will not particularise the

* Gas was first exhibited in Skipton by Mr. Thompson, the manager of a Theatre in the *Hole-in-the-Wall* yard. It was next introduced by Mr. Johnston, a mercer, whose shop in the High-street was lighted from a private gasometer. The town was lighted in 1830, a few years after the above introductions.

modern shops, or expatiate on their elegance, without and within. They tell their own tale. There is, however, one subject on which we cannot be silent. Half-a-century ago Skipton had no such place as a Printing-office. A common "poster" was sent to Colne; and at the foot of such a document, we read "COLNE: Printed by H. EARNSHAW, for M. L. GILL, SKIPTON." In those times of yore, to have suggested a small hand-press—for no one would have even *dreamed* of steam—would have been an act of madness! The first attempt to establish a printing-office was made by the late John Hurtley, of Malham, the son of a school-master there, who was the author of a very good local guide.* Hurtley called his press "The Minerva Press." He was succeeded by Meed, Silence, Garnett, Tasker, and Edmondson and Co., the publishers of the "*Craven Pioneer*." The last named firm were the first to introduce printing by steam; and their work, for elegance of execution, may compete with any produced in the metropolis, or in the provincial towns which rank high in the annals of typography.† Nothing affords a greater proof of the progress that Skipton has made, than the number of elegant country houses and villas which, of late years, have sprung up, in and around it. We would particularly instance Raikes House,‡ Rockwood, Woodlands, Burnside,

* This work well merits a reprint—of course with alterations and additions to suit altered circumstances.

† This is too bad! We are obliged to you, Mr. Jackson, for your good opinion, but you really make us blush!—E. & Co.

‡ The word *Raikes* is probably from the Anglo-Saxon *Rücke*, a *ridge* or *summit*—such *summit* being, in our *Raikes*, the level ground at the end—now a fir plantation.

Ashfield, Brooklands, Thorleby House, Tarn House, Whinfield, Towerville, Ravenshaw, Carla Beck, Carleton Grange, Beech Hill, West Bank, &c. To the above must be added Aireville, built by the late Henry Alcock, Esq., (on the site of a grange called "Gawflatt,") and now, by purchase, the property of J. B. Dewhurst, Esq.* All these tell of progress, and shew that if Skipton is retarded by the cause to which we have alluded, it is by no means a stick-in-the-mud, or a stand-still place!

Skipton has been compared to the "Italian town of LATIUM!!" It so happens, there is no such place! In the Campagna of Rome is "The country of Latium," with several small towns and miserable villages; but neither in them, nor in the surrounding country, is the slightest similitude to Craven's capital. It was *Camden* who first discovered the imaginary resemblance!

A first visit to Skipton must arrest the gaze of the stranger. Before him is the wide High-street, bounded by the Old Church and Castle, the gateway of which, with its two towers and its "DES-OR-MAIS" (*i.e.*, "*Henceforth*") battlements, stands prominently forth in bold outline. On one side of the town rises the mountainous ridge of Rombald's Moor, and opposite to it is Pinnow. The first named has an extent of several miles. It not only forms a *side* of Lower Airedale, but it penetrates

* At a short distance from Skipton, are two mansions, which are good specimens of ancient domestic architecture, viz. :—*Malsis Hall*, near Crosshills, and *Farnhill Hall*, near the Bradleys. The last named, from its position and architecture, resembles the costellos that we meet with in the Tuscan Apennines. It has about it quite a continental appearance.



into Lower Wharfedale, and adds to the romantic scenery in and around Ilkley, and its famed Ben Rhydding. Some of its peaks rise to a height *nearly* amounting to two thousand feet; and it is needless to say, that from them, and from many much lower elevations, are obtained views of great extent, and of matchless beauty. John Nicholson loved to wander there, and inhale its healthy breezes, redolent with the perfumes of heath, gorse, and wild thyme. He says :—

“ Nor Skiddaw’s top, nor great Helvellyn’s height,
Show greater grandeur to the ravish’d sight,
Than is upon the crown of Romilie’s Moor,
Where the wide scene is stretch’d from shore to shore.”

One part of the moor, from its contiguity to Silsden, is known as “Silsden Moor.” A writer (*Rambler*) in the *Craven Pioneer* of April 10th, 1875, has an interesting article, entitled “Silsden Moor and its Farmsteads.” He says :—“Silsden Moor is a high region, on the south side of Rombald’s Moor. The land is chiefly rough; and though it has been made more fruitful by draining

and tillage, still, it is capable of being brought into a better state of cultivation. The farmers there, as a rule, are a sober, industrious, and robust class of men. They are remarkable for their long tenures; and some of the farms have been occupied by the same families for many generations. It is said, that the Wades have occupied the Edge Farm between four and five hundred years. The farms belong chiefly to the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir H. J. Tufton, Bart. The farmsteads, upon the whole, are substantial and comfortable dwellings. Great additions and improvements in the houses and farm-buildings have been made by many of the occupiers. Though the farmers are only tenants-at-will, they pay considerable sums in money and labour for improvements, as they have confidence that their landlords and stewards will not take advantage of their insecure tenure.

“In olden times the farmers supplemented their small incomes from farm produce, by the occasional pursuit of other handicrafts. Hand-spinning, at one time, was in vogue, when neighbours were wont to meet at one another's houses, especially on winter nights, with distaff and wheel, to spin their ‘tarry woo.’ The old rhyme is not often heard now :—

* ‘Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weel ‘fore you begin.’

On such occasions it was not unusual for them to

* This is the commencement of a well-known Scotch song, found in numerous collections; it used to be a favourite in Upper Wharfedale, where a singer of it was known as “Old Tarry Woo!”

excite one another's fears with tales of ghosts, witchcraft, disappointed lovers, murders, and wars. The merry days of spinning passed away, when the weaving of cotton and worsted came into use. In the long winter nights, and during seasons of wet, the rattle of the shuttle sounded from many a farmstead. Women as well as men learned to ply the shuttle. The shuttle, and the loom in time, like spinning, became things of the past; and, it is likely that, now, no relic of the textile art remains to remind the present generation of the employments of their forefathers. Wool-combing followed in the wake of weaving, and was briskly carried on for some years. Edge Farm was one of the houses from which wool was delivered to the neighbouring farmers, for combing at their own homesteads. Mills and improved machinery soon rendered hand wool-combing unremunerative; so that, now, it has quite disappeared. Though these handicrafts, which used to add to the domestic comforts of past generations, have fallen into disuse, the farmers of the present day are in a more prosperous and comfortable condition than their ancestors.

"There have been men, natives of Silsden Moor, who are spoken of, at this day, as men of learning and ingenuity. Some of the Wade family excelled in learning and art. One was tutor to some of the younger branches of the Currers and Wilsons of Eshton Hall. Another, who lived at Edge Farm, was one of the teachers at Skipton Grammar School. It is said that a brother taught a school at Silsden.* One of

* Two of the Wades were ushers at the Skipton National School. They were cousins, and each being "*Joseph*" they

the Wades excelled in making, as a pastime, weather-glasses. He became so noted in the art, that his neighbours applied for them, more quickly than he could make them. As he had a difficulty in retaining one for his own use, he decided to fix one against the wall in his house, so that it could not be taken down without being injured. Though it is nearly a hundred years since the weather-glass was thus fixed, it still occupies the same place. This home-made barometer is in a very worn condition; but it, nevertheless, remains a correct weather guide. Some of the farmers of the present time are very skilful in doing things not exactly connected with farm labour. Anyone who will visit Cowburn-beck Farm, as it is locally termed, and look over the mill and its appendages, will be astonished with what can be done by self-teaching and application. The male portion of the family combine with farming, the crafts of the mason, joiner, black and white-smith, turner, and mechanic. The mill, with all its mechanical appliances for making chairs, music-stools, fancy-turning, &c. (and all fitted up by hands self-trained), speaks well for the ingenuity and perseverance of Silsden Moorers." No doubt had our "Rambler" visited every farmstead, he would have found numerous instances of native talent, manifested through other channels.

The author from whom we quote, speaks of the "morality" of the moor, and of the "lingering belief in *witchcraft*." We fear that the superstition, alluded

were known as "*Junior Wade*" and "*Senior Wade*." The last-named obtained a commercial situation at Liverpool, to which he was well entitled by his talents and amiable disposition.

to by him, is far from extinct. Nor is it likely to be so, while spiritualists practise their illusions; and cheap publications record spirit-rapping miracles, at *religious* meetings held at Keighley and other places! This two-penny trash finds its way to the moorlands, and helps to prop up the reputation of the "wiseman" and "wise-woman," and causes their *magical* revelations to be regarded "true as proofs of Holy Writ." But we will leave this subject, and go on to our final extract from "Rambler," which treats of the morality of the Moor.

"The morals of the Silsden Moor farmers are an improvement on olden times; and for sobriety, thrift, and correct living, the people will bear comparison with the inhabitants of our towns and villages, where facilities for mental and moral instruction are far more abundant. Though most of them are inconveniently circumstanced for attending places of worship, still, there is much attention paid to religious duties. In all weathers and seasons, they may be seen on the Lord's Day, wending their way either to church or chapel. Occasionally, prayer-meetings take place, interchangeably, at different farm houses, when the farmers and their families will leave their homesteads in such numbers as to crowd the meeting place. They will travel in the dark, and in the wet, and through fields and lanes of mire, which would deter townspeople from going one-fourth of the distance, to a chapel or a church. They heartily enjoy good and spirited singing;* and they

* The "Silsden Singers"! under the name of "*The Yorkshire Chorus Singers*" were formerly in high request at Festivals and Oratorios in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Owing to the present extensive popular cultivation of music, and the consequent

know how to appreciate an earnest ministry. As a rule, the people are intelligent ; and yet, amongst a few, there is a lingering belief in witchcraft. The local saying is 'a hurt is done me.' At an unoccupied farm house, once surrounded by trees, which gave shelter to a colony of rooks, witches were wont to play their pranks by night, and screech to the terror of passers-by, louder than the wind in the creaking branches. The trees and the rooks have long since disappeared, so that now at night all is still as death.

"Tradition tells of an exciting tale of witchery, that was looked upon as a sad misfortune to a farmer on the south side of the Moor. The heads of the family were so troubled on account of the 'hurt done' them, that they were willing to give anything to be freed from the spell of the witch. A burly gentleman, who carried, in a bag, remedies for all manner of ills, engaged to break the incantation for seven packs of potatoes. The itinerant empiric, better known as a quack, let a third party into the secret, and trained him for the part he wished him to take in the exorcism. The night being the most favourable time for exorcising a malignant spirit, a large fire was made, and a poker was thrust into it, to be made red hot. When all was in readiness for expelling the 'hurt done,' and depriving the old hag of her malignant powers, the empiric began to read in a strange voice words of an uncouth pronunciation ; when, all at once, the witch, or

increase of choirs, the Yorkshire Chorus Singers are not sought for, as they were formerly. The *talent* is the same, as ever, but it is shared by other places. At one of their old engagements, a printer's *erratum* announced them as the "*Citizen Singers* !"

her representative, appeared before the window with blackened face and trembling limbs, as if dreading her doom! Then, the exorcist, raising his voice to a frightful pitch, seized the red hot poker and thrust it through the glass in the face of the witch, when she vanished with a frightful howl, entirely shorn of her bewitching power! Though this tale is said to be true in the main, there are no farmers *now* on Silsden Moor so credulous as to be robbed of their potatoes in a similar manner!"

These exorcists or "wisemen" as they are called, are, in general, perhaps always, exceedingly ignorant. One of them, named *Jollie*, once brought a male child to be christened at Skipton Church, by Mr. Thomlinson. When the name was demanded, the parent said, "*Give it a scriptur naame!*" The Bible was handed, and *Beelzebub* was chosen! Mr. Thomlinson explained whose name it was! on which *he* was asked to choose a name! *John* was selected! and, after some little difficulty in satisfying the wisdom of Mr. Jollie that *John* was a "scriptur naame," the infant left the church as *John*, and not *Beelzebub* Jollie!—which, by the bye, would not have been a bad name for a professor of the "black art!" A story is told of one of the Jollie family, who was a "wiseman." When consulted, he always pretended to read some unintelligible gibberish, from a mysterious book! A visitor, who was a spy, and no fool, managed to get a peep at the wizard's Sybilline volume. It was a common school edition of Homer's *Iliad*!!

In the extract above is an allusion to one of the Wade family, who was an usher at the Skipton Grammar School. This institution is an endowed school, founded

in 1548, by Sir William Ermysted, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London, and Chaplain to Queen Mary. The *Craven Pioneer* has published an interesting account of Ermysted. It will appear in a cheap separate form; and, therefore, it is unnecessary to quote from it. Ermysted is called "Sir," but this does not imply that he was knighted. *Sir* was an honorary mark of distinction formerly given to the dignified clergy, and was perfectly meaningless.* Skipton School had been sadly neglected, until the appointment of the late Rev. Dr. Cartman, who succeeded the Rev. Robert Thomlinson, a St. Beesman, who was by no means a profound classical scholar. Mr. Thomlinson for many years (as successor to the Rev. Mr. Wilson) conducted a private school on Sheep-street-hill, the entrance to which was in Spencer's yard. The house was let to a person called Hodgson, by whom a room was sub-let to Mr. Thomlinson. Other rooms were used as weaving shops, and for washing, ironing, and mangling. The last-named interesting Mantalini process was carried on, close to the school door! It was frequently accompanied by comic songs, which sadly disturbed scholastic gravity! The school-room (though it had an awful and dirty

* Nicolas Dixon, a priest, who died in 1448, is described by Thoresby, in his *Ducatus Leodiensis*, as *Sir*. He was one of the Dixons of Beeston, and his tomb is in the parish church of Cheshunt, Herts., of which he was the priest, and restorer. The present representatives of the family do not claim any *knightly* dignity for him, well knowing that the *Syr* was a mere honorary distinction. Until the time of the Commonwealth, "*Sir*," and also "*Reverend*," were in general use amongst the high clergy. We need not state the application of the two terms (united), which was made by the adherents of Cromwell, and his parliamentarians.

approach!) was tolerably well ventilated, and looked on the street, where there was an opening. Mr. Thomlinson had a certain scholastic popular reputation; but, in reality, he was inferior in ability to Mr. Garth, Mr. Matthew Smith, Mr. Render, and others of his contemporaries—but then, *he* was a high Tory, and *they* were Liberals! He was a long time curate of Skipton; where he conducted worship at the parish church, with very little attention to rubrical requirements. The present master of the Grammar School (1876) is the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., a gentleman, who is not only a first-rate classic scholar, but (what every schoolmaster ought to be), an Anglo-Saxon one also; and, we may say with truth, an elegant and accomplished poet. This recent appointment shews, that jobbing and favouritism are at an end in Skipton Grammar School; and, therefore, improper appointments are no more likely to be made.

Skipton is the birthplace of an eminent lawyer, the late Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Lord St. Leonards. He died on the 28th January, 1875, at the great age of 94. The father of his Lordship was a barber and hairdresser at Skipton. An aged inhabitant of the place, who died many years ago, used to speak of his being shaved by old Sugden, when his son held the lather-box! The boy became an attorney's clerk, and was articled (?) to a Mr. Schofield, whose offices were in the house in High-street, formerly known as *The Sun Inn*. He was never admitted an Attorney. When in London, he reported for the law publishers; and, having kept his terms, was called to the bar by the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. After some years' practice as a Chamber Counsel, and during which he wrote his celebrated work on "Vendors and Purchasers," he became a King's Counsel,

and a practiser in the Court of Chancery. His manners were rude, and, at times, almost brutal ; so much so, that when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, Sugden made some remarks so excessively offensive to the Bench, that Brougham, in some cutting observations, by way of replication, alluded to a *bug*, and so obtained for him the name of *Bugden*. Lord Brougham said that "certain *insinuations* had been made—he would not say where—for which he cared as little as he did for the bite of a bug, an insect that could only *stink* and *sting*." Sugden was a high Tory, and so, by his political principles, he became a butt for the satirists of the day, who never forgot the *bug* and the barber's shop. In the frontispiece to the "Figaro in London," Sugden was represented in barber costume, strapping a razor, while his window exhibited an inscription, "Whigs dressed here!"—a blot on the "h" causing the inscription to read *wigs*—so that the notice was a *double entendre*, and showed Sugden in the two characters of a Barber and a Church-and-State Tory ! Briefless barristers in the Chancery Court used to amuse themselves by decorating the green baize of the table with pen and ink sketches of a *Barber*, about whose identity there was no mistake ! During the reign of Toryism, it was more than once supposed that Sugden would have been raised to the English Bench ; but his well-known unfortunate temper was always a hindrance. However, he was thought to be good enough for an *Irish* Lord Chancellor ; and so he was sent to the Emerald Isle as such, with the peerage-title of Lord St. Leonards. The appointment was a very unpopular one with the people of Ireland, and particularly to the Irish Bar, to whom his haughty overbearing manners were most offensive and repulsive. The appointment, how-

ever, met the approval of the English Bar, who were glad of Sugden's absence from a Court, where he was only respected for his legal knowledge, which was, unquestionably, great and profound! After his retirement from the Chancellorship of Ireland, he lived in comparative seclusion, and his name was rarely heard, either as a politician, or a lawyer. Sugden's aunt lived at Skipton, and kept a dram-shop—one of her daughters was the wife of the late Mr. Matthew Smith, Master of the Carleton Grammar School. It is said that Lord St. Leonards was always annoyed at any allusion to the barber's shop, or to his Skipton origin; and for this reason, he cautiously abstained from visiting the place of his birth. In fact, Lord St. Leonards was a perfect specimen of a *parvenu*; and all of liberal sentiments must say "WE ARE GLAD THAT HE WAS NOT ONE OF US!"

In concluding our remarks on Skipton and its scenery, we must not forget to make an *important* statement. Skipton is a good central starting point for a tourist. It has railway communication to Kildwick (where is a fine old church), to Bell Busk, for Malhamdale, and to Settle, Clapham, and several other interesting localities. There are omnibuses that convey to Bolton, Grassington, Kilnsey, &c. The hotel accommodation is most excellent. It would be difficult to find a town superior to it, in this respect.





CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the poet Gray visited Craven in 1769, he entered Skipton by a road constructed over Rombald's Moor; wondering, whatever could have possessed the makers of it, when it would have been so much easier to have constructed one along the valley! The remark, transferred to his printed journal, was perhaps the origin of the road that now leads to Otley, and skirts the base of the mountain. In the days of Gray, and for some time afterwards, the Rombald's Moor road was almost the only mode of reaching Skipton from Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, &c. There were certainly a few shady lanes—bridle paths for the pack-horse; and which were musical with the drone of humble-bees, and with the bells that proclaimed the approach of the "jolly waggonere" and his team! Well might Gray, ill at rest, in a lumbering four-horse vehicle, exclaim as he descended from the moorlands, "Craven is a very unpleasant country!" and yet, he must have been charmed with the picturesque and extensive view of the deep valley reposing beneath the moorlands; and particularly when he saw the town of Skipton, and the hill of Pinnow rising over it, and forming so fine a back-ground. Gray

loved the "heaths," the "upland lawns," the "leas," the "watery glades," the "babbling brooks," in and about Stoke-Pogeis, the scenes of his immortal Elegy. But he knew and admired scenes that were grander and sublimer. He had traversed the valleys and mountains of Alp and Apennine; and must have met with many a Craven-like view, and with roads that were even worse than that over which he had to pass before he entered the metropolis of Craven. Gray was feeble in frame, and effeminate in manner;* and, perhaps, he descended the moor, when a cold and heavy mist threw all into a damp unpleasant shade. We will suppose that such was the case; and so we will excuse the exclamation or assertion about the "unpleasantness" of Craven! *Tempora mutantur*, indeed! We who, now-a-days, enter Skipton, from every direction, by tolerably level turnpikes (to say nothing of railroads), can hardly conceive, that long after the visit of Gray, Skipton was inaccessible, except by wild mountain tracks, or narrow boggy lanes! Hardly a trace remains of these old shady lanes; but their evergreen memories live in the vivid sketches of Smollett, the sprightliest of novelists, though the dullest of historians. Ainsworth has also helped to perpetuate them in his spirited romances, and by filling them with popular legends.

On glancing at the old roads of England, we, in the 19th century, are, sometimes, inclined to make merry with the wisdom of our ancestors. A little reflection will show that they were not such fools after all! Many of these terrible paths were, originally, constructed by the Romans, whose study was, not the promotion

* His fellow-students called him "Miss Gray."

of easy travelling, but protection from ambuscades. If the same roads, and later ones of a similar construction—some due, mayhap, to the engineering skill of John Metcalf, *alias* “Blind Jack of Knaresbro’”—were in use, long after the Romans had left us, and Jack had ceased to be, we must remember that they suited the days when the waggon was a rarity, and the pack-horse carried most of the traffic of the land.

When waggons and stage-coaches appeared, the inconvenience of the old roads became manifest. The first step was to improve and widen. But this mending, if it did not make bad *worse*, did not satisfy the popular want; and so the old ways were abandoned, and well-constructed turnpikes supplanted them. But if in the Long-ago, the roads between town and town were such as we have described, what, it may be asked, were the means of approach between village and village, or between town and village? How, for instance, did the Skiptonians reach Rylstone? Some went round by Gargrave and Hetton; and others turned off at the top of the Skipton Raikes, and passing through the Short Lea Lane, managed, by following horse-paths, carried over undrained swampy pastures, (once the bed of a small lake called Alenwath Tarn), to reach the road from Embsay to None-go-by. From hence there was a road—principally carried through undrained pastures—to Scale House, beyond which the way to Rylstone was plain enough, and followed an ancient Roman *via*,* which, up-hill and down-dale,

* The inquirer will discover traces of it, immediately beneath Norton Tower, where a causeway, constructed of large blocks of stone, is evidently of Roman workmanship.

soon brought the weary traveller to the "town gates of Troy!"

About 90 years ago, this route was improved in two places; for the inclosure of the Scale-House pastures led to the formation of a road between Sandy-Beck and the above-mentioned Roman road. About the same time a road was constructed, which commenced at None-go-by, and was carried, in a tolerably straight line, past the place where the modern inn—"The Craven Heifer"—stands, and so into the *old* road between Skipton and Gargrave. A correspondent says in his letter to us, "The old Skipton and Rylstone road, even in its *improved* state, was as vile a piece of civil engineering as ever was constructed. It was badly drained, and where it was repaired by township benevolence (for in some places it was so bad as to be beyond the reach of medicine!) the principal material employed was a soft sandstone. Some portions of this paragon of a road were carried up inclines, with gradients ranging from one in twelve, to even one in eight! And this was the pass which not only led to the principal and most romantic dales of West Yorkshire, but the route over which the extensive mineral traffic of Grassington, and the country ten miles beyond it, had to be conveyed."

Before venturing on the new turnpike road between Skipton and Rylstone, we have deemed it necessary to give an account of the old and now disused way, which in many places will probably soon cease to exist, and become a mere matter of history and tradition. But, before doing so, a few of the places named, during our survey, deserve some explanatory and historical remarks.

The Craven Heifer (the sign of a respectably-conducted inn), has its origin in a celebrated heifer bred by the late Rev. Wm. Carr, B.D., the incumbent of Bolton Abbey Church. She was born in 1807, and after various exposures at fairs, and rides in caravans, her destiny was settled by the barbarous exhibition of a "main of cocks." A *chap* from Huddersfield (we cannot give any other name to a cockfighter,) won the mass of obesity, and sold her carcass for a shilling a pound. The "main" was at Carleton; but the *stage manager* resided at a village near Skipton. The late Rev. Robert Thomlinson, both in and out of the pulpit, raised his voice against the barbarism; and one of his scholars was expelled for attendance at the main, to the no small annoyance of his father, who was a cockfighter and betting man. The expulsion was a public one, and was made amidst the accompaniment of the hisses and hootings of the scholars. Before the "main" commenced, Mr. Thomlinson had addressed the boys, and told them what would be the punishment for any who attended the "main." It is almost unnecessary to state, that when the fight occurred, the Rev. W. Carr was not the owner. He was as much disgusted as was the Rev. Robert Thomlinson. The Craven Heifer *now* figures on the notes of the Craven Bank; and so, it may be truly said of her, that she will be handed down to posterity as a *noted* animal!

The Short Lea Lane (provincially called *T'short lee loin*) is connected with our elfin folk-lore, being a favourite haunt of Churn-milk Peg, a being, perhaps, peculiar to Craven. Of her pedigree we know nothing; but as she is connected with the custody of trees and their fruit, she may derive her lineage from the fauns and satyrs of a Roman era. Peg is represented as an

old and very ugly hag, with a pipe in her mouth. Her employment is to protect the nuts, when in the pulpy state called *churn-milk*, from being gathered by naughty children. All she says is—

“Smoke ! smoke a wooden pipe !
Getting nuts before they’re ripe !”

If this distich does not succeed in scaring the children, then churn-milk Peg “*tacks em !*” This hobgoblin is known in Malhamdale, where fruit-pilfering children are told to “*tak care, or Churn-milk Peg will tak ye to t’ owd lad !*” i.e., to a certain “old gentleman !” Churn-milk Peg seems to be a boggert of much the same kind as *Jinny Grin-teeth*, who is an orchard custodian, in the neighbourhood of Saddleworth.

None-go-by. This remarkable name is variously accounted for. A correspondent says “the house was so called, because its situation was such, that *none* passing to or from Rylstone, Embsay, or Skipton, could avoid *going by it.*” Another correspondent informs us, and we believe his story to be the correct one, that “the house was formerly an *inn*, the sign whereof was the ‘*Gate*’ or the ‘*Yet.*’ The landlord being a poetical genius, had inscribed beneath the sign—

‘This gate hangs well, and hinders none ;
Refresh and pay, and travel on.’

Such a genius, it would seem, could not be content with *one* display of his poetical talent ; and, accordingly, over the principal entrance was written—

‘Let none go by without a call,
To taste my beer, both strong and small.’

And thus originated the name. The house is said to have lost its license, because it was the Sunday haunt of *non* 'bona fide' travellers, from Skipton and other places. Perhaps, a point or two was stretched by Sabbatarian justices!" The same correspondent says "None-go-by is the first house in the forest of Crookrise;* and the old road from it to Embsay passes under the foot of Crookrise Fell. It is now only used as a foot-path. In its best state it was a mere bridle path; though it was, occasionally, used as a cart-road, for an old relative of mine was bogged in this road about 50 years since, and obliged to leave his cart, &c., overnight, till he could obtain assistance. The road was then so bad, that people travelling from Rylstone to Embsay, preferred the path over Rylstone Fell, the supposed track of Emily Norton and her Doe; indeed, we knew an old man who remembered his father buying some hay at Threapland, at a guinea per yard, for the then propriator of Embsay Kirk, and taking the hay home by Emily's road, in preference to going by the Crookrise one."

Sandy-Beck. After crossing this beck or rivulet on the old road, is a gloomy corner, where a little valley or ghyll filled with trees, extends towards the fells, amidst which is Norton Tower. In the days of highwaymen, frequent robberies occurred hereabouts; and parties have been fired at from the wood. A few

* "In ancient times a singularly ungallant toll was levied by the Forester of Crookrise. Every bride, coming that way, was compelled to part with her left shoe, or be mulcted in the sum of 3s. 4d., a commutation so high that no doubt the poor brides of Craven often paid in kind, and so their shoes would become, in every respect, *left* ones."

years ago, a strange story of a *wraith* or apparition of a living man, was told in connection with this same wood. A late precentor at a dissenting chapel was passing the wood in company with two friends. It was broad daylight, and beneath the glare of a summer sun. The ex-precentor was surprised at seeing the late Rev. ——— (a well-known clergyman of the parish), enter the wood; because he knew that the reverend gentleman was an invalid, and seldom left his bedroom. The face was seen distinctly, and recognized by all the three. The figure was hailed, but there was no acknowledgment. It was followed for some distance, when all trace was lost. A quiet inquiry was made, and it turned out, that on the day in question, and for months previously, the clergyman had never left his room. In fact, he could not walk across the floor. It was supposed that a death would follow the appearance of the *wraith*; but it was not so. It is only reasonable to suppose that some one passed into the wood who bore a resemblance to the invalid clergyman. But against such an explanation is the testimony of three witnesses, and the fact that no one thereabouts bore the slightest likeness to him! We do not back the above strange story—but we give it as a *rarity*; wraiths, not being, by any means, of everyday occurrence in Craven!

The new road between Skipton and Rylstone, after leaving Skipton, winds up a small valley under Park-hill, the sides of which formerly waved with fruit and forest trees. Here are some excellent building sites; and an elegant gothic mansion has been erected by R. H. Sidgwick, Esq. By the Park-hill diversion, nearly 200 yards are saved in the distance, and a dangerous and steep hill is entirely avoided.

The road now continues by the old track past the Craven Heifer Inn and None-go-by, and so on to Sandy-Beck, where a toll house is erected.* Here commences the most important diversion, for the new road pursues the valley opposite Scale House, or, more properly speaking, about 20 yards below it, till its termination at Rylstone. When a few improvements contemplated are carried out, the road from None-go-by to Rylstone will be one of the most picturesque in Craven. The land about it is studded with natural wood, and clusters of birch, holly, and alder, and watered by a fine brook, which takes its name from the alder tree's provincial designation, and so is called *Ellerbeck*. On one side we have the lofty summits of Crookrise, with their huge masses of grit crags, pile upon pile, called Brass Castle and Fairies' Chests. Further on is Rylstone Fell, with its brown heath, and the rugged walls of Norton Tower—a conspicuous object to all the surrounding country. On the opposite side of the valley, to which has been given the appropriate name of *Ellerdale*, are the Flasby Fells. They are not very high; but there is great beauty in their wood-clad summits, whether beheld from the park-like grounds of Eshton Hall,† or from the depths of Ellerdale. The termination of the valley spreads before us, the rich grazing grounds of Rylstone, and a most extensive prospect, extending to Pendle Hill and forest on one side, and the high grounds of Malham Moor and Bordley on the other.

* The Trust having expired, the turnpike gate has now been removed, and the house is no longer occupied by a toll collector.

† This palatial mansion, the seat of Sir Mathew Wilson, Bart., is decidedly the most beautiful hall of our district.

In the far distance are the mist-clad mountains of Upper Wharfedale. For change and variety such scenery is rarely to be met with, in so short a distance.

“ A land of heath, and shaggy wood.
A land of mountain and of flood.”

Great improvements are in progress along the whole line of the new road, that an omnibus traverses daily.

The correspondent, from whom we have quoted so much says, “let me indulge a hope that the land-agents will have a respect for the fine old ornamental trees; and that the process of cultivation will not deprive us of, at least, a few of the indigenous tenants of the old forest, such as the graceful ever-verdant holly, and the silver beech.” With this wish, so elegantly expressed, we heartily agree; feeling convinced that the spirit of improvement, now so predominant in our district, is not actuated solely by motives of a merely utilitarian character, but has a smack about it of the romantic, the picturesque, and the beautiful.





CHAPTER X.

RYLSTONE is again before us! We have treated of its legendary history, so beautifully interwoven by Wordsworth (the *Genius loci*) with an "owre true" narrative, and the fate of an old family, whose only crime was being firm in a faith to which their ancestors had clung, and which they believed to be true. Adjoining the site of the Hall is the village Church, with its low square tower, facing the bleak and steep fells. When we first knew this edifice, it was a very different object to what it now is! It had undergone a "beautifying" and "repairing" at the hands of a tasteless rector (a bad mason, though a *Free* one), and his pig-headed "church-masters!" The late Welby Pugin, in his younger days, published a work, entitled "*Instructions to Churchwardens.*" There was no originality in the title, or in the ideas, which, no doubt, were suggested by Dean Swift's humorous "*Instructions to Domestic Servants.*" Pugin's youthful essay was most irresistibly comic; particularly in the coloured illustrations. We remember one, where a portion of the departed tracery of a fine "decorated" altar-window was supplied by a stuffing of old rags; while, through another portion of the same

window, the chimney pipe of a dirty stove obtruded ! Pugin's book must certainly have been the "*Directory*" of the authorities, by whom the venerable church of Rylstone was deprived of its storied windows, and supplied with modern sashes of the most approved "Carpenters' Gothic !" The building was a veritable blot on a charming landscape—the venerable *unaltered* tower alone recalling memories of the past, and wafting "GOD US AYDE" with the Sabbath chimes of its belfry. Rylstone is not the only Dales' Church that suffered at the hands of the spoilers. Hone's "*Table Book*" tells of Linton, Conistone - in - Kettlewelldale, Kettlewell, and Arncliffe.* These (with the exception of Kettlewell) have all been tastefully restored ; and the severe, but just remarks of Hone's correspondent are no longer applicable. Rylstone, which previously to 1852, was one of the ugliest churches in the district, is now one of the handsomest. This is owing to the taste and munificence of the late respected Rector—the Rev. Wm. Bury, M.A. ; and the voluntary and liberal subscriptions of the inhabitants, aided by a noble legacy from the late Major Waddilove. The chapel of Rylstone (dedicated to St. Peter), as also that of Conistone-in-Kettlewelldale (dedicated to St. Mary), belong to the parish of Burnsall, of which we shall have to speak in a subsequent chapter. The foundation of Rylstone Church is of great antiquity ; for, in ancient documents (1160 or 1170), mention is made of a "chapel at Rillestone." Whitaker, quoting from other ancient writings, says : "Adjoining to the manor-house is a chapel, resembling a small parish

* Since the days of Hone, we may add *Hubberholm*, at least, so far as regards the interior.

church, with a tower, a choir, and side aisles. The original structure has been, at least, as ancient as the reign of Stephen; for the buttresses, at the east end of the middle choir, exactly resemble those of Burnshall. But the side aisles and the tower can claim no older antiquity than the earlier part of Henry the VIII's reign, and are probably the work of John Norton, who married the heiress of Radcliffe. Of this there are two proofs: first, on one of the pillars of the south aisle is a shield, of which the dexter pale, undoubtedly charged with the arms of Norton, is hid behind the pulpit." This was before the restoration, in 1852. "Secondly, on one of the bells, which seems coeval with the tower, are the initials J. N., for John Norton, and the motto "GOD US AYD."* "The two chapels of Rylstone and Conistone have no chaplains or separate endowment. They are served, in the primitive mode, by the Rectors of Burnshall. On this account they belong to a class unknown to the canon law. They have cylindrical fonts of high antiquity; and, therefore, must always have had the Sacramentalia. Chapels, with these rights annexed, were always presentable, and served by chaplains who took an oath of obedience to the rector, and were not removable at pleasure. Whereas, mere chapels-of-ease, in the ancient sense, which were served by removable stipendiaries, or, as in the present instance, by the parish priests themselves, had not the rights of baptism and sepulture. These, therefore, constitute a new and curious link in the chain of ecclesiastical dependence." In Roman Catholic times the church had two endowed Chantries. The south one was endowed by the Nortons.

* *Vide* Page 65, where these particulars are fully discussed.

The northern one, in which was "Our Lady's altar," was endowed by Jeffray Procter, of Bordley, an ancestor of the present Lord of the Manor there.

We conclude our observations on Rylstone Church by observing that, in Pre-Reformation times, it was the custom for the Rectors of Linton to assist in the celebration of Divine Service, on the Sunday after the Festival of St. Peter, for which they were paid two marks (13s. 4d.) out of the Norton estate.* The money is still paid, but there is no *assistance*! To what is it applied? This rent-charge was evidently for High Mass, which requires three celebrants—Priest, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon.

Rylstone is famed for its wit; and so it occupies a prominent place in the store-house of Craven jesters and gossips; and at the village inn, when "tales, much older than the ale, go round." The pulpit of the church, now filled, Sabbath after Sabbath, by serious pains-taking clergymen, was, some years ago, occupied by a clerical wag, the late Rev. John Alcock, A.B., rector of one mediety of Burnsall. Mr. Alcock was no way related to the Craven family of the same name. He came into the district, a stranger, from one of the midland counties. He was, in fact, the last clerical representative of an ancient family, in which the right of presentation to one mediety of Burnsall was vested from 1709 to 1810. During this period the *presented* was always an Alcock, and a member of the family—our clerical wit being the "*ultimus Romanorum*"—the

* The old system of "*marks*" is still kept up in the bills of our lawyers; and also in some ecclesiastical demands, and manorial rent-charges.

last of his lineage. Mr. John Alcock was a collegian, and a man of some learning. From all we can glean, he was a well-meaning man, and a strictly moral character, notwithstanding some of his jokes. Unfortunately, he allowed the wit, with which he was so exuberantly imbued, to get the mastery of his judgment. Like the priestly author of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," he too often indulged in sallies, that were mistimed, and sadly out of place. The anecdotes, the *facetiae*, the Rabelaisisms laid at his door, would fill a volume. Many of them have an apocryphal stamp. Others can be traced to a merry lay companion—a practical joker, who resided in the parish of Gargrave, and figured as a comic actor in Airay's troop. Nay, some of the jokes attributed to Mr. Alcock may be found in Joe Miller, and in old Hierocles. The jests and stories, that are well authenticated, are sufficient to stamp Mr. Alcock as a "fellow of infinite mirth." We have no occasion to pilfer, or to add—to

"Gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

The late Rev. Mr. Lynch, the author of "*Lectures, in aid of Self-Improvement, addressed to young men*," says in his prefatory remarks, that "*humour*" and "*homeliest illustration*" are *occasionally*, though not always, *possible and proper in preaching*. Mr. Alcock's humour was not, however, that to which Mr. Lynch alludes. He has in his eye, the gems of wit scattered through the discourses of several ministers who were popular in their day. Mr. Alcock's humour was not in his sermons. We have read two of them, that were lent to us by a clergyman, who had delivered them to his flock! They were well written moral treatises, of the school of Blair and Archer—Christianised Senecaism, cold

and logical. The humour was not *there*—it was episodic—what Airey would have called “*gag*”—extempore jests, originated, by something extraneous to the service or place. A few examples may suffice.

On one occasion Mr. A. found that he had lost his sermon. No way disconcerted, he informed his flock; and then, addressing his clerk, said “Jonas! hand me up that Bible, and I’ll read a chapter in Job worth ten of it!”

Once, on taking out his sermon, he discovered that a brother wag, who was present, had unstitched the leaves, and replaced them, *higgledy piggledy*. Mr. A. told his flock what had occurred, and pointed to the perpetrator. He then said, “I’ve no time to put the leaves in their proper places. I shall read as I find it! You can put it together when you get home!” He then read through the confused mass—of course, to the great edification of his flock! Had Mr. Alcock possessed the talent of *extempore* preaching, he would not have been put about by the practical joke.

During his preaching to a Benefit Society, he was rather prolix, and symptoms of uneasiness were apparent. The preacher paused, and said, “Yes! you want your dinners; and so do I! I see how it is!” And then, turning over the leaves of the undelivered portion, he said “There’s enough left for another spell! so if you please, God willing, we’ll postpone the remainder till next anniversary!” He surprised his congregation, at another time, by reading about four verses of the 1st chapter of St. Matthew, and saying, “And so on to the end of the chapter,—*here endeth the second lesson!*”

The individual, who unstitched the sermon, was in the habit of taking his Sunday dinner with the parson. On one of these occasions, Mr. Alcock asked him to stay the afternoon service; but he begged to be excused, as the days were short, and he would be benighted. "Nonsense!" said Mr. A., "I'll give you my word of honour, the sermon shall be a short one!" Thus assured, the friend accompanied the parson, who did not preach more than a quarter of an hour. But now came the climax; for Jonas called on the congregation to join in singing "the whole of the 119th Psalm, beginning at the first verse!" This, however, was an infliction that Mr. A's. friend would not submit to. He quitted the church at the end of the tenth verse; on which Mr. A. turned to the choir, and said, "That will do! we'll have no more of it!"

At the celebration of a marriage, the lady objected to the word "*obey*"—on which Mr. A. said, "Well! my dear! it is an awkward word; skip on to the next!" We had this anecdote from the lady herself (now no more), who, although she had never promised to *obey*, was, through a long and happy union, one of the most exemplary and amiable of wives.

Mr. A. was officiating in Kirkby-Malhamdale Church, when he burst into a laugh. He thus explained the cause: "You know John ——" (here he named a very fat farmer); "as he was crossing the churchyard, he was upset by an old sow getting between his legs, and that was more than my gravity could stand!" The explanation set the congregation in a titter; on which Mr. A. said "Who'll be the first to tell the Bishop?" He might well ask! for in those days Bishops were scarce in the dales—and as for Arch-

deacons and Rural Deans, their visits (even in the Deanery of Craven), were like those of angels, "few and far between!"

Mr. Alcock was a bachelor in a double sense, being both an A.B., and an unmarried man. He resided at Rylstone with his clerk. Jonas had a numerous progeny; some of whom had hair as black as jet, while others had hair of a light flaxen hue. Mr. Alcock used to account for the difference of hue, by saying that some took after the parson, and some after the clerk!

One day as Mr. Alcock was going to the afternoon service, he came across a lot of boys who were playing at football. On approaching them, he said, "This is very wrong! you're breaking the Sabbath!" The remonstrance had no effect, and he stood looking on, and shaking his stick, when the ball chanced to roll close to his feet, on which he gave it a kick. The ball flew so high and so far, as to draw down an universal applause! "That's the way to play at football!" said the parson. With such an example, it is needless to say, that the lads continued their sport, and boasted, far and wide, that the parson had joined in a game!

This Sunday footballing used to be an almost universal custom in Craven. So recently, as 30 years ago, the Sabbath evenings in summer used to be passed, by country people, at football, or knor and spell. The practice was not confined to the agricultural and grazing districts. Places like Skipton were foremost in such scenes. We can call to mind several instances where the ball was carried to church, and hid under an altar-tomb or *kist*, that was close to the "little door." We remember the tomb; it was one that had

an "afflictions sore" upon it. At the close of the service, the ball was taken from its place of concealment; and the players would scamper off to a field called the "*Storems*"—part of the Castle estate; and said to have been used by Cromwell, as a depository for his *stores*—whence the name.*

Mr. Alcock, on one occasion, perpetrated a pun. The scene is said to have been Rylstone Church, but our informant is not certain—nor does it much matter. During the service some one was heard singing, "I'm full of tossing—tossing to and fro." "What is all that tossing about?" asked Mr. Alcock. "Please, Sir," was the reply, "its Johnny Hird—he's been at a berrin', and got drunk, and he will sing t' funeral antem!" "I'm full of tossing" again came from Hird. "John!" said Mr. Alcock, "you must not sing that now; there's nobody dead here, and you must cease!" "I'm full of tossing" again came from the drunken mourner. Mr. Alcock now addressed his flock, and said he should feel obliged if some one would *toss* John Hird into the churchyard. Several volunteers were ready to comply with the request, and so John got the *toss*, and was left to finish his *antem* among the tombs.

In the Table Book it is stated that the Rev. John Alcock was interred before the altar in Skipton Church. This is a mistake. The reverend gentleman of the same name, and whose Latin epitaph may be seen in the above place, was not the eccentric Rector of

* The *Foot-ball*, played in Craven, was the good old English game; and not the barbarous *hugging* game, now played at Harrow and Rugby.

Burnsall, who died in 1810, at or near Huddersfield, and was interred at Burnsall.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Alcock was, in many respects, a model clergyman; for the country churches of the dales, in his day, were, in too many instances, supplied by men, altogether unfit for their sacred calling—men of poor mental capacity, who frequently were only in Deacon's orders, and the journeymen of absentee incumbents, from whom they received a starvation allowance. One of these incumbents had resided so long within the rules of the Bench, that no one in his parish—not even the “oldest inhabitant”—could remember him! Mr. Alcock was a gentleman, and a resident. He was kind-hearted, and benevolent. His failings were what Hone calls them—“clerical errors.” He would never have acted like one of his brethren, who on three successive Sundays preached a Calvinistic, an Arminian, and an Arian discourse, and excused himself by saying, “*Variety is charming!*” The sermons were printed ones, lent by a young man, who bet a wager that the parson would preach them! A lady used to say of the same person, that if “Jack the Giant killer” was provided with a text, and given to him, he would preach it! The above parson (who was only in Deacon's orders) for upwards of twenty years preached at the annual gathering of a Benefit Society or Club. The text was always “Let brotherly love continue!” and the familiar advice invariably caused a smile—the greeting of a very old friend! A member of the club once remonstrated on this long continuance of brotherly love, and said that ten and sixpence and a good dinner deserved a change! This was the reply: “My friend! that sermon was written by Archbishop Tillotson, a great light of our church;

and if you and your brethren follow one-half of what it enjoins, you'll be better men than you are!" This *argumentum ad hominem* was a settler for the clubbist; and so the annual dose of "brotherly love" was administered, till death put an end to its "*continuance*!"

With such guides (and with even worse in two of the dissenting chapels), is it surprising that Wesleyanism obtained a firm root, and prepared the way for the present altered state of ecclesiastical affairs?

Therefore, all honour be to the memory and labours of the late Thomas Summersgill,* of Linton, and the other *locals* of the Wesleyans and Primitives. It is to them that we owe an awakening, that has clothed the dry bones, and caused the wilderness to blossom like the rose. In no part of our country

* This worthy personage was, for upwards of half-a-century, a local preacher amongst the Wesleyans. He died April 10, 1861, at the advanced age of 83. He was an uneducated man; but his want of book learning was well supplied by religious fervour, and good common sense. His venerable appearance and portly form, obtained for him the name of "Bishop." A clergyman (now deceased) once said to him, "Thomas! they call you *Bishop*; and you *are* a bishop, in the New Testament sense of the term." Though a strict Arminian, he often preached in the chapels of the Independents, and his services were always acceptable there. In his latter years he had got over his educational defects, and his language was not only grammatically correct, but frequently eloquent and impressive.

" His name will live
Among his native mountains; to our hearts
Familiar music."

—WILSON.

are churches better supplied than they now are in the dales of Craven. Indifferentism and absenteeism have disappeared; and, in their stead, we have neither a gloomy fanaticism, nor the childish formularies of mediæval mummeries!

Since we made (in our first impression) the above remarks, we have received a copy of a work, printed for private circulation, and bearing the brief and quaint title of "OLIM." The learned author is a Moravian clergyman, well known in Yorkshire; but as he chos^es to remain *sub umbra*, we have no right to remove the veil. We thank him for his book, from which we quote an interesting paragraph. He says: "The death-like sleep of the Established Church was, in the middle of the 18th century, broken by the trumpet-voice of one of its clergymen—JOHN WESLEY, who, with a heart full of love to God and man, wandered from village to village, calling all men to repentance. The effect of his burning words, especially on the labouring classes, proved, even to the good man's enemies and persecutors, that his work was of God, and that they could not destroy it. Ere he was called to his rest, he had the joy to see tens of thousands of his disciples rejoicing in the knowledge of the truth, and to leave a band of devoted men, able and willing, to follow in their leader's steps, and continue his labours. No thinking man can deny the influence of Wesley on the religious life of England. Such men are the real heroes of humanity, because the real benefactors."





CHAPTER XI.

WE have not yet done with the legendary history of Rylstone, nor with its biography. It is the birth-place of a *King*! Start not, reader! for we speak not of a monarch; but of one who has made more noise than many individuals of regal race, and of far greater importance; namely—the late Francis, *alias* Frank *King*, the “Skipton Minstrel!” This well-known character was, we fear, as far as our district is concerned, “the last *minstrel*.” We have plenty of fiddlers, who can scrape and sing *songs*. King (who was no *scraper*), belonged to a higher order. He was a singer, not merely of love-ditties, but of heroic ballads, and carried his hearers back to days

“Cheer’d with the music of old Abbey-chimes,
And shadowy with the magic greenwood tree.”

—J. H. REYNOLDS.

days of chivalry, and kingly adventure; when monarchs sought the forest dim and road-side hostelry, and hob-a-nobbed with tinklers and gipsies; knighting these “Johns of the Dale” as a matter of poetical justice, if not of right; while others called up “Cheshire and Lancashire” to fight the King of France, and return him leaden bullets in exchange for his ivory

tennis balls! Such were the ditties sung by Francis King! The ballads were oft-times long; but the hearers were never weary, and would frequently call for an encore. They err, therefore, who say that the minstrels are defunct. The harp has long been silent in our northern dales; but, in its place, we have the more portable "merry bit of wood"—the violin, to which our old ballads are frequently warbled, and to the "old original tunes." It is really a matter of wonder how tradition—that *lex non scripta*—has preserved, not only the words, but the tunes. Although we find minstrels in other dales, those of Craven now lack one; for we can hardly consider Billy Bolton to belong to the fraternity. Whether we shall ever have a genuine successor to our King, is a problem that we cannot solve. Frank King was in every sense a character. His physiognomy was peculiar. He was nearly blind. He had a vacant stare; and although there was nothing of the rogue or vagabond about him, he might have been photographed for Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, without anyone discovering a moral difference between the fiddler and the potter! King was lame of a leg, and his *limp* caused the remark to be made, that "few *Kings* had had more ups and downs in the world!" He was a two-fold character; for in him were combined the jester and the minstrel. His jokes were, in general, *so-soish*; but at times a bright spark would fly from the anvil of his wit. When we first knew him—in addition to his sister, of whom more hereafter—he had an aged mother, to whom he was much attached. She was a superior person to those we generally find in such an humble station, and her son used to say that his ballads—words and tunes—were all derived from the chatty, gossiping old dame. In King's days many of the poor people in Skipton

occupied cellars, or as they called them, "cellar hoiles." These "hoiles" were dirty, ill-ventilated, fever-breeding chambers. King and his family have been represented as occupying one of these holes; but this was not the case. The minstrel had the ground floor, or area, of a respectable house; the upper portion of which was the residence of a banker's clerk; and we can say, from our own knowledge, that King's apartments were always cleanly, tidy, and neat. Indeed, he detested these "cellar-hoiles," and was wont to speak contemptuously of a landlord he called "Pash Consequence," and who was the owner of several of these dens. When not engaged with his minstrelsy, King's occupation was to attend the "staiths," with a wheelbarrow for coals purchased by poor families, who could not afford to buy more than a barrowful at a time, and who employed King as their broker and carrier. His mother and sister followed the same occupation. So, what with fiddling and coal portorage, the three Kings managed to maintain a respectable appearance, and to keep the pot boiling! The minstrel had several fiddles, to all of which he gave female names. One was "Betsy," another was "Fanny;" his best fiddle was "Peggy." Betsy was for what might turn out a somewhat riotous assembly, such as a miners' pay or savvey day in times when teetotalism was unknown, and we had neither Rechabite tents, nor Tournaments of Good Templars! King used to say that Betsy ought to "go well," as she had often had her strings greased by the application of a tallow candle!—a practical joke, to which both fiddle and bow were occasionally subjected in oblivious moments, when burnt cork was also used to improve the physiognomy of the minstrel! Fanny was for an ordinary village feast or country fair. Peggy was for a wedding, or a

private dance at some gentleman's house, for he was often engaged at such, being a very excellent performer. These engagements, in his younger days, were shared with the late William Cliffe; but at his death, as there was no successor to the minstrel-bailiff, King had a monopoly! We once encountered King at a village feast, and fancying that he had a better fiddle than usual, we said "What fiddle is that?" "Its Peggy!" said he, "Betsy has broken her back, and gone to the doctor! I've lent Fanny to the organist; and so I was obliged to bring Peggy!" The feast at which this occurred, was one of those commemorations which originated in Roman Catholic times, and were instituted in honour of the saint to whom was dedicated the parish church, or subsidiary chapel; Thus we find that St. Michael is honoured at Linton and Hubberholme, St. Peter at Rylstone, St. James at Kirkby-Malhamdale, St. Wilfrid at Burnsall, &c., &c. The antiquary does not need to be told that in Popish times "feasts" were not the scenes of riot, which they became after the Reformation, when their management got into the hands of those who were either ignorant of the origin of the feasts, or, being cognizant of it, were actuated by a "No Popery" zeal, and a spirit of opposition. The Craven feasts are dying out as parochial *orgies*, and it is happy that they are. But they will, probably, continue as family gatherings, where friends and relatives meet together, remembering the "Now! you'll be sure to come, and see us at the feast!" The feast at Grassington used to be kept up several days; but for some years past, it has become—

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less."

Francis King used to lament this falling off, and say

that he should be in at the death!" He did not live long enough to witness *that*—but long enough to find the words of a local song no longer applicable to the once famous festival of St. Michael the Archangel, viz. :—

“ When they’ve spent all, then they march from the town ;
Before they reach home, they do oft tumble down ! ”

Unlike most illustrious men, King had a great dislike to his native village, the cause whereof we never could fathom. We have heard that it originated in his family being ejected from a cottage at Rylstone, where they had resided for generations. Some few years since, a very cruel and reprehensible practice prevailed in Craven, of pulling down the cottages of the poor, and banishing their inhabitants, in order to decrease the parochial rates. There are too many villages where proofs are visible of this depopulating process. In some places, the introduction of manufactures has caused proprietors to rebuild the cottages, which a short-sighted parsimony had destroyed, or converted into ruins. The peasant has a strong attachment to his native village ; stronger than that in the breast of the squire or landowner. They can travel : they can visit other scenes, and rivals may share their affections. But to the poor man, his village is the world, and his valley is like the happy valley of a Rasselas, for he knows nothing beyond it. To eject him is to banish him from all that he deems excellent on this earth. Not, but by the overruling of a wise Providence, these ejections often turn out blessings in disguise, and open scenes of greater usefulness, where labour and industry meet a fitting reward. We suppose, however, that the minstrel was not benefited by his change of residence.

He never forgot or forgave the injury, which he considered had been inflicted on himself and family. Rylstone and its inhabitants became bye-words, and he shunned the place. Had he been a reader of Rylstone's poet, he would have said :—

“ A merry place it was in days of yore ;
But something ails it now—the place is cursed ! ”

—WORDSWORTH.

King's professional engagements often were on the Cracoe side of the “City of Troy.” The villages of Upper Wharfedale frequently required his minstrelsy, and the carriage road to all of them was through the detested “city.” Happily for King, he did not keep a carriage. He travelled on foot, and was therefore enabled to avoid Rylstone, by using a path which commenced opposite to Norton Tower, and, after skirting the burial ground of Rylstone church, passed through a pleasant country lane, and terminated at the village of Cracoe. Wet weather sometimes rendered the green lane impassable, and King was obliged to pass through the dreadful spot ! On such an occasion it was ludicrous to behold him ! At every few yards he would glance around, as if some imminent danger, or some horrible spectre were at hand ; and, when he got clear of the houses, he would contemptuously scrape the dirt from his feet ! Once, when we were in conversation with the late Major Waddilove, we caught him *scraping*, and so we asked what it meant ? “ I'll ollas do it ! ” said he, “ I'll nivver tak owt frea' t' city o' Troy ! ” The minstrel, however, did not object to *tak* a glass of “*rum an' watter*” in Mr. Waddilove's kitchen, where, for some time he remained, amusing the servants by his fiddling and singing. Whether, after such hospitality, he scraped

the dust off his feet on leaving the "city," is more than we can say! Perhaps an oblivious state produced by the "rum an' watter" caused him to neglect the usual "scraping." There was one dark passage in the life of the minstrel, and though some may deem it a *myth*, we fear that it was a "stern reality?" In his younger days, King is said to "have visited *York*, where he was taken up as a vagrant." It was in the "good old times when George the Third was King,"—when Shallows and Dogberries had the power of "comprehending all vagrom men," and ordering such to be flogged. King was no vagrant in the strict legal sense of the term; yet his vocation easily brought him within the meshes of justice law, as interpreted by ignorant and intolerant magistrates. The poor fellow,—the half-blind cripple is said to have been flogged! True or false, one thing is certain. The name of *York* was as odious as that of *Rylstone*; and whenever King was asked if he knew the capital of the shire, he would be sure to refer to a quarter, where the questioner would not be likely to obtain any satisfactory information! The flogging was probably true; for about the time assigned as that of his punishment, one Jamie Rycroft, a poor, infirm, fanatical, and half-witted creature was flogged at Wakefield by magisterial order. Old Jamie was well known in Craven, as a vendor of stay-laces and "godly books,"—a species of religious tracts, printed on coarse paper, and in the form of chap-books. He used to sing hymns, and to relate how he had fought with and conquered the Devil on Bordley Moor!—a fight, that, no donbt, occurred in a dream.

King was subject to two infirmities. One was the lame leg; the other was his preference of the Allopathic, to the Homœopathic practice in taking spiriuous liquors.

This unfortunate propensity caused him at times to be transformed into a "figure of fun," and to submit to very ridiculous usage. It was during one of these non-lucid intervals, that the Grassingtonians carried him round their town, and proclaimed him "Francis the First, King of the Fiddlers!"—such proclamation having the accompaniment of unmusical music! This occurred when the town was full of company; for it was on the evening of the very day that William the Fourth was proclaimed. The minstrel, who was exceedingly sensitive, was sometime before he forgot this frolic. It was anything but balm to his wounded spirit, when he was told that "two *Kings* had been proclaimed on the same day!" The other infirmity—his lame leg—afforded a theme for his wit; and he had a legendary tale ready to account for it. We question whether he was the inventor of the story; a portion of the legend is certainly of a much older date than the time of the minstrel. The name of the ærial hero was *Kitchen*, a drunken tailor, and said to be a descendant of the Kitchen who was butler to Francis Norton, and, for fidelity to his master, got hanged at Ripon. In the real version the hero flourished some eighty or ninety years ago: but according to King's account, he lived before the Reformation! Indeed, King, having grafted the legend on his own family history, determined that his pedigree should lose nothing in the way of antiquity. Whether or not his family was ancient we cannot determine. The surname of King is a common one in the district, and borne by more than one family: and from two places being called *Coniston*, i.e., *King's* town, it may be presumed, that at an early period—perhaps a Saxon one—a family having the name of King, existed in Craven.

When King took his professional rounds, he invariably called on the principal inhabitants. He was ever a welcome guest—hall, farm-house, or cottage, received him with open doors. He had not even to knock. It was a niggardly place, indeed, where he did not obtain a shilling, and a glass of grog or ale, in exchange for his “Huddle ’em, fuddle ’em,” or his “King and the Tinkler.” The Flatts was rather out of his way, but he managed to reach us whenever he was either at Littondale, or Malhamdale. The late Quintin Jackson (the Uncle of the Editor of these pages) was partial to the company of the minstrel, and he was an equal favourite with the other members of our family—the domestics included. Our housemaid Ciceley used to tell him, that she preferred him to Sapper Dick the tailor, or even to Captain Trenoodle, of Choughbury House.

One of King’s visits is duly chronicled in the old ledger. Had it not been there, so vivid is our recollection of it, that we should be able, *memoriter*, to give a true account. It was the Christmas of 1826. It was a wild day; for chilly was the blast that whistled over the moorlands, and alternate showers of sleet and snow seemed to strive for the mastery. The day had been ushered in by a strong west-wind, and a thick, damp, drizzly mist or fog. It was a thaw-wind, and till mid-day we had snow-broth in abundance. At noon the wind changed, and veered round to the north. The fog disappeared, and a clear cold atmosphere proclaimed a coming frost, which, towards the close of the afternoon, set in with unusual intensity, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow. It was a time when out-door farming operations were impracticable; and so, it was a sort of holiday amongst our men, who were

playing their antics in the kitchen around a roaring fire of yule-logs. On the previous day we had been visited by the Greenhow Hill sword dancers, and their leader, Oliver Cauvert, the Poet ; and we had also had the Grassington Mummers. Part of the fun going forward, was caused by awkward attempts to imitate the agility of the first-named, and the acting of the latter. The Flatts had its full compliment of guests ; for, in addition to Sandy McGoordiloo, a Scotch pedlar (who was the visitor of the ladies and gentlemen of the kitchen), we were honoured by the presence of Hezekiah Worthy, a much respected member of the Society of Friends, and one of the leading shopocracy of the vicinity ; and Captain Trenoodle, who, having obtained a furlough from his much respected commanding officer, was paying a round of Christmas visits to his numerous friends and acquaintances. The Captain is a remarkable man, at all times. He is fat and florid ; and whoever has had the gratification of meeting him, must feel convinced that, whatever may be the pay of the privates and non-commissioned officers of the Sapheads and Miners, the lot of the superiors is cast in pleasant pastures. Never, perhaps, did the great Captain cut a more interesting figure. The scene was the library. The company—Uncle Quintin, our Quaker friend, the gallant officer, our family circle, and Mr. Pickles, with a few friends from High Laithes. The Captain occupied a corner chair, where his jolly face received the full benefit of the fire, and glowed with an extra tint of ruby ! He was very happy over his pipe : and by no figure of speech could it have been asserted, that, like the “guest” in the “Maid of the Inn,” he sat “smoking in silence.” Between the whiffs, he favoured us with several interesting statistical particu-

lars in comparative topography,—a science that had long been his peculiar study! Having exhausted this subject, he proceeded to an historical notice of the great patron-saint of Cornwall—St. Wreckem—to whom was dedicated the ancient parish church of some village with a very unpronounceable name that we failed to catch; but it was Pen—something or other! “Popery,” said the Captain, growing eloquent, “long lingered amidst the desert rocks, and sea-resounding caves of the misty west!” “But such” he observed, “had been the march of intellect, that he did not believe any Cornish child *now* ever prayed to St. Wreckem; though, when he was young, it was a common practice. He had forgotten the entire composition, but *he* used to end thus: “bless Daddy and Mammy! Make me a good boy, and *send ship ashore before morning!*””* The Captain having finished his narrations, called on Mr. Worthy for the song:—

“As I was a walking abroad one May morning,
I heard a fair damsel making her moan,”

but before the Quaker could commence, the loud barking of our canine tribe caused a rush to the window. Nothing was visible except the thick falling snow. The gloomy afternoon prevented us from ascertaining what disturbed the dogs, whose *bow-wow-wows* were louder than ever. Mr. Worthy addressed Uncle Quintin, and said: “Wilt thee let me pacify the animals, lest, peradventure, they bite the wayfarer?” “Sit thee still,” was the response, “our dogs are not of Dr. Watt’s breed; they bark, but they never bite!” We now heard the front door opened, and the tread

* This is no fiction. See the *Journal* of the Rev. John Wesley.

of footsteps in the passage. "Whoever," asked the Quaker, "can make so free as to enter The Flatts without knocking?" "Oh! it must be Frank King the minstrel!" said Uncle Quintin. Sure enough, it was he! He was one mass of snow; the green bag which contained the merry bit of wood, was studded with icicles, and might have been taken for a hedge-hog or porcupine of some undiscovered, or antediluvian species! King was well acquainted with "The Flatts," and it was unnecessary to direct him to the kitchen, to which he limped, while Uncle Quintin said, "Come, and join us, when you are well warmed!" The conversation now turned on the minstrel, and on what was to be the programme of the evening. It was only five o'clock, and it was not likely that the party would separate before midnight. It was carried *nem. con.* that the minstrel should sing his heroic ballads, and one or two love songs. The Quaker, however, objected to "Huddle 'em, fuddle 'em," which he considered to be too amorous for the ladies. Uncle Quintin thought the objection was a little too fastidious—however, it was struck out of the list. When the tea things had been cleared away, the Captain was requested to summon the minstrel. "Well," said Uncle Quintin, as King entered the library, "are you quite dry?" "Yes," responded he, "both without and within!" "Francis!" said Mr. Worthy, "with these good things before thee"—pointing to the decanters—"we can easily liquify thine inner man! But tell me, Francis; when wilt thee leave off thy joking?" "Not at this time of the year!" said King, "its too cowl to leave off anything!"—and he then burst into a fit of laughter, as if he had given utterance to some exceedingly witty saw! King was then called upon for a song; but, as he was busily engaged

with his pipe and glass, Captain Trenoodle volunteered a west-country ditty, which was as follows :—

THE KERLOCK.

The Kerlock plant is a zite to zee,
As it zhines in the vields like gowld ;
But all yent gowld that glitters zo free,
I was once by my veather towld.

Zo I'll take a heow, an cut un all up,
All owt of the Barley ground ;
An arter that, I'd like vor to kneow,
Where a bit ov nast can be vound !

But veather zays, it yent no use
Vor to go to a girt expense ;
Vor twull come again whetever thee doos,
Vor a year or two vrom hence.

But t'Passon zays, as ivvery weed,
Like the turmits an whate we zeows,
Must all come up vrom a zort o' zeed ;
Zo I wunt let un zeed if I kneows !

But I'll take a heow an heow'n all clane,
All owt ov the Barley ground ;
Vor if I doant let un zeed, 'tis plane
Not a bit ov nast will be vound !

The song was well received ; particularly the fourth and fifth verses, which had the benefit of the fiddle, the minstrel having rendered himself master of the west-country tune. As to the words, King was a somewhat severe critic ; for he said "one half of the company did not understand them, and t' other half did not comprehend them !" However, there was no difficulty about his own heroic ballads—the "King and the Tinkler," and "Henry the Fifth's Conquest." After the last-named ballad was sung, Captain Trenoodle asked, if there was any truth in a report that had even reached

his remote dwelling, that King had once so far neglected his manners, as to go to a gentleman's dance *half shaved*? The minstrel laid aside his pipe, and stared the Captain in the face. He was evidently sceptical, whether the questioner sought information, or whether he wished to have a repetition of an oft-told story! The gallant officer, however, preserved his gravity, and not even the sight of Uncle Quintin biting his lips, could force a smile. "I thought I had told the affair before," said the minstrel, "but I suppose it must have been to somebody else—mebbe to some ov t' other officers ov t' Sapheads and Miners. It was this way, I went hawf shavven:—One Monday morning—I forget the date—a sarvant in livery cam to me with a message from 'Squire—nivver mind who, I moant mention naames. 'Master's compliments,' says t' sarvant, 'and he'll want your sarvices, next Friday evening, at six o'clock; and you're to bring Peggy' (t' best fiddle, that war), 'and come hawf shavven!' What! said I, old Plush! is that the message? tell your master, said I, that Tommy Best is t' clown to t' play-actors, and he'd better ax him to come i' sich a manner. Tom's a fule by profession; I'm a Minstrel! 'Good bye, then,' said t' sarvant, and he moved to t' door; but my sister stopped him. 'Wait a bit!' says shoo, 'Frank's indignity is roused; but I'll speak to him!' Wi' that, Pally taks me aside, and says, 'what! its nobbut some frolic—'t isn't a quality dance—go! ye'll git a guinea!' Pally's advice prevailed, and I consented. 'Well,' said t' sarvant, 'Ize glad ye prove yoursell a man o' sense—a guinea is the fee; and, look here, here's an extra five shilling for delivering these invites—but you must do it directly.' Gentlemen! when t' Friday evening cam, I nivver seed sich a rum gam i' my life.

We'd aw t' 'centric and queer fowks i' t' plaace! and t' mistress o' t' ceremonies—but there warn't mich ceremony there—were owd Patience Wilson, t' wife o' t' parish graave digger! We'd a rare feast—tea (rale gunpowder) and coffee (t' best Turkey). We danced horn pipes, and strathspeys, and *reels*—there war a deal o' them towards t' close o' t' evening—and then, between whiles, war handed round, rum, and port, and sherry, and brandy, and whisky, and cream, and ice shackles, and pipes, for several o' t' ladies smoked!" Here the minstrel paused, when the Captain took the opportunity of inquiring whether some accident had not happened during the evening? "Accident!" said King, "O yes, I remember. Owd Patience Wilson got mair than war good for her; and about two o'clock i' t' morning, shoo rowled off her chair, on t' floor, when t' 'Squire rang t' bell, and said to t' sarvant, '*bring in Mrs. Wilson's carriage!*' and they brout in a wheelbarrow, and trunnel'd her haame. It war a bran new barrow, got for t' 'casion; and her family arms war on t' pannels!" "Indeed!" said Uncle Quintin, "Arms! what might they be?" "Why," said King, "a pickaxe and spaade, and skull and cross banes for a crest—and that war t' only time I ivver went to a party *hawf shavven!*"

After the minstrel had finished the history of the half-shaven affair, Uncle Quintin inquired, how it was that so illustrious a character had never had his likeness taken? "Oh!" replied King, "I can tell a good story about my likeness. Some years ago, there war a person i' Skipton, cawd Mr. Thompson. He war the manager of the Theayter, and painted his awn scenery. He war a capital hand too at *takkin foaks off*—I mean drawin their picturs. One day he cawd at owr house. He knew me weell; for I had oft played t' fiddle at t'

wings ov t' stage, when they'd a comic song. 'Frank!' says he, 'I've a great respect for you, and should like to have your picture, if you'd only sit for it!' I've no objection, says I, an' I sat me down. Mr. Thompson then poos out a girt bit o' caird-board, and some things he cawd craanes (crayons). He then luik'd at me, and meade strokes up and down t' caird-board, first wi' t' reed craanes, then t' black and white uns; and in less than an hour, or i' t' twinkling ov a bed-post, t' job war finished! 'Now Frank!' says he, 'look at your head—will it do?' I nivver seed sich a likeness before! It wor beautiful! it wor that!—hair, and t' eyes, an noase—ivverything quite correct an natteral, and saame size as life!" "I beg pardon for interrupting you," said the Captain, "but was the beard half shaven?" The minstrel took no notice of the question, but proceeded with his narrative. "I'll leave it for a day or two," said Mr. Thompson, 'and your friends can look at it, before it goes to Mr. Lodge, to be engraved in his gallery of "*Illustrious Portraits*"—and wi' that he stuck it ower t' fire-place. Now it wor Gargrave feast-day; and so I left t' house, directly after t' painter had takken his departur. Ye know my sister Pally! shoo's varra bad sighted. When shoo cum in to t' house, t' first thing that met her een war t' pictur. 'Murder! murder!' shoo cries, 'somebody hes been killin ower Frank, and sticken his heead ower t' fire-place! murder! murder!' and shoo tuik off, wi' out bonnet or cap, road to Gargrave, to consult t' Justice. As shoo wer gangin up t' Raikes, t' folk cried out 'What's t' matter, Pally?' 'Matter?' says shoo, 'why! they've murdered Frank, and I'ze boun to Gargrave for t' Justice!' 'Ye mun be varra quick then,' said they, 'or t' murdered man will be there t' foremost!' Pally didn't know what aw

this meant; but on shoo ran, and soon gat to t' little towns. 'Whativver's to do wi' Pally,' cried t' farmers and their wives and barns running after her. 'They've murdered Frank,' said shoo, 'an I'ze boun for t' Justice!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' said they, and they set up sich hey-beys as war nivver heerd afore ner sin. On Pally ran, hair aw i' shivvels. At last, ommost owt o' breeath, shoo reached t' haw ov t' Magistraat, where I'd arrived some five minutes afore her, an wer comfortably sittin and fiddlin i' t' kitchen. Says Pally to t' sarvant, 'I mun see t' Magistraat directly!' 'This way,' says he, and Pally were shown into a room where there war a power o' books ov aw maks an sizes, t' Magistraat sittin at a table an readin t' newspaper. 'Well Pally,' said his Worship, 'what do you want? what can I do for you?' 'Oh! yer Worship,' says shoo, 'they've murdered ower Frank, an I want a warrant!' 'How!' says he, '*murdered* him! how was this horrid deed perpetrated? has the body been found?' 'Noa,' says shoo. 'I've nobbut fand t' heead—they've cutten it off, and stuck it aboon t' fire-plaace!' 'What wretches!' said t' Justice, 'I never heard of such an enormity!—cut off a *King's* head! why its neither more nor less than High Treason!' T' Justice could hardly presarve his gravity; and Pally observed this, an shoo began to reflect on her adventurs on t' road. 'What is it aw about,' shoo thowt, and then shoo began ta hev a gleam o' comfort, but this war dispelled when t' Magistraat said, varra solemnly, 'Mary, this business must be inquired into by the Coroner, to whom I'll give you a letter.' Here he wrapped up summat in a bit o' paaper, an directin it, put it into Pally's hand. He then said, 'as you are in great distress, *my* minstrel shall accompany you!' He then

rang t' bell, an ordered in t' minstrel, which wor neither mair nor less than your humble sarvant! Didn't Pally stare? Shoo cried, an laughed, and cried agean, an said 'Is ta really wick? But what is that aboon t' fire-place?' My pictur, says I! 'Oh Frank!' says shoo, 'thou mun buy me a pair o' specs this Gargrave feast, so that I mun nivver mak sich another mistak.' I will, says I; but where's t' brass ta cum frae? Pally then mentioned t' letter, and began ta think it wer probably not for t' crowner, but for sumbody else! Shoo looked at it, but nowther shoo nor mysel could read or write. As shoo an me were turnin it about t' Parish Clerk passed. Mr. Story, says I, will you read me this direction? Now t' Clerk were a kind man, an a real scholar, and he read thus—'*For Miss Mary King.*' When t' letter wer oppened, owt tummelled a soverin. And so Pally wor able to buy a pair o' specs, an aw her troubles wer ended!" "Pray," asked Mr. Worthy, "did thy portrait ever appear in *Lodge's Gallery*?" "Believe it did!" said the minstrel, "but I nivver saw t' work." "King!" said Captain Trenoodle, "As we have heard of the simplicity of your sister, and your own cleverness, let me ask you if *you* were never thrown off your guard?" "Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Worthy, "let us have an answer to the Captain's question!" "Oh!" said King, "I'll keep nowt back! I'll tell aw abowt that business. I doant mind bein' meade gam on. There wor once a gentleman o' Skipton, a doctor, that wor one o' t' best friends I ivver hed. He wor a man wi' nobbut a silly body, but heead a merry heart—he hed that! Illness confined him to his house. I used to go an fiddle to him, an compose tunes to his funny verses." "What!" said the Quaker, "then thy friend was a Poet?" "Yes! He would

rhyme on aw t' queer folk i' t' town, an givin' me a stave, he wod say, 'King! put a tune to *that*!'—an I would mak him a right good and merry one. Once my friend sent for me in a hurry. I wor to come directly—matters wer pressin', and delay wer dangerous. I wer off in a jiffy—as we say, i' t' twinkling ov a bed-post. When I saw my friend, he wer readin' a newspaaper. 'King!' said he, 'you'll be a rich man!' An he read i' this fashion:—

"If a descendant of Francis King, of Rylstone, minstrel to his late Majesty, Charles the Second, will apply to Messrs. Graball and Holdfast, of Thieves' Inn, Holborn, London, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Francis," said Mr. Worthy, "didn't the surnames, and the name of the Inn, strike thee as being rather peculiar!" "Why! t' surnames did; but some fowks hev queer naames. What! *I* isn't a real *King*! An as for t' Inn, I thowt it wer some public that wer patronized by t' London thieves, and soa a varra proper house o' caw for t' lawyers!" "Francis!" said the Quaker, "its well for thee that no lawyers are present, or thee might get into tribulation, and thy fiddlestick come in contact with thy head!" "Iez nane afeard! but to go on with my taal. My friend said, 'I think I have found out what the advertisement alludes to. In the *History of Craven*, tenth volume, page 1004, it is stated that when Charles the Second was visiting General Lambert, and Oliver Cromwell, at Calton Hall, he appointed Francis King, of Rylstone, his Fiddler in Ordinary, settling on him, and his heirs, for ever, the annual sum of £500. There it is,' said he, putting the book towards me; 'you can read it yourself.' Thank you! says I, I don't doubt your

word; but I can't read, I'ze no scholard!" "And didst thee really give credence to such an improbable tale, and one so at variance with all historical fact?" asked Mr. Worthy. King took no notice of the question, but proceeded—"‘Of course,’ said my friend, ‘the Francis King, who held office under Charles the Second, was your ancestor?’ No doubt o’ that, says I; there wor nivver any *Kings* at Rylstone, but my family! My friend then said, ‘King! I have taken a little trouble in this affair; and the money is yours, if it can be proved, to the satisfaction of the lawyers, that your infernal grandfath-er ever had any children, and, also, was a descendant of Francis King, named in the advertisement.’” “*Paternal*, you mean,” said Uncle Quintin, “but what reply did you give about the children?” “Why!” said King, “I wer thrawn quite off my guard, an I replied that my granfath-er deed afore I wor born; but my sister Pally remembered him, and I wad ax her. ‘That’s right,’ said my friend, ‘and so you go, and get the information *directly*, that I may write off by this night’s post.’ Off I set to Pally. Pally, my love, says I, I’m going to hev five hunderd a year; and I told her the story: but when I axed her, if my paternal granfath-er hed ivver hed ony barns, shoo laughed fit to bust hersel! ‘Oh, Frank!’ says shoo, ‘thou’s a soft un! If thy granfath-er hedn’t hed ony barns, wheer wad thou a been?’ An then, chucking me under t’ chin, shoo says, ‘I’ll tell *thee* a secret—does ta know t’ day o’ t’ month?’ Noa! says I. ‘Then,’ says shoo, ‘I’ll tell thee—*Its t’ first o’ April!*’”

During the fiddlings, singing, and recitations, our guest had imbibed so much “rum an watter;” and, as Keats says, was so

"Drowned all in Rhenish, and the sleepy weed,*
His music yearning like a god in pain,"

that Mr. Worthy suggested, whether it might not be as well to allow a night's sobering, before we called for the "*Legend of Peter King*." This was agreed upon; and so, as our friend stumbled up the stairs, to his bedroom, we sought the drawing-room, where we had a song or two to the piano. Our concert was a very pleasant one. The Quaker favoured us with "*As I was a walking abroad one May morning*." Uncle Quintin informed us that "*Tobacco is an Indian weed*," and the evening was finished by the Captain's singing of "*Harold the Minstrel*," which, he said, under a Gothic veil, concealed a Craven love tale, of modern date—but he did not enlighten us as to what *that* tale was, nor where the scene was laid—so, perhaps, the allegory only existed in the imagination of our gallant friend.

HAROLD THE MINSTREL.

"Harold the minstrel was blithe and young;
Many and strange were the tales he sung:
But Harold neither had gold nor fee—
His wealth was his harp o' the forest tree:
And little he reck'd, as he trolled his lay—
'Clouds come over the brightest day!'

"On him, young Emma, the maiden, smil'd—
Never were notes like his wood notes wild,
Till the Baron's broad lands, and glittering store
Dazzled her eyes, and the charm was o'er!
Hush'd was the love of the minstrel lay—
'Clouds come over the brightest day!'

* Keats says *mead*, i.e., Metheglin—and not *weed*!!—Why not put *rhino* for *rhinish*?—the change would *then* be complete!
—Printer's Devil.

- “ From the old Kirk tower the joy-bells rung ;
Flowerly wreaths were before her flung :
Youth was gay, but the aged sighed,—
‘ She had better have been the minstrel’s bride ;’
And Harold wept, as he trolled his lay—
‘ Clouds come over the brightest day !’
- “ Years have fled ! and the moonbeams fall
On the ruin’d towers of the Baron’s Hall.
The owl hath built in the desert pile,
And the bat in the silent campanile :
And the whispering ivy seems to say—
‘ Clouds come over the brightest day !’
- “ Years have fled ! and that soft light shines
On a quiet cot, and its sheltering vines.
A lonely heart, in a distant clime,
On that sweet cot thinks, and the warning rhyme :
‘ Treasures of earth will fade away ;
Clouds come over the brightest day !’ ”





CHAPTER XII.

DURING the night the snow had fallen so heavily, that the moorland roads were impassable. The morning brought a clear atmosphere; and the brisk cold air told of a hard frost, which caused the window panes to be thickly starred with icy crystals. The Minstrel was anxious to take his departure; but, on our assuring him that the road to Malham could not be cleared before mid-day, he consented to form one of the family and friendly group, that again crowded round the Library fire. Captain Trenoodle was in no hurry to depart, as his furlough had some days to run; but the Quaker had commercial engagements that were urgent, and the Minstrel had professional ones. So, instead of wasting time by indulging in jokes and small-talk, we at once requested the Minstrel to relate a family story, which he did (and in the Craven Dialect) as follows:—

THE' LEGEND OF PETER KING.

“There liv'd in t' owd Popish times an ancestor o' mine cawd Peter King. His house wor i' t' city o' *Troy*; seame yan at I wer bwoon an bred up in. It wer an owd, ancient, venerable thack'd buildin' i' my

daas; but, I reckon, i' Peter time, it wad be a varra gradely mak o' a bran new house, or bane to it. Peter (we've a likeness on him) wor a dapper soart ov a chap, an he 'ad a varra bonnie lile woman for a wife. They cawd her Meary. Peter followed t' cawin ov a Minstrel, an played on t' harp. There wer noa fiddles i' them daas, 'ceptin Scotch uns; an gudeness knaws, nane o' my race ivver played sich fiddles as thir! Beside t' Minstrel traad, Meary spun an cairded woo, an' shoo helpt to tend t' shop; for Peter hed a license, an' sowd tea, coffee, 'bacca, and snuff."

"Stop a bit!" said Uncle Quintin, "and don't talk such nonsense! If Peter lived before the Reformation, how could he sell *tobacco* and *snuff*, which were first used in the reign of Elizabeth?"

"But," said the Minstrel, "I nivver sed that Peter liv'd afore t' Reformation! Mebbe, he flourished i' t' reign o' bloody Mary, which wad be, I consate, in t' owd Popish times!"

"Go on!" said Uncle Quintin.

"I'll go on, I warrant ye," said King, "but ye'll, mebbe, let me ax ye a question? Ye know t' *Fairy Pipes*? Is them nae owder than Elizabeth time?"

"I think they are much older," said our venerable relative. "This," he continued, "is my theory about smoking. There is strong circumstantial evidence to warrant an idea that smoking (though not *tobacco* smoking) was practised by the ancient Britons. However, the custom had been discontinued all over Europe; and the modern practice, with us, certainly dates from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh—but go on!"

"I left off at t' shop, whar I know, for sartin, that my ancestor sowd bows an' arrows an' spear-headers, an' tennis an' skittle baws; and soa, by t' help o' t' shop

an' t' harpin, he picked up a varra dacent sort ov a livin. There warn't a happier couple nowheere to be faand. T' village lads wad hev waited a lang time for a stang ridin, if it depended on Peter an' Meary a gittin to loggerheeads. Yan fine summer day—I think it wer i' *July*, but I isn't sure—Peter wer liggin on a bit ov a crag, a t' top o' t' gardin. It wor a cool plaace loike, for a girt owd thorn bush spreed its branches ower it. It wer a favorit plaace wi' Peter, for it wor owt o' t' way o' t' ants, that wer rather numerous i' some parts o' t' premises; an' ye knaw, they're nobbut awkward customers, if they tak a likin to t' inside ov a boddy's claise! Now, Peter worn't asleep, but snoozlin loike! what they caw a dog-sleep—hawf an' hawf!—so he heeard Meary approachin. 'Oh Peter, my love!' says shoo, "there's a job for ye at Cawverley Haw. Squire's a gangin ta hev a gran ta-do, an' his harper's takken suddenly ill wi' t' belly-wark, an' soa a special ambassador-man hez come for you!"

Here Uncle Quintin interrupted the narrator, and inquired which of the Calverleys it was who had sent for the Minstrel?

"I can't tell for a sartainty," said the Minstrel, "but it wer oather t' fath-er, or t' granfath-er, or t' girt granfath-er o' him that murdered t' wife an' babbies.* But to turn to my taal; Peter were gangin ta ax for further particlars, when t' ambassador-man meade his appearance. He'd a cockt hat wiv a feather in it; breeches o' Kendal serge, an' a waistcoat o' fustian;

* The Calverley Tragedy is the subject of a play called "*The Yorkshire Tragedy*," attributed, though no doubt falseely, to Shakspeare.

same mack o' stuff as Æneas wore at t' seige o' Troy, 'cording to t' varsion o' t' girt poet Charles Cotton.*

"Who," said Uncle Quintin, "is not an authority to be quoted in such matters—but go on!"

"I wor describin his dress: his mantle were green. There were a gay bit o' lace about it, an' aw his buttons hed *hullets* on em."

"The Calverley Arms," said Uncle Quintin.

"Efter a lile bit o' crack, terms wer agreed on, an' suin as they'd hed their glasses an' pipes—"

"I really wish" said Uncle Quintin, "that you would leave out the pipes, for the narrative suffers by such an anachronical introduction."

"Well then! suin as they'd hed their glasses, wi' out the pipes, they mounted their hosses, an' off they set, aw three—t' ambassador-man, Peter, an' t' harp—a sma bag o' new strings teed ta' t' latter article, case they sud be wanted—"

"Which," said uncle Quintin, "shewed a great and very becoming foresight on the part of your ancestor!"

"They'd a pleasant ride alang shaady laanes, and by t' side o' Alenwath Tarn (it warn't drained then) and by some purlin streams. T' day wer varra hot; but, i' thir days, Craven wor a forest, an' ther wer lots o' trees, ivverywheer, to keep aff t' heeat o' t' midday sun; an' soa they managed bravely ta keep themselfs cool. It wor about six o'clock when they reached Cawverley Haw, roads ta which were filled, wi'

* King alludes to a passage in Cotton's *Scarronides*, or *Virgil Travestie*, viz.,

"His breeches, saved from Troy's combustion,
Were Kendal, and his waistcoat fustian."

aw macks o' carriages, for t' Quality wor invited fra aw t' parts o' t' country. It wad tak about two hours to get thro' t' list o' t' company; soa, mebbe, you'll pardon my not givin t' whole o' it! Howivver, I'll give a bit of a 'bridgment, that wont tak up mair than an hour—there wor present——”

Captain Trenoodle looked at his watch, and the Quaker grew fidgetty. “Do leave out the list,” said Uncle Quintin; “it will be as tedious as Homer's Catalogue of the Ships”—“or,” said the Captain, “as our muster roll”—“or,” said Mr. Worthy, “as a long price current in the *Grocers' Gazette*”—much better to enter the ball-room, and say what happened there.

“It wor a beautiful sight—five hunderd wax cannels at least, an' lamps wi'out number—lots o' flowers—ivvergreens i' aw corners—an' *parsy*—an' *parsy*! Dancin wer kept up till five or six o'clock next mornin. Peter gav girt satisfacshun, an' played so weel, that siveral o' t' company axed what wad be his terms for givin a few finishin lessons to their dawters! At t' restins fra dancin durin t' evening, t' Quality wor waited on by t' livery sarvants, an' hed wine, an' tarts, an' ices. My ancestor an' a few crowd, an' rebec, an' tabor an' pipe players, that accompanied t' harp, wor waited on by t' wimmin sarvants.”

“In the same room, of course!” said Captain Trenoodle.

“Noa!” replied the Minstrel, in his gruffest manner. “Performers hed *their* suppers in a sma room, that oppened into 't dais—the varra seam room wher t' babbies were murdered. It's now used as a weavin shop, but nobbut till dusk; for ye see, efter t' dark, t' barns cum agaan, an' flay fowk. Yan o' t' wimmin sarvants wor cawd Jane Irving. Shoo wor a beautiful

lass—cheeks like a rose, hair colour o' gowd, an' fine an' silky as an arran web. When shoo smiled it wor like t' luik ov a cherrybum. Her ways wor winnin; but wi' aw that, I mun tell ye shoo wor a varra bad lass, an' cumd ov a bad set—shood flirt wi' onny body, wed or single—it mattered lile to her! Poor Peter, he warn't proof agaan her snares, an' soa he fell i' luv wi' her!"

"What!" said Mr. Worthy, "dost thee really mean to say that thy ancestor forgot his pretty Mary, his lawful wife?"

"Too true! he forgat Meary, an' t' shop, an' Rylstone—ivvery thing 'cept Jane Irving! A week passed on, an' noa Peter at Rylstone! Meary didn't think mich abowt *that*; for when Peter went a harpin, he wad oft tak a longish round. But whan it wor threo week, shoo thowt it wor time for Peter to be at haam, an' shoo began to be flaid that summat hed happen'd. Shoo wrote to t' ambassador-man, whose naam wer Gabriel Sutton—he wor cawd *Gabey* for shortness—a native ov Sutton-under-t'-sun. There wor noa consolation i' Gabriel letter; he wor a plaan spokken man, an' he ollas tow'd t' truth! Poor Meary! shoo wer in a sad tackin, an' off she ran to ax advice of her confessor, Father Cuthbert. Shoo fand him tellin' his beads i' Rylstone Church. When heead heard her taal, 'Daughter,' said he, 'trust to Mary and the Saints, that this dark cloud may be removed. I can only advise with thee spiritually; perhaps thou would'st have *legal* measures adopted? If so, go thy ways, and consult a *Proctor*.' 'Thank your Reverence,' said Meary, an' shoo departed fully detarmined to consult a Proctor. Meary wor up i' good time next mornin; an' after a slight breakfast o' oatcake an goat-milk,

shoo put on her bonnet an' shawl an' perceeded i' t' directshun o' Booardley! It wor, mebbe, eight o'clock when shoo reach'd Booardley Haw, i' t' front o' which owd Geoffry Proctor wer takkin a turn or two afore breakfast. It wor t' seame Geoffry at afterwards founded a pantry i' Rylstone Church, wi' an altar to t' Vargin in't!"

"Now," said Uncle Quintin, "a little light breaks in upon us, and we can fix the date of the story. Geoffry Proctor, who founded a chantry (not a *pantry* as you miscall it!) died in the reign of Hen. VII., so that must be the real date of the story. I thought you were all wrong about the tobacco and pipes, and so it turns out!"

"You are an early visitor," said Mr. Proctor, "how's Peter?" Meary bust into tears. "What's the matter?" axed Mr. Proctor. Shoo tow'd him aw, an' how Father Cuthbert hed sed as how shoo mud consult a *Proctor*, an' soa shoo'd cum to *him*, he being t' only Proctor shoo wer 'quainted wi'. 'My dear!' sed Mr. Proctor—for he war a nice spokken man, a real Craaven Yeoman; there's sum o' t' owd raace still remainin. Father Cuthbert's advice is about as obscure as his sermons; he always explains by halves. He should have told you that by a Proctor he meant a legal officer so-called. These officers are church lawyers, and there are plenty of them to be found at Lancaster, where you must go, if you wish to consult one.

"King!" said Captain Trenoodle, "are you sure that Mr. Proctor said *Lancaster*? didn't he say *YORK*!"

The word *York* had a surprising effect on the Minstrel. His face became red with anger. Seizing his fiddlestick, he advanced towards the Captain, who deemed it

prudent to make a hasty retreat, and so to escape from the Minstrel's vengeance !*

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Quintin. "We're all friends *here*, and not going to fight over again the wars of York and Lancaster."

King kept looking towards the door, but the Captain did not venture to appear; and so, the Minstrel, by degrees, smoothed down his ire, and proceeded with his narrative.

"Mary," said Mr. Geoffry, "I would not advise you to have anything to do with a Proctor—I can tell you a better way to settle this unpleasant business. But you must promise not to mention this interview to Father Cuthbert. Mary made the promise required. Mr. Proctor then axed if she hed ivver heeard ov a spot cawd Knavey-Knoll cave, an' of yan' Roger de Worde who lived there? Meary sed shoo knawd t' spot varra weel; it wor i' Thorpe pasturs; but shoo hed nivver seen owd De Worde. Shoo hed ollas heeard he hed dealins wi' t' *owd lad*, and wor therefore a man to be avoided."

Mr. Proctor said he knowed nowt of t' agency by which De Worde did sich wonderful things. But he *did* know that he wor a kind-hearted man, an' a good hand at helpin fowks i' distress; "an'," said he, "if he can't help you, no mortal else can!"

"T' day hed bin varra hot an' sultry; but Meary worn't tired wi' o' her walk to an' fra Booardley, so shoo meade up her mind ta gang efter t' Vespers to t' Knavey-Knoll Cave. Shoo left her cottage about seven

* *Vide* Page 168.

o'clock seame evenin', and perceeded thro' Cracoe to Threapland. It wor a beautiful dusk. T' sun set wiv extraordinary brilliancy, an' whan shoo gat to Threapland, sair as shoo war at heart, shoo cudn't but stop t' admire t' scenery, afore an' aroun her, an' hev a bit of a crack wiv owd Nicholas Burton, t' Miller o' Threapland.* I' thir days there wor a corn-mill at Threapland turned by a watter-wheel; an t' boddom ov Lintondale, now a lot o' swampy pastur ground, wor harvest fields, wavin wiv gouden grain, baith corn an' rye. An' there wor also some fields where Giles Daykin, o' Linton, grew a lot o' Hemp. It wor a nice prospect! Girston wor shinin i' the full bloze ov a settin sun. Werenside wor wivout a cloud, an' Grass-Wood luik'd most charmin, wiv its forest trees, just tinged wiv t' first hues o' t' comin back-end.† Throstles an' black

* At Threapland, there was formerly a soke mill, for grinding corn; it has long since been pulled down, and a cotton mill erected on the opposite side of the stream, has only an existence as a lodging for bats and owls. The property at Threapland formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey. Since our former notice of Threapland, it has been ascertained, beyond all doubt, that Lintondale is the proper name of the valley between Threapland and Linton. By the judicious plantings of the late Mr. Hitching, of Cracoe, and Mr. Birkbeck, of Threapland, the appearance of Lintondale has, of late years, been much improved. The Hitching family has held property in Lintondale for two hundred years, at least, and Mr. Birkbeck is the lineal descendant of a family, who have possessed an estate in the same valley for a much longer period.—S. J.

† This is the Craven term for Autumn. The Americans say "The Fall," which is a much more poetical designation for the

"Season of mist, and mellow fruitfulness."—*Keats*.

ousels wer chantin. T' fog wor freshened by t' fawin dew, an' lads an' lasses wor singin an' laikin as they returned haam frae milkin. Aw wore a merry look, an' Meary couldn't, but i' some degree, howivver sma, partaak of the joy around her."

"I'll tell you what," said Uncle Quintin, "You grow quite poetical in describing the scenery. Linton-dale, by many, is esteemed one of the dreariest valleys in the district; but they, who so deem it, have never viewed it from a proper aspect. If the cart road through it, instead of having been carried past Scough Barn, and under Raven's Crag* had passed through the Hamlet of Threapland, and so followed the course of the little stream to Linton, I venture to say no traveller would have complained of the monotonous character of the valley. Its charms are lost to those who follow the beaten track; but let any one turn off at Cracoe, and passing through Threapland take the footpath through the pastures to Linton, and I'll stake my fame, as a lover of the picturesque and the romantic, that Linton-dale is entitled to hold no contemptible rank in the scenery of Craven."

* "Scough Barn, which stands under Raven's Crag, on the road from Cracoe to Grassington, has been the resting place of many a weary traveller, who after a long day's walk, and with an empty purse, has found there a shelter from the stormy elements, and a warm bed of soft hay. This barn and three acres of meadow land, were formerly the property of one Hargreaves, of Skythorns, who was convicted of felony, and hanged, and whose landed possessions became forfeited to the crown. There is a superstition connected with the property, which is, that whenever the hay is cut, it is sure to rain—it has so happened, during the last five or six years, and, therefore, the tradition has maintained its character for truth."—J.B.

"Ye're right, Mr. Quintin," said the Minstrel. "Lintondale's a fine valley, if nobbut view'd frae proper spots; an' soa (to return to my taal)—thowt poor Meary as shoo stood tawkin to Nicholas Burton, who offered to gang wiv her to Thorpe, where he thowt shoo wor boune. Meary declined his offer, as shoo didn't wish to fill aw t' country side wi' t' news of her gangin ta consult t' Wiseman. T' sun hed now quite gaen down, an' thick mists wor creepin ower t' fells; but t' muin war risin. Meary suin gat to t' Knavey-Knoll Cave. Owd Roger wer at his buiks, for he wor a gran schollard. T' cave wor a queer lookin shop, an' furnished quite efter a mack ov its awn. A roarin fire o' turf blozed on the floor, for there wor nother grate nor dogs. Smoke 'scaped thro' a hoile it roof, which what wit 'reek, lamp blacks an' bacca smoke, wor as black as t' back o' my hat!"

"*Bacca* again!" said Mr. Quintin, who also reminded the minstrel that his hat was a *white* one! The narrator smiled, as he proceeded with his story. "Liggin afore t' fire wor a girt Tom Cat, a varra suspicious lookin animal. He wor purrin loud as onny bumfiddle, an' weshin his cheeks wiv his paws."

"An operation, not uncommon with cats!" said the Quaker.

"Meary didn't mich like that cat. There war an owd jack-daw peaked top of a lang-settle; he wor blinnd ov an ee—shoo nane liked *him*! In another corner wer crouched an ullet. Shoo liked him worst o' t' family; but it were quite a toss-up which wor t' maist ill-favoured o' t' lot! They wor choice uns, I warrant ye! When Meary tow'd Mr. Proctor that shoo'd nivver seen t' Wiseman, shoo meade a mistak. When shoo'd hed a

gliff at him, shoo fand he wor t' seame man as an owd pilgrim that hed often cawd at her cottage, an' hed takken a basin ov milk poddish wiv her an' Peter."

Roger, who was sorry to hear t' bad news, said "I think I can assist you; but first I must cast your festivity!"

"*Nativity* you mean," said Uncle Quintin.

"Roger then axed a lot ov questions—day shoo wor born—time o' day—age ov her father an' muther at time, an' so on; this shoo gave him quite correct. He then gat a bit ov paper an' a pencil, an' lookin into an owd Paddy Watch to ascertain what planets wer in disjunction at t' hour o' her birth, he perceeded to draw her telescope."

"Horoscope," and "conjunction!" said Uncle Quintin,

"T' job wor suin finished, an' t' Wiseman sed to Meary, 'The planets have foretold this business, and also that there is only one way of recovering your husband. You must meet me to-morrow, at midnight, in Rylstone Church porch. No one must accompany you—be silent, and fear not the issue.'"

"Meary didn't mich like owther t' plaas or t' time, but shoo sed shoo'd be punctual an' attend; an' wi that shoo left t' Wiseman, an' suin reached haam, efter a nice moonlight walk ower t' hills."

"Meary kept her 'pointment; for t' next neet shoo entered t' buryin grund, as t' church clock struck twelve."

"I think," said Mr. Worthy, "thee art making a misstatement. I never before heard that Rylstone Steeple House ever possessed a clock."

"O! but it did i' thir times!"

"Then what became of it?"

"Mebbe, it wor sent to t' clock makers to be dressed, an' he forgat to sen it back; or, mebbe, he turned rogue an' popp'd it!"

"Very improbable stories, I must tell thee, Francis!"

"Well, then, mebbe, it war smashed by Oliver Cromwell."

"That's more unlikely still," said Uncle Quintin, "for altho' Oliver made war on altars and bells, and organs, and painted windows, I never yet read that he was a clock smasher."

"Thee hast still to explain," said Mr. Worthy, "how the hour of twelve could strike from a tower, in which there was no clock!"

"Gentlemen!" said the Minstrel, "leame as I am, I can easily get ower *that* stile—it wor a magic clock, put up by t' Wiseman for that special 'casion!"

"Bravo, Frank," said Uncle Quintin, "no doubt that was the case! I, however, must express my regret that De Worde didn't leave the clock for the use of the parish!"

"Yes, but, mebbe, he'd borrowed it of t' Owd Lad, an' wer 'bliged to return it."

"Go on!"—said the Quaker, "that will do!"

"Meary fand t' Wiseman sittin i' t' porch. 'Glad you're punctual,' sed he; 'be of good courage, an' I'll bring home Peter?' He then meade a circle, an' put Meary i' t' middle. He then waved his wand, an' sed, *hocus pocus, horum scorum, sunt divorum*, an' a lot ov sich like gibberish — conjurors' dog - latin, I

suppose. Howivver, this nonsense—I nobbut give hauf o’ it!—hed a wonderful effect! The wind raase, t’ thunner roored, the leetnin flashed, an’ a rum lot ov queer luikin things cum dancin round t’ circle, but didn’t dare to enter it. What they wer Meary could not tell, but yan ov ’em wer sartainly loike a barguest! T’ Wiseman now sed ‘look upwards! he comes!’ Meary did so. Shoo seed nowt; but shoo heerd a noise *twang, twang, twang!* just as if Peter wer tunin his harp loike. ‘He comes!’ sed the Wizard. Shoo luiked agaan, an’ *now*, shoo did see summat passin afore t’ muin. At first gliff, it seemed a lile black cloud; then it tuk t’ form ov a man, an’ as it neeard t’ church, shoo spied a harp, on a man’s back, an’ fancied the form wer varra like Peter. Bang it com agaan yan o’ pinnacles ov t’ tower, an’ then it fell wiv a dreadful crash on the flag stane ov t’ porch! ‘Mercy! mercy!’ sed Peter, for it wor him an’ no mistak! ‘*Mea culpa! mea culpa! oh my leg! I shall dee! Oh, Meary! why did I leave you!*’—an’ here Peter fell into an unsensible condition.”

“Wretch!” cried Meary. “You have killed my husband! I wanted to reclaim him, an’ not to murder him!” The Wizard laughed, an’ sed “Fear not for *him!* He will not die from *this* accident! I have only fixed a mark on him, an’ *his latest posterity!*” “Peter sooin recovered, but not aw the surgical skill i’ t’ district could ivver restore his leg! it wor leame for ivver. A quack chap at Paateley Brig, at cured bad legs, tried, but it wer labour i’ vain! A baane-setter at Hebden, caw’d Cuckooshaw, cam an’ tried his hand, but it wor noa use. Peter limped to t’ end ov his days! T’ Wiseman’s curse hes followed t’ raace ov Kings to t’ present hour,—*ivery yan ov us hes hed a leame leg!*”

"Including, of course," said Mr. Worthy, "the one who was Fiddler in Ordinary to Charles the Second!"

"Him," said the Minstrel, laughing, "Oh he'ad a double dose! he wor leame ov baith legs."

Such was the *Legend of Peter King*, as told by Craven's *last* Minstrel, and the last of the *Trojan* Dynasty! The visit we have chronicled, was not the ultimate one that King paid to the Flatts. Many a merry Christmas has since then been enlivened by the Minstrel's fiddle. Indeed, between 1826 and 1844, we only know one Christmas, when we were not visited by our old friend. It was the Christmas after the death of Mr. Quintin Jackson. Poor King could not bear to see the house, so soon after the removal of his venerable patron. The last visit was on the 11th December, 1844. The season was unusually mild, and a fine warm dry day—one of those phenomena that sometimes occur even in a climate like ours—had tempted an extra visit. It was, at least, a week before the usual time of his appearance. He sang his old historic and romantic ditties—laughed at the old jokes, and oft-repeated anecdotes, and drank and *smoked* as usual—*ex fumo, dare lucem*, being an axiom that he invariably acted up to!

We pressed him to stay all night, and as an inducement we informed him that we could relate a good love story of which his old teaser, Captain Trenoodle, was the hero. "Can't stay *now*," said King, "but I'll caw in a week or two, an' heear t' taal!" He had, it appeared, a professional engagement that evening in the vicinity of Gargrave. On the following day, we had a call from Daniel Cooper, of Linton, and from him we received the sad news of the Minstrel's fate.

After leaving the festal board, he mistook his homeward road, and was drowned in the canal. At first there were surmises of foul play, and suspicions of murder, but the evidence of the surgeon, at the coroner's inquest, clearly proved that the death was accidental. Who, indeed, would have done an injury to poor Frank? The rudest churl of a boatman would have shared with him the last penny; and the most drunken fellow in Craven would have compelled him to take the last drop in the glass. Peace to his memory! We "could have better spared a better man." He will long live in the records of Craven, and as a *character* he finds a fitting place in our Chronicles and Stories. Ever green be his memory! and far distant the day, when children shall cease to point to the green turf in Gargrave Churchyard, and say, "*There ligs owd Fiddler King!*"





CHAPTER XIII.

THE legendary story in the preceding chapter has been pleasingly versified by the late Robert Story, the Northumbrian Poet, who for some time was Parish Clerk of Gargrave. "The poetical effusions of Story" says a critic in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, "are well-known throughout Yorkshire, particularly in the West-Riding, in the Craven district of which he passed many years of his somewhat chequered life. He was born of humble parents in the northern or Cheviot part of Northumberland, and his boyish education was very meagre. But, in early life, he cultivated the noble faculties with which he was gifted. The result was a well-cultivated mind, which displayed itself in many ways, but especially in the production of poems lyrical, narrative, historical, and dramatic. His lyrics are the sweetest of his writings. During his latter years he was a clerk in the Audit office in Somerset House, an appointment he obtained through the late Sir Robert Peel. He died in London of bronchitis July 7th, 1860." Another critic says of him, "He is entitled to a respectable place amongst our minor poets." In judging him we must turn to his biography, as it has been written by himself. We

must scan him in the different phases of his life, from the shepherd's lad and fiddler's servant on Cheviot, to the parish clerk and village schoolmaster at Gargrave, and the Government official at Somerset House. Like all self-taught men he attempted too much. Story's genius was not Epic and his *Guthrum* was a failure. Sleipner, under his hand, was but a sorry Pegasus. His strength lay in the song, the graceful lyric, or the Crabbe-like sketch of character. We cannot place him on a level with Burns, Hogg, or Clare; but he is equal to Tannahill, and immeasurably superior to Anderson, the Cumbrian Bard. The only specimen of Story's poetry that we shall give, is his Ballad of "Peter King"; and this we do, although *Ballad*-writing (we do not mean *Song*-writing) was certainly not Story's *forte*. Still, it must be admitted that "Peter King" was one of his happiest efforts in the ballad style, and is a very pleasing and graceful effusion. It originally appeared in the *Newcastle Magazine*. It was afterwards appended to the "Magic Fountain," where it formed one of the "other" poems. Some verbal alterations are made in the second edition. The reason is apparent; but still we cannot call them improvements. In the following version we choose to adhere to the Magazine. In one of the stanzas is a deviation from both copies. It is not *our* work. The change was made by the Poet himself; and we have it in his own M.S. Story, in relating the Legend, has deviated considerably from the prose tale, in which the scene changes from Rylstone to Calverley Hall. Story transfers it to *Kirkstall*; and the Abbey and the Monks render the narrative (it must be owned) more poetical than Calverley Hall and its

"*Quality*" revellers. Story omitted the ballad in the Ducal edition of his Poetical Works. In a letter to us, he said, "I have left out *Peter King*, and a host of others. I have no room for them." We, however, can find room for "Peter King." We think that to our readers it will be acceptable as a genuine Craven Ballad, the production of one, who, though a Northumbrian by birth, was better known in our district as "*The Craven Poet*." In Story's poems is a strange effusion commencing, "*There's a dark hour coming*." It was from an unpublished drama—where it was quite in place; but when it was *transferred*, and formed one of a series of songs, its melancholy and unexplained forebodings alarmed some of his admirers; while to those who knew what a merry companion he was, it afforded amusement and banter in the shape of parodies—One of these was suggested by the ballad of "Peter King," and commenced as follows:—

"There's a lame fiddler coming!
And thou, with rhymes so queer,
Wilt find, mayhap, his strumming
To put thee in great fear!
His face has ire marked o'er it,
And looks confounded grim!
Alas! thou mayst deplore yet—
Those horrid rhymes on him!"

There's a lame fiddler coming!

We have forgot the remaining verses, and so we will pass on to

PETER KING.

A LEGEND OF CRAVEN.

"Wake, Minstrel of Rylstone, arise, and be gone!
Leave thy bonny young bride to her slumbers alone;
At Kirkstall, this even, a festival gay
Demands all thy music—then up, and away!"

The Minstrel arose, though the summons but seemed
To his half-sleeping ear as a thing he had dreamed ;
When he saw at the casement, in page-garb, a youth,
And found, in a moment, the message was sooth.

He donned his green robe and his wild harp he slung ;
Then o'er moorland and dale like a roebuck he sprung ;
Though ere he reached Kirkstall, the summer-eve's gleam
Lay rich upon abbey, and village, and stream.

Full gay was the place that received him ; o'er all
A light-flood was cast from the lamps round the hall,
Where the maidens of Aire sat—like naiads—in ranks,
More sweet than the blossoms that spring on her banks !

And there, too, were youths bent on frolic and glee,
And monks from the abbey the joyance to see ;
(For the priests, of that age, saw in mirth nothing wrong)
And the night sped away with the dance and the song.

But there was one maiden, unrivalled in shape,
In beauty the rose-bud, in ripeness the grape ;
Though sleepy and calm, yet her half-shut blue eye
Threw an arrow more sure than the openest by.

The Minstrel beheld her, and felt, as he viewed,
Emotions he looked on as vanished, renewed—
Ah, Minstrel, beware ! in that glance there is sin,—
Thy season is over, the lovely to win !

Of his Mary, her love and her beauty, he thought,
And her image before him, by effort, he brought ;
The bodiless shape, like a morning dream, fled—
And there stood the beautiful stranger instead !

Why lengthen the tale of his fickleness ? Now
In the arms of a leman forgetting his vow ;
He thinks not, nor wishes, from Kirkstall to roam ;
Nor to soothe the sad heart that is breaking at home.

The news reached that home ; and poor Mary must weep,
But her soul it was high, and her love it was deep—
She saw that dishonour was tracking his path,
And she thought on his state more in sorrow than wrath.

But how shall she act in so piteous a case ?
Oh ! how shall she rescue her love from disgrace ?
Nor kindred nor friends any aid could afford,
And she flew to the Wiseman, hight Roger De Worde.

The Wizard she found in the Knavey-Knoll Cave—*
His stature was tall, and his visage was grave ;
But the power lay neither in look nor in form,
That could sink the grim winds, or arouse the wild storm !

By the spells which he framed in the Knavey-Knoll Cave,
He could force the strong sprites of the land and the wave,
To veil at his bidding the moonbeams, when bright,
They pierc'd thro' the skies of a calm summer night.

His answer to Mary was spoke in a tone
That startled the bats from his dwelling place lone—
“ I grant thee thy boon, if, *sans* taper or torch,
Thou meet me at midnight in Rylstone church porch.”

Love is stronger than death, and it mocketh at fear—
Yet Mary's heart sunk as the moment drew near—
And she trembled with terror to hear her quick tread
Returned from the tombstones and graves of the dead !

Half fainting she reached the dark porch ; and in sooth
Began to have doubts of the dread Wizard's truth,
When his voice bade her welcome, in accents as hoarse
And broken as those of a vivified corse !

“ Have courage !” he muttered, “ and soon shall thine arms
Recover thy mate from a paramour's charms ;
Nor ever again, if there's truth in his star,
Shall he leave his fair cottage as *fast*—or as *far*.”

“ Have courage !” the Wizard repeated ; then called
On his aids, in a tone that her spirit appalled.
At once growled the thunder, the lightning flashed past—
And she saw the grim Wizard, distinct and aghast.

* In different publications the name is given Knave-Knoll ; but “ *Knavey-Knoll* ” is the real designation. The derivation is a puzzle to us. In the *Magazine* the name is “ *Knave-Knoll*.”

"Have courage!" the Wizard repeated. Again
He called, and the lightning came mingled with rain;
While shapes, as of fiends, she beheld in the light,
And her heart almost died as they vanished in night.

"Have courage!" repeated the mighty De Worde,
"He comes!"—The wind rose, and a tempest it roared;
Against the church steeple a body is blown,
And it falls on the porch-flag, with crash and with groan!

"Foul Wizard!" cried Mary—distracted that hour—
"Accurst be thy kindness! accurst be thy power!
Love faded a space, may revive and rebloom;
But where is the hope, when the heart's in the tomb?"

Loud laughed the dread Wizard—"Fear nothing for *him*;
My Imps have disabled him but in a limb,
Which, henceforth, will prove an effectual bar
To his leaving his cottage as *fast*—or as far!"

* * * * *

The Harp, in the green dales of Craven, no more
Responds to the touch of the bard as of yore;
But our hamlets and towns to the music still ring,
Awaked by the race of the famed Peter King.

I have seen *One*, with violin-bag under arm—
Like his ancestor *halting* to cottage or farm:
A warning to *bards*, while the lineage survives,
As a *spell-ride* they dread, to be *leal* to their wives!*

* Robert Story has never been properly appreciated by the inhabitants of Craven. We say it deliberately. He has found readers amongst the intellectual classes. Men of highly cultivated minds and exquisite taste, have ranked amongst Story's ardent admirers. With the masses, the bard (sprung from the people) has been neglected—aye, looked down upon with scorn. We have heard Story's talents disparaged, and the eulogy of his genius met by remarks on his conduct. In forming our opinion of Shakespeare, Burns, or the late Professor Wilson, we have nothing to do with the deer stealing propensities of the first, the drunken orgies of the second, or the pugnacious

As we shall not have occasion again to record or recur to any example of wizard aërostation, we will as a conclusion to the subject, offer one or two illustrative remarks. From the earliest periods to the present time, wizards and witches have had the power and privilege of riding the air! More than one of the old Latin Church historians speak of Simon Magus and his aërial exploits; but for further elucidation on this subject, the reader is referred to Dr. Beard's remarkable work, the "*Autobiography of Satan*." Coming down to modern times we find that not only were witches accused of flying through

qualities of the third! What are an Author's foibles, if the moral of his writings be not affected by them? Story was a truly moral writer. In his works there is not a single improper thought—nay, not an *inuendo*, that could be liable to misconstruction. We would therefore advise those who shrug their shoulders at the name of Story, and talk about convivialities at Gargrave, and of his getting into difficulties, to put all such matters aside. They should bear in mind that his latter years were passed in quiet and respectability. We have visited his humble cottage at Battersea, and if he were not there, he was sure to be found at the Literary Institute. For years, before his death, he had avoided all gay or convivial society, and refused to take the smallest quantity of intoxicating liquors. His latter days were, certainly, not tinged with any of the faults of the *bon vivant*—using that expression in its worldly sense! No one died more respected by his friends and neighbours. Let those who survive him, therefore, forget the follies and faults of his Craven life, and remember only the man of genius. We are convinced that the more his writings are examined, and sifted, and studied, the more shall we perceive their beauties. The district of Craven ought to feel proud that such a man has dwelt in one of its most beautiful villages, and immortalised some of our finest mountain scenery.

the air themselves, but of aiding others to do the same! For such *crimes*—proved on oath by “witch-finders”—several poor old men and women perished in the flames! In the “*Saducismus Triumphatus*” of Glanville, and in “*Satan’s Invisible World*” of Professor Sinclair (works by two learned noodles), we have some notable examples of what was credited a few years ago in England and Scotland, though *now* only looked upon as

“Tales at whose credulity
Even imposture shudders.”

—SHELLEY.

Or as convenient legendary machinery for the stirring Romance of an Ainsworth. James Hogg, in his “*Witch of Fyfe*” (Queen’s Wake), and James Telfer in his “*Kerlyn’s Brock*,” have ballads in which broomstick rides are detailed with much humour and spirit. Goëthe has used the same superstition.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE Hamlet of Thorpe (another part of the extensive parish of Burnsall) is in old M.SS., and also in modern legal township documents, styled "*Thorpe-sub-montem*," i. e., "Thorpe under the mountain." The road leading to it from Cracoe (*Rocky-hill*) is one of the wildest in Craven; but it is a track, wherein we experience some of the charms of our mountain scenery. After passing the quiet hamlet of Threapland (or Thorpole), the road (a veritable country one) goes winding, and, at a considerable elevation, beneath the lofty gritstone ranges of the wild fells that extend from Rylstone to Barden. On the other side it skirts Elboton or Helboton, a hill of mountain limestone, renowned in our Fairy Mythology; and of which we have given a short notice at page 34. It is the principal of a series of conical-shaped green hills, scattered, at irregular intervals, along the dales of Aire and Wharfe. Were it not for the difference in geological formation, we might fancy that these green masses had been detached by some convulsion of nature from the heights above. Elboton merits an ascent, as, from the summit, we have a most extensive view, and Wharfedale, with its Netherside Hall, its Grass Wood,

its misty hills, and numerous villages, is seen for several miles. The ascent of Elboton is steep and somewhat toilsome. But as an inducement to make the attempt, we would remind the lover of nature that the hill is interesting in a geological point, for its rocks abound with organic remains, and particularly in bivalve shells. Continuing the road, that we have abandoned to ascend the hill, we find much to attract our notice. We pass along amidst undulating pasture grounds and meadows of the richest verdure; while, ever and anon, we obtain glimpses of ancient farm-houses, and their accompanying *laithes*—an old term that breathes of Geoffrey Chaucer and his Canterbury Tales. There is not one of the numerous openings in the hills, but presents bold and diversified prospects. If, in one direction, we have fells, dark, barren and bleak; in another, we are greeted with panoramic peeps into a more luxuriant country—into a dale of unrivalled beauty, rich in herbage, rich in mineral wealth, graced here and there with noble forest trees, crowned by the towering cloud-capped heights of the Stake, Whernside and Bycliffe, and watered by a noble torrent that flows along unpolluted, and, therefore, well deserves the Wordsworthian adjunct of *crystal*. If another side of the road to Thorpe form a contrast to the Wharfedale one, we may perhaps regard the scene as one of those wherein Nature is best left to her original wildness, and where bare crags, bleak fells, and even the much abused stone fences, harmonize better with the character of the country than do green hedge-rows and branching forest trees.

Thorpe bursts upon the view like an oasis of the desert. The stranger wonders where he is to find the “Thorpe” of the Cracoe guide-post, when lo! the

hamlet is at his feet! He falls, as it were, into the very midst of it! It is one of the most—if not the most—retired hamlets in Craven. No road passes through it, except to trackless moorlands. The roads all lead to it. The visitor, who wishes to see other villages, must retrace his steps! Thorpe is almost encircled by mountains. As Doctor Whitaker observes, “it is difficult to conceive how the waters, when they pour down from the heights make their escape instead of remaining, and forming a lake.” But no such catastrophe is ever likely to occur; for there is a sufficient outlet for any reasonable quantity of water. The hamlet, however, has, occasionally, been so inundated as to cause alarm to the inhabitants, and make them feel dubious as to security. And who dwell in such a solitude? What occupations are pursued by those who pass their days beneath the shade of rugged hills, that, at certain periods of the year, exclude the rays of the blessed sunshine? Small farmers dwell there—cultivators of moorland plots, whereon it might be thought only the wild bee could obtain a living. And yet a reverend philosopher has dwelt there—a bachelor well skilled in classic lore, and whose abstruse studies were relieved by the mechanical labours of organ-building and lathe-turning. Apiarians dwell there *now*, tending their little industrious colonies, and, like the inhabitants of Hybla, paying their rent by the sale of honey. And where is honey to be found like that manufactured by the bees of Thorpe? Theirs are the juices of the most fragrant wild flowers; of the clover grass, the broom and the wild thyme; and if they nestle in the bells of the purple *Digitalis*, or in those of the *Bella-Donna*, it is to act the part of experienced chemists, and extract a wholesome juice from poisonous

sources! Many are the hives of Wharfedale, the original swarms of which can be traced to barterings and exchanges with Thorpe. For, be it known, that it is unlucky to *purchase* a swarm of bees!—to obtain such we must exchange, or give something by way of barter! Should *money* pass between the bee merchant and the recipient, something evil will be sure to happen to both! This superstition is not confined to Craven. Thorpe is also famed for its shoemakers. Threshfield is not more celebrated for its first-class besoms, than is Thorpe for its shoes and boots. Indeed, such is its reputation that orders are often received from Craveners, resident at a great distance from their native dales. The sons of Crispin have ever been lovers of quiet and contemplation; forming, in this respect, a great contrast to the Knights of the Thimble and Goose, who are frequently (tho' not always) amongst the most obtuse and ignorant of operatives. Who, therefore, can feel surprised that the followers of the "gentle craft" should have located in the romantic village of Thorpe? The shoemakers have flourished here for generations, and who can doubt, that in Catholic days, many a pilgrim obtained his "sandal shoon" at Thorpe; and, perhaps, amongst those so patronized was the hero of the following story, which may be entitled:—

RALPH CALVERT, THE SHOEMAKER OF THORPE—

A Legend of the Devil's Bridge.

At that uncertain period of history, known as "Once upon a time," one Ralph Calvert resided in Thorpe, and did a rather extensive business in the boot and shoe line. Far and wide extended the fame of his "fit"

and "cut;" for his leather was of the best tan, his thread was of an everlasting fabric, his soles were waterproof, and his seams were never known to rip. Opposition was out of the question! Then he was Shoemaker to Fountains Abbey, and had also a fair slice of business at Bolton. Ralph was a tenant farmer under Fountains Abbey, from the brethren of which he held a small farm situated about midway between Thorpe and Threapland; and for which he paid, at the feast of St. John the Baptist, and the feast of the Nativity, the sum (a considerable one in those days), of six marks. It was the month of June—hot, sultry and close—the shades of evening were stealing over the hills—the hour of labour was past—milking was finished—his brethren of the craft were chatting over the gossip of the day in the smithy of Sampson Lister, the village blacksmith, but Ralph was absent from the group. He was hard at work as ever, and his *rat! tat! tat!* was still heard sounding throughout the village. The walls of his little shop were hung round with shoes of all sorts and sizes, and a group of rosy-cheeked children were standing at its mullioned window, lost in admiration at a magnificent pair of scarlet slippers of his very best workmanship, and labelled—"FORRE YE ABBATTE OFFE FOUNTAYNES." Ralph, in fact, was as busy as a Thorpe bee, (which is saying a good deal for his industry) for the rent day was at hand, and the visits, which he made on such occasions to his Landlords, were invariably turned to a profitable account. Every Midsummer and Christmas witnessed the departure of Ralph Calvert, with a bag filled with "ready makes" and "orders." For the former class of his stock in trade, he indeed always found a quick sale, and his bag was an empty one long before he

arrived at his destination. And think not, reader, that Ralph returned with an empty sack! not he indeed! Never was he known to re-enter his shop without a bag full of shoes and boots that required the assistance of his renovating and repairing skill. No one knew this better than Kitty Craven, his 'prentice boy, who for the five or six weeks after these half-yearly visits, was employed in running about from morning to night, to all sorts of out-of-the-way places with the renovated articles. If Ralph was as busy as a bee, he was also as blithesome, and he sang merrily when he was either working or giving glances of satisfaction at his superior workmanship; for, be it known, Ralph had a high opinion of his own talents—he was a bit of an egotist! “I should like to know,” said he, “*who* can match this shoe? There’s a boot for you!—there are slippers for the Abbot! St. Crispin himself, blessed Saint as he is, would be proud to wear them!” Such were his meditations which he uttered that evening, in the loudest tone of voice, interlarding them with an occasional verse of an ancient song, a portion of which was as follows:—

“The old red cow, to the brook hath gone,
The reddest of all is she;
She drinks when dry, and then lies down,
All under the green ash-tree.
Sing heigh derry down, ho derry down,
The red-cow’s life for me!

The miller o’ Threapland’s, a jolly old dog,
And heigh for his bonny brown meare!
She cunningly got to the miller’s cask,
And bibbed the miller’s beer.
Sing heigh derry down,—a very good move,
As plainly doth appear.”

"Yes! by the holy poker of Saint Dunstan," said he, as he gave a last loud rap at a shoe, and cast it from him,—“that's the finish! now for a good supper, and timely to bed, and an early rise in the morning; and then, heigh for Fountaynes and back again, Alice!”

Ralph's supper was of a better and richer quality than usual; for Alice thought that her husband's industry well merited a little extra attention. Ralph was in excellent appetite, and, indeed, made far too hearty a meal for his own comfort. His rest was disturbed by all sorts of phantom-shapes. Now he was with the Abbot, singing lauds, and vespers, and complines; then he was an altar clerk, swinging frankincense from a golden censer—then the monastic scene would change to a barren craggy gill, thro' which roared a foaming torrent, and the fragrance of the incense turned to the odour of brimstone and assafoetida—then the Devil became visible, and Ralph was being thrust into a bag something like his own, but much larger, when he gave a shriek, and awoke from his unpleasant situation. “What nonsense folks do dream, Alice!” said Ralph, “I'll never take supper again as long as I live!” “'Tis an extraordinary dream!” responded Alice, “and I fear it embodies your adventures to and from the road to Fountaynes.”

“Likely enough that I shall assist at the altar service; that I always do; but the stuff about the Evil One, that's all gammon! while there's so much higher game to aim at, *he'll* never think it worth his while to bag a cobbler!”

Ralph was off betimes—long indeed before sunrise. He walked merrily along, trolling his old ballads, and

occasionally shifting his burden from one shoulder to the other. He did not pass a farm house or cottage without calling; and every call found his bag growing lighter and lighter, and his purse growing heavier and heavier—he had an empty bag long before he got half way to the Abbey.

We pass over his adventures at the Abbey—he fared as every man did, whether tenant or stranger, who visited such a place; for hospitality was a virtue to be found in every conventual institution, and at none more so than at the princely establishment of Fountains. Ralph always limited his stay to four days, for he would say, “business is business, and pleasure pleasure,” so at the expiration of the allotted time, he left the good Abbot and the Monks, not without a tear of regret in his eye, and a hearty “*et cum spiritu tuo*, on his tongue, in response to the holy Abbot’s “*Dominus vobiscum*.”

Ralph Calvert again called at the farm houses and cottages, and, after each call, his bag grew heavier and heavier, until it was full, *quite full*—full almost to satiety, of boots and shoes, rather the worse for wear—some wanted new soles—some required heels—others were burst out at the sides—at first glance one would not have offered half a mark for the lot; none but a first-rate workman like Ralph would have undertaken the cure of such a lot of diseased constitutions!

Ralph was now approaching his own country, when his progress was arrested by a mountain torrent, the channel of which he had on every previous occasion found dry, or with so little water in it as to enable him to cross the ford without getting his feet wet.

"Here's an unlooked for adventure!" said he, "now how shall I get across? The old song that the barns sing, says:—

'The ducks and the geese, they all swim over,'*

but I am not a duck, and I hope I am not a goose! and it so happens I cannot swim, for I never learnt: and if I could, by St. Crispin and the holy last, I believe that the water would not be deep enough—I have it! I'll take my socks off and wade!" This was a lucky thought, and the experiment soon brought Ralph in safety to the opposite bank. He now leisurely surveyed the place, and could not help thinking, that it was remarkably like the scene where the Evil One had attempted to bag him—there were two rocks and the torrent below the road. Fancy, he knew, played strange freaks, but it *was*, to say the least, a very extraordinary coincidence. He sat down on a large stone, on the left side of the road, and whilst he was busily employed in drying his feet and putting on his socks, he struck

* There is no anachronism in this introduction from the well-known street-play known as the *Fantasima* or *Chinese Shades*. This amusement so popular with children, (small boys and big ones too), is exceedingly ancient. Like our Punch it is of Italian origin. We have witnessed performances of it in the great Square of Bologna, and on the Ponte Vecchio or Jeweller's Bridge at Florence. Everything is as we have it in England! We have the *Broken Bridge*, the impudent *Cobbler*, who cannot give a civil answer to a civil question, the old woman who is a match for his impudence, the *swans* and *geese*, who swim over, &c. And then the music and song! The Italian song and words are identical with ours. At a time when archæological research extends even to children's games, the above particulars may not be uninteresting or void of interest.

up a song, which was then and still is, in some parts, very popular.—

‘There was a bold miller, in Doncaster town,
Sing link-a-down, heigh down, ho down, derry—
And unto the market, one day he was boune—
Sing link-a-down, heigh down, ho down, derry.

As he was a riding, along the high way,
Sing link-a-down, heigh down, ho down, derry—
Old Nick came unto him, and thus he did say—
Sing link-a-down, heigh down, ho down derry.—
Tol lol derol, darel dol, dolde, derry!’

Ralph started! for the last line was not sung by him—he glanced around—no one was in sight! Oh! he thought it must be an echo; but then, what a very extraordinary echo, to answer link-a-down, by tol derol? It was a deviation from the usual practice! Ralph had evidently met with a mystery, to which he could give no satisfactory solution! He ceased his song, for although he was no bad hand in a glee, a round, or a madrigal, he had not much relish for joining in a duet with an invisible singer, who might be—Ralph thought of his dream.

The sun was shedding his last golden rays on the sides of the gill, and Ralph fancied that the shadow of a man was traced on the road near him, though he could not divine where was the substance. He listened—there was a voice, sure enough! Ralph was no eaves-dropper, but he crept nearer the shadow, and became convinced that *somebody* was behind a narrow ledge of rock. The position of the shadow, indeed, proved that such was the stranger’s hiding place, if the individual, whoever he might be, were concealing himself. Ralph was now within a yard of the stranger, and heard his

voice distinctly; he appeared to be reading over some list. Thus ran the words:—"Grassington—two millers—four miners—one carpenter—one doctor—one constable—that's nine!—one lawyer—that makes ten—three tailors—ten and* three quarters." "Thorpe"—Ralph trembled all over—"Thorpe"—mem.—"to remonstrate with *Ralph Calvert the Shoemaker!*"

The stranger stirred, and was evidently about to emerge from his retreat—Ralph fell asleep, and snored in such an extraordinary manner as to attract the notice of the unknown, who approached and bent his gaze over the sleeping cobbler. "This fellow sleeps soundly," said he, "I wonder if it was he who commenced that villainous and libellous song which I cut short by my addition to the chorus—Hollo! Hollo!" "Why," said Ralph, opening his eyes with well-feigned astonishment? "What's the matter, who are you?"

"A traveller like yourself. I beg your pardon, but I was afraid you would catch cold! Can you tell me how far it is to Grassington?"

Ralph looked at the traveller—he was apparently about the age of fifty—his features were pleasing, but strongly marked, and very much sun-burnt—his hair was jet black, and hung round his neck in long glossy ringlets—his dress was of dark velvet, and of rather an antique make—his hands were well formed, and of a delicate whiteness—there were no claws about his

* Query—one third!—Printer's Devil.

The "old Gentleman," though wrong in his Arithmetic, has anticipated, by some centuries, the joke that "nine Tailors make a man."—S. J.

fingers—his feet were not clubbed—his forehead was without horns, and he had no such appendage as a tail.—It could not be *he*! that was beyond all doubt;—but what did this man want at Grassington?—and then that mysterious list—and yet there it was—the very bag! “You asked,” said Ralph, “how far it was to Grassington?”

“I did.”

“What line are you in?”

“A rag-man like yourself.”

“Humph! rag-man indeed! By the way as you deal in rags, you must be making your fortune, judging from the appearance of your bag!”

“Oh I’ve sold all my rags to the miller yonder,” and the stranger pointed to a wind mill on the summit of a neighbouring hill; for in that day Craven possessed many such picturesque appendages to her landscapes.

“Indeed! pray when did the miller turn paper maker? he ground corn only three days ago—his machinery must be admirably adapted for his new business! the rags all pass through the hopper, of course, and come out paper?”

The stranger smiled!

“The truth is, I am *not* a rag-man; your curiosity was impertinent—I did not inquire *your* business. I only asked how far it was to Grassington? My question was a civil one; perhaps you will deign a reply?”

“You see these shoes,” said Ralph, opening his bag—“I left the neighbourhood of Grassington six days ago, and you observe they are all worn out with walking!” Ralph was not given to fibbing, but he was one of

those who drew nice lines of demarcation between black and white lies—the former class he considered to be truly odious; but the latter to be *occasionally* allowable; indeed he was by creed a sort of Jesuit, and held the maxim, that the end sanctifies the means, and that we may do evil, that good may come. Ralph felt assured that the list boded no good to Grassington; and, therefore, it was that his reply to the stranger's question was so worded as to be capable of two interpretations.

The stranger did not perceive this duplicity, but understood the shoemaker to assert that Grassington was a six days' journey from the gill, and that Ralph had in *propria persona* worn out the shoes in his journey from the neighbourhood; not that the stranger believed the story, for the miscellaneous collection under his scrutiny, proved that Ralph was making an attempt to humbug. "A very likely tale!" said he, "I suppose your foot was contracted when you wore that, eh?"—he chucked an infant's sock from the bag—"why! you had the gout when you wore that one, eh?" and out flew another of most gigantic proportions, and which evidently belonged to some gouty subject. "Look here—that belongs to a club-foot! and what do you call these? I should say they fit some delicate lady? I think you'd better take your shoes to the mill, and let them pass through the hopper, along with my rags?—but, by the bye, have you got anything to eat, I feel rather hungry, and I fear we are at some distance from any *hostelrie*?" Ralph was ever ready to confer a benefit, and the stranger had not to repeat the question, for the worthy shoemaker, diving to the bottom of his bag, pulled out sundry pies of venison pasty—a pot of marmalade, and divers other good things—his hand was

about grasping a bottle, but he stopped—"You're not an Exciseman?"

"Most certainly not! I have the care of a few!"

"Then you're a Supervisor?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"Honour bright!"

"Upon my honour, as an old gentleman."

"Then, here goes!" said Ralph; "that's the real mountain dew—there's *aqua-vitæ* that never knew the Exciseman's gauge!—and there's a bottle of sack from the Abbey; fall to—you're welcome!"

Ralph was rather hungry, and thirsty too; and though his appetite was not so voracious as was that of his unknown friend, he joined heartily in the repast, and drank so much wine and spirit, that he forgot all his previous caution, and in the exuberance of his mirth, told the stranger not only what was the exact distance to Grassington, but actually offered to shew him the road. The only particulars which Ralph did not divulge, were his own name, calling, and residence; a concealment wholly unnecessary; for, it so happened, that the stranger was perfectly aware that the good-hearted merry fellow with whom he was carousing, was no less a personage than Ralph Calvert, the far-famed shoemaker, of Thorpe, and whom he now accosted by name.

"Ralph Calvert! I know you; I have felt annoyed at some of your libellous songs, and intended to caution you against such personalities. This day's kindness, however, has erased every ill-feeling, and, I will not only refrain from doing you any injury, but abstain

from visiting your friends at Grassington, though I left home with a fixed resolve to take a tithe of its inhabitants. I am he, that I suppose you take me for—I am the old gentleman!”

Ralph started! but the Evil One told him not to be alarmed, and then asked, what return he could make to him for his hospitality?

The shoemaker was not one of those who do a kindness in expectation of a return, with interest; and, therefore, he declined any remuneration.

“Can I do nothing for you?” said Satan—Ralph looked down at the swollen stream, which, now increased by fresh showers in the mountains, rolled along a furious and dangerous torrent, and a sudden thought came across him—“You are an able architect! I have read of your engineering skill in Switzerland, and I have seen a specimen of your work in Wales. If it be not too much to ask, I should wish you to build a bridge across this stream! I know you can do it!”

“Yes! I can, and I will do it. On the fourth day from the present time, visit this spot, and you will be surprised. You need not, unless you wish it, come alone,—but bring the whole country side with you”—and with this Satan gave the shoemaker a hearty shake of the hand, and slowly took his departure by a foot-path over the hills. And here the vision was at fault—for no smell of brimstone was perceptible, but a thousand wild-flowers wet by the evening dews, scented the spot, and mingled their odoriferous perfumes with the mountain breeze.

The night was far advanced, when Ralph arrived at Thorpe. Alice was on the look out for him, for her

husband was one of the most punctual of men—"Yes!" said Ralph, as he pressed his partner to his breast, and well nigh smothered her with kisses, "here I am, once more, safe and sound, and correct to time as our old garden sun dial."

"And without meeting with the Evil One?"

"*Evil One!* He's a good honest old gentleman, in spite of all that the Beadsmen say to the contrary. I have treated him to a good meal—We've had a long chat together, and drank each other's healths! I've made him promise to build a bridge at the Gill Ford, on the road to Pateley. If he fulfills his promise, St. Crispin bless him, say I."

"Hush, Ralph, I don't like to hear you talk that way! Why your head must be turned, to utter that nonsense about a bridge."

"Nonsense? but it's true sense! and if He does such a good deed, I say bless him for it; and won't the country bless *me*, when they see the bridge? Marry! it would have been a long time before the township would have stirred in such a business."

On the following noon, the Smithy of Sampson Lister had a full house—the whole village were present, as were also several of the inhabitants of Burnsall and Grassington, for Ralph's adventure had been well bruited about; several additions also, had been made to it; for, in Craven, a report good or bad, never loses weight by being sent on its travels! Ralph was asked all sorts of questions, and though his replies were straight forward, a sceptical spirit evidently pervaded the assembly, and notwithstanding the opposition of Father Reginald, the parish priest, at Burnsall (who believed the narrative,

because it was not more improbable than many related in the Golden Legend), it was carried that Ralph's story was a fabrication from beginning to end. One pointed out the absurdity of such a portion of the tale—another shewed the utter improbability of *this* statement, and the ridiculousness of *that*; and so each and all, with the exception of the jolly priest, set it down that Ralph was either a drunken dreamer, a fabricator, or a fool. Nor was Ralph's character redeemed when on the following day, several returned from a visit to the ford, and reported that all things wore their usual aspect, and that there was no preparation for building. Sampson Lister, the blacksmith, was a bit of a wag, and raised a laugh at Ralph's expense, by posting a written announcement on the window shutter of the smithy, to the effect that "as **THE DEVIL** was in that neighbourhood, several old horse shoes were to be disposed of, cheap; inquire within!"

Ralph only smiled at such trifles, and suggested, that before they set him down for a fool or knave, or commenced their practical jokes, it would be decorous to wait till Saturday, when he invited all to accompany him to the gill; when, if there was not a bridge built, they might duck him in the river, for an infamous inventor.

Saturday arrived, and saw Ralph with some twenty or thirty of his friends on the road to the ford. There was one, however, who on no consideration could be induced to join in the procession, and that was no less a personage than Sampson Lister, the blacksmith; it appeared that a mysterious looking stranger, the very counterpart of the one described by the shoemaker, had called at the smithy to inquire *the price of an old horse*

shoe,—and Sampson was no longer one of the sceptics ! The villagers soon arrived at the gill ; and picture their astonishment at the sight before them ! a beautiful stone bridge, of exquisite workmanship, spanned the gulf ! The parish surveyor pronounced it admirable, and Bill Wood, the village mason, said the stone work was unequalled, and that the design reflected great credit on the taste of the *arch* fiend ! and Father Reginald after besprinkling the buttresses, parapets, &c., with a copious supply of holy water—in fact, several buckets full !—pronounced the bridge to be perfectly safe ; it was in the keeping of the church, and the faithful might venture to pass and repass without any dread of molestation from the Evil One. To make security doubly secure, the Father subsequently caused two stone crosses to be erected, one on each side of the approaches ; these remained until the time of the commonwealth, when they were removed at the suggestion of the iconoclastic Puritan minister, of Pateley, whose real name was Timothy Buggins, but who after the fashion of the age, called himself “The Reverend smite-ye-the-amalekites-and-bind-their-kings-with-chains-and-their-nobles-with-rods-of-iron--Buggins.” This worthy divine, who was called for brevity’s sake, “Iron Buggins,” allowed the bridge to remain, because, as a pious puritan, he deemed the legend to be a vile Popish invention !—and it remained for many, many years. However, at last it became dilapidated and dangerous, and as the founder seemed to be in no hurry to make the necessary repairs, the work was undertaken by Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London (1612), and ended by the building a new super-structure on the infernal foundations.

Such is the legend of the “Devil’s Bridge,” as

told by the Peasantry, and very generally believed, except by a few Sadducean philosophers, who from opposition and hatred to all mediæval traditions dare to insinuate that the Devil's Bridge is neither more nor less, than the *deep dell's* bridge, or the bridge of the deep dell. The rationalists, however, are not agreed about the derivation; for some of them hold another version, and tell us that the name of the little river is the Dibble, and the bridge is the *Dibble's Bridge!* As circumstantial evidence strongly corroborative of the old tradition, we may state, that at the hour of twilight, a mysterious looking personage has often been observed sitting on one of the parapets of the bridge, and that the late Daniel Cooper, of Linton, and the late Stephen Knowles, of Grassington, both of whom, on more than one occasion, have seen the personage aforesaid, were of opinion, that he was most certainly the "Evil One." As the above individuals were excellent judges of *spirits* good and bad, their opinion is entitled to *some* consideration. However, a doubt exists as to the state in which Messrs. Cooper and Knowles were, when they beheld the visionary personage, and therefore we do not give full assent to their *dicta!* A stray donkey may have been fancied to be the old gentleman, and long *ears* seen through the mist of night may have been taken for his horns!





CHAPTER XV.

THE village of Burnsall never fails to obtain the admiration of the stranger and to arrest his steps. It is in a deep and tolerably well-wooded dell, above which are verdant grassy knolls and luxuriant pastures. The original houses are of genuine Craven architecture, with porches and mullioned windows, and the few modern edifices are built in a neat simple style. If we make Barden a starting point for Burnsall, we pass through a delightful country—no matter whether we chose the right hand side of the Wharfe, or the more direct road on the opposite banks of the river. The situation of Burnsall Church has been admirably chosen. The venerable pile, until a recent restoration, had suffered from the effects of time; but happily the restorers had not to destroy or encounter any churchwarden's "beautifying"—they had only to make good what had suffered deterioration by the lapse of ages. It is now what we may conceive it to have been at the times of the original consecrations. The east end may be referred to the reigns of Henry I and Stephen; the other portion, with the exception of half of the south choir, is of the earlier part of Henry

the VIII's reign, when so many Craven churches were restored. The choir has a remarkably handsome roof; a *fac-simile* of one in the venerable parish church of Linton, which for many years was most disgracefully concealed by a coat of plaster. Burnsall church is built of Craven moor stone or grit (probably obtained from Thorp Fell). It possesses the canonical requirements of nave, choir, side-aisles, and tower. It has a peal of six bells; their sweet music we have often listened to on clear moonlit summer nights, when a gentle breeze wafted the silvery sounds up the dale, and myriad mountain echoes prolonged the melody. The Burnsall ringers are first-rate performers, and enthusiastic lovers of their *science*—for campanology is not the mere pulling of ropes and making a noise (as continental ringers do), but an art, as much as instrumental music is, and one to be acquired in perfection, only after a long and arduous apprenticeship. The parish has two rectors, who, like those of Linton, are respectively called Rector of the first, and Rector of the second mediety. At the entrance of the choir at Burnsall, each rector has his own stall and pulpit, “which,” as Dr. Whitaker observes, “look like the opposite Ambones in the primitive churches.”

The patron Saint is St. Wilfrid, the canonized martyr-Bishop of Ripon.

Well-worship prevailed in this parish in Pagan times, and it may be presumed, in christian times also. We have alluded (page 34) to Thor's well, which probably was never dedicated to any christian Saint. It was, however, the custom of the early British church, to christianize places that had been held sacred by the heathen aborigines. Two other wells at Burnsall, which

are dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Helena, have probably undergone such a conversion.*

Places dedicated to Thor, were, in general, distinguished by a stone hammer, which was perhaps meant for an imitation of the iron hammer of the Scandinavian blacksmith and thunderer. These hammers bore so striking a resemblance to the emblem of redemption, that they were in consequence saved from destruction by our first christian missionaries, who satisfied their conscience by changing them into crosses! It is to this circumstance that we owe the preservation of Thor's name, and find so many spots where it is still retained. Dr. Whitaker remarks, that the Wells of Craven which bear the names of Saints, are invariably presided over by *females*, as was the case with Wells under the Pagan ritual, in which the nymphs, exclusively, enjoyed the same honour. Remnants of Well-worship existed in Craven about the middle of the last century, when it was the custom on Sunday evenings, for the young people to assemble and drink the waters mingled with sugar. This custom was particularly observed at St. Helen's Well, at Eshton, and at Routand Well, betwixt Rilston and Hetton. "These harmless and pleasing observances," says the Doctor, "are now lost, and nothing better has been introduced in their place. It is perhaps as innocent at such hours of relaxation to drink water, even from a *consecrated* spring, as to swallow

* This sort of *conversion* has been applied to Heathen *statues* at Rome. A well-known instance is that of a Vatican statue of St. Peter; it was originally an image of Jupiter holding a thunder bolt, which was changed for a holding of the *Keys*! This metamorphose has been described by Dean Swift as that of Jupiter changed to a *Jew Peter*!

the poison of British distilleries at a public house." Opposite to Burnsall, is the village of Hartlington, which gave name and residence to a knightly family of high antiquity, for one of the race, Ketel de Hertlington, flourished in the reign of William the Conqueror. Henry Hartlington, a descendant, died in 1467, and Whitaker gives an amusing abstract of his Will. He leaves "his soul to the omnipotent God, to the Blessed Mary, mother of God, and all the Saints," and leaves his body "to be buried in the parish church of Saint Wilfrid, at Burnsall. Various sums are bequeathed to the Rectors and Vicars of Burnsall, Linton, Arncliffe, and Kirkby-Malhamdale, for "remembrance of his soul on Sundays, in Rogation and Passion weeks." To Henry, son of John Lord Clifford, are bequeathed a sword and a silver bowl; and to Margaret Wessington, his servant, are left "six cows, 20 wethers, 20 ewes, and 20 lambs." The document is written in a sort of dog latin, and the lawyer or parson, or whoever was its concocter, appears to have been a very so-so sort of a latinist, for in the last bequest occurs the macaronic expression, "*viginti wethers.*" In a codicil to this extraordinary production, the testator leaves to his servant, John Styring, "a cow or ten shillings of silver money," by which it appears that 10s. was the then value of a cow. To Margery, his servant, is left "a best bed, *cum curtino!*" To the altar of the Virgin at Burnsall, is bequeathed a black vestment, "*unum nigrum vestimentum cum altar cloth et towellis.*"

We laugh at the law latin in Stevens's "*Lecture on Heads,*" and know that the satirist is joking when he talks about "*necessaria pro usu cookare, cum saucepannis, stewpannis, scullero, dressero, coalholo, smokejacko, &c.!*" But this nonsense is not a whit less classical than the wording of Henry Hartlington's Will! If the Priests

of the 15th century were also the will-makers, and we have no doubt whatever that they were so (and often from interested motives), we may form an opinion in what manner they understood the latin prayers of the church which are written in a pure classic style. The latin of the mediæval priesthood has been ridiculed by learned members of the conventual orders, who in their works represent some of the secular priests of their times, as saying "*mumpsimus*" for "*sumpsimus*," and "*hoc est porcus*" for "*hoc est corpus*"! In the middle ages we hear of Priests, and even Bishops, who could neither read nor write. The above Henry Hartlington was bailiff or steward of Kettlewell, in the 15th Henry VI., and held office under the Cliffords more than thirty years. He was in fact the *Squire* of the family, and fought by the side of Lords Thomas and John Clifford, and probably witnessed the fall of both at the battle of St. Albans, *Temp. Hen. VI.*

Doctor Whitaker thinks, that from the number of legacies to parsons and other ecclesiastical personages, the Squire, who was a warrior in *truth*, had become a devotee in old age, and by his pious bequests endeavours to appease his conscience, and atone for the sins of his early days. A perusal of the will and codicil shews, that although the Squire makes ample provision for his soul and body, and remembers the clergy and his lordly friends and his domestic servants, he does not bestow one single penny on the poor!—*they* were in those days of feudalism and vassallage, quite beneath notice! The holy masses would, of course, preserve the testator from sharing the fate of Dives.

At Hartlington, says Dr. Whitaker, "according to tradition lived a man of the name of Walters, who on

a certain night was suddenly awoke out of his sleep, by a voice calling to him:—‘Arise, Walters, and save life.’” He obeyed the call, took his bow and quiver, and directed by a secret impulse, repaired to a remote part of Appletreewick pastures, where he found a young lady, a daughter of the family of Skipton Castle, struggling with ruffians—Walter, however, plied them so well with the arrows, that they soon dispersed, and left the lady uninjured. For this good service, it is added, that an estate was given to the deliverer, which his descendants long enjoyed. This legend forms the subject of Robert Story’s very beautiful and poetical tale of Fitz Harcla.

A short distance from Hartlington is the village of Hebden, which is in the adjoining parish of Linton. We advise a tourist who proceeds northward from Burnsall, to pass through Hebden, for by so doing he will obtain some good views of Burnsall church and village, and the surrounding scenery. Hebden or *Upeden*, is the high or *up* valley or dene, and derives its name from a deep gully, running up from the bed of Wharfe, to the summit of the lofty ridge that separates Craven from Netherdale. Hebden used to have a very bad name, and we fear deservedly so, for it was a nest of thieves, drunkards, bone-setters and poachers. Thirty years ago, the inhabitants were little better than savages; but thanks to the labours of the Wesleyans and to the Church, which has followed up their good work, a change has been effected, and the modern Hebdeners are quite as good and virtuous and respectable, as any of their neighbours.

Hebden has long possessed a school-house; but the venerable building no longer exists, having been pulled

down to make way for a handsome gothic edifice. A writer in the *Craven Pioneer* says :—"A most important and much needed improvement still remained undone up to the latter end of 1873, viz. : the erection of a new school, in place of the old one which had long stood on the village green, and was a forcible reminder of the primitive structures of some centuries ago. In pulling down the old school its original purpose was fully revealed to be that of the ancient township drying kiln. There were the old fire-places and flues. There was visible evidence of the building, at some time, having been on fire, as the beams in the roof were blackened and charred. In a lower story, under the eastern end of the building, was the ancient 'Kiln-horn.' In this miserable hovel one Hannah Stackhouse, a wretched and degraded relative of the great Biblical Scholar, the Rev. Thos. Stackhouse, died in the most abject poverty.* The necessity for a new school had long been felt, and the old school had become an unsightly object amongst the many improvements that had been carried out. At length exertions were made, funds were raised, neat plans prepared, contracts entered into, and the graceful architecture of the new school in the decorated Gothic style is now 'a thing of beauty' on the village green."

No one passing through Hebden should omit a visit to the new church, a simply elegant structure, erected on an eminence, and whose tower forms so prominent

* The Stackhouse family seem to have sunk to the lowest depths of poverty and degradation. One of the race was stoker at a gas-works. He could neither read nor write! "Heather Bell," in his *Tom Lee*, gives some interesting particulars of the great Biblical scholar, and his eccentricities.

an object from various parts of the surrounding landscape. It was built after a design of a most amiable man, the late Rev. J. F. Fearon, A.B., Curate of Linton. and it is highly creditable to the talents of the amateur architect and painter; but it is not without faults, and there is a want of harmony in some of the details. The tower is defective in design—perhaps a small spire would improve it.

Much has been said of mountain church yards—that of the new church at Hebden is in every respect entitled to the name. *Within* its narrow circle there is little to interest—no old grey mossy stones—no quaint inscriptions and rude verses about “afflictions sore,” &c.—no village sculpture—no reverend trees! these are wanting in this modern slip of consecrated ground. But look over the wall, and wherever the eye is turned, it rests on grandeur and beauty. On one side is seen Burnsall, with its grey church tower and humble dwellings—the village lying so far beneath the eye of the spectator, as to put on the appearance of a fairy scene. Beyond it may be traced, for miles, the stream of the Wharfe, a streak of silver extending along a valley whose sides are bounded by lofty mist-clad fells, while its *apparent* termination—is backed by the mountain of Simon’s-seat, and the waving greenwood trees of Barden and Bolton. The view in the opposite direction is equally grand, exhibiting, as it does, the long and lofty range of fells that extends from Rylstone to Thorpe and Barden.

Opposite the entrance to the churchyard is a stile that forms the commencement of a foot-path, which, by gentle ascents, leads through the fields to Grassington. It is not so much frequented as it ought to be; for it is almost the only parochial one with which pliant justices

of the peace, egged on by selfish individuals, have not interfered. This path brings before us some delightful bits of wild scenery in hill and dale. The geological appearances of the country are very striking, and bear a remarkable resemblance to Auvergne in France. Beneath the upper range of fells, are several round green hills, the largest of which is *Elboton*, so famed in the fairy lore of the district.

The Craven fairies consist of two classes, the good and bad, or rather the *mischievous*. The former are those who on moonlight nights frequent green hills and pastures, and dance to sweet music breathed from reeds and oaten pipes. They are small graceful creatures, and subject to a king and queen—democracy being unknown in the fairy world. They are fond of appropriate gifts, but invariably resent improper or unseemly ones.

The story of a fairy who used to thrash the corn, and get in the hay, but who ceased because the farmer presented him with a red hood, is said to have occurred at Close House, near Skipton. The fairy's name was *Hob*.

The same sort of story, but with variations, occurs in different countries. (*Vide Keightley's Fairy Tales.*)

In Switzerland we find the name *Lutin* given to a good fairy, who for several years guarded the troops of the commune of Contez (Canton de Vaud). The inhabitants offered him a cloak, which gave such offence that the lutin departed, saying

*Non, non jamais seigneur de mon parage,
Ne conduira les boeufs au paturage!*

*"Never again shall I be seen,
Leading the herds to the pastures green."*

Since then the cattle have given less milk!

In the Romande (or Patois of French Switzerland) this fairy is called servain, that is servant, or one who does work. The servain makes a noise, and plays tricks in old buildings. In Prussia he is called Arvon—a corruption of the Celtic and Romande name of servain. The *Pixies* of Devonshire are also servants.

In Scandinavia and in Scotland the Hob or Lutin is known as Elf, Drow and Brownie. In the Black Forest (Germany) he is a Hobold or Spoth. In Normandy and Brittany he is known as Goblin or Gobino. In other parts of France he is "La bate due Gevaidon." In the *Edda* of Snorre Sturleson he is spoken of as an *Alfe* or *Elf*.

The Craven fairies, like the Lutin, are accused of kidnapping children, and leaving one of their own in its stead. This idea prevails in Ireland, and is the subject of one of Dr. Anster's most beautiful ballads.

This sort of theft is practised by the Lutin of Scandinavia; but the children are returned. During their brief absence they have been lulled to sleep, by sweet music and pastoral songs. Such a theft and return is the subject of Hogg's *Kilmeney* and Wilson's *Lay of Fairy Land*. In Craven a poor dwarf woman of Grassington was, by many, believed to be a fairy's changeling. The fairies are good-natured, and they do not object to a mortal looking on when they are dancing; but they will not allow any interference and will even punish a *bravo* or an *encore*! If a spectator is invited to dance he must not refuse. If he do so, some evil is sure to befall him. This superstition is found in various countries. In Craven the *evil* is

confined to kicks and pinches, but in Scandinavia the results are of a more serious nature, as exemplified in the following old ballad translated from the Swedish to exemplify the resemblance between the fairy lore of Scandinavia and that of Craven :—

SIR OLAF AND THE FAIRY DANCE.

Sir Olaf bestrides his courser proud,

When the matin sun shines fair ;

Sir Olaf rides thro' the green forest

When the moonbeams glimmer there.

(The deer and the does sleep in the shawes, out.)

A sound comes waft on the forest breeze,

Of music and mirthsome glee ;

For the fairies are tripping their mystic round

All under the greenwood tree.

And aye they sang and merrily sang,

How blest is the elfin crew !

O the dance is sweet, when the green-folk meet,

And the sword is starred wi' the dew.

And out and spake the Elfin King

As his right arm tendered he ;

Welcome ! Sir Knight to our moon-lit dance ;

Sir Olaf wilt dance with me ?

Now naye, now naye ! thou Elfin King,

The evening speeds away ;

The night-shades fly, for the dawn is nigh,

And the morn is my wedding-day.

And out and spake the Elfin Queen

As her white arm tendered she :

Welcome ! Sir Knight to our forest dance ;

Sir Olaf ! wilt dance with me.

Now naye, now naye ! thou Elfin Queen,

I may not brook delay :

Late, late is the night, and the morning light

Will soon on the dim fells play.

And out and spake the Queen's sister,
 As she tendered her lily hand ;
 Sir Olaf will sure be a gallant Knight
 And dance with our merry band ?

Now naye, now naye ! thou pretty elf,
 The morn is my wedding day ;
 It would go to the heart of my fair young bride,
 If I danced with another may.

* * * * *

Sir Olaf is sick, at heart, at heart,
 As he stands at his castle-door :
 Take my barb to his stable, brother,
 I never shall mount him more.

Spread my couch, my dear sister,
 I am stricken by fairy spell :
 The morrow morn ye may sing my dirge
 And toll my passing bell.

* * * * *

At early morn the bells rang out
 Slow and sad from the belfry gray ;
 Fain would I know why the bells are rung ?
 They peal for your wedding day !

But what is that solemn strain, mother,
 So unmeet for a bridal song ?
 Sir Olaf is dead, and the mass-rite is said
 As his corse is aborne along !

* * * * *

Three are laid in the chapel garth,
 (All for grief they died) !
 Sir Olaf the Knight, and his mother dear,
 And Sir Olaf's fair young bride.

(The deer and the does sleep in the shawes, out.)

—D.

In Craven we have many village legends about the fairies, and we have met with several individuals who have seen them, and had encounters with them.

An inhabitant of a village not far from Elboton was passing the mountain on a moonlight night, when he saw the fairies dancing. He knew their laws and regulations, but having taken too much "*rum and watter*" at a neighbouring "public," he so far forgot himself as to volunteer a song—some say it was "Tarry Woo"—and to join the festive circle without being invited. He was punished by kicks and pinches; and so was obliged to make a hasty departure. However, he avenged himself by taking one of the fairies prisoner, and pocketing him or her—for it is not very clear whether the captive was a lady or gentleman! When he got to his home he was sobered with the effects of his adventure, and his children were delighted to hear of the capture of a living doll. But alas! the fairy had managed to escape; and to make matters worse, the affair, when bruited abroad, was regarded as either an invention or a drunken dream! The late Daniel Cooper (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter) was a great seer of fairies. He used to relate that one moonlight night, as he was returning from Kilnsay, he took a footpath across the fields. He there saw a lot of fairies dancing in a field that was rented by himself. On the following morning his avocation of a market gardener led him to the site of the dance, when he found the ground covered with mushrooms of the genuine sort. Daniel said there was a slight breeze on the preceding evening, and a few thorn-bushes grew near the spot. "What!" said he, "after all, my fairies might be only *mushrooms* which seemed to stir from the moonlight shadows of the waving branches falling over them!" A very rational explanation, and we have no doubt a perfectly correct one! At this time Daniel had an old maiden aunt who

resided in his house. She was well informed, but was exceedingly superstitious, and anything but Sadducean in fairy folk-lore. She would not accept Daniel's interpretation. "My dear," she said, "you saw the fairies, and the mushrooms were a gift to you, because you were good, and did not disturb the dance."

It is a common belief in Craven (or perhaps we should say it *was*) that mushrooms are *made* by the fairies. Shakespeare, who was well versed in folk-lore, speaks of "*demi puppets, &c., whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms.*"

We have also in Craven a race of dwarfs called "Knockers," who inhabit or haunt the mines (particularly those of Grassington moor), and are said to work at night. They seem to be the same as the gnomes, *lutins*, and *pucks* (Pucks), who, in Scandinavia, by their knockings, show where metals may be found. The shepherds who reside in the mining districts say that these *fairies* also protect the farm houses and the flocks. From this circumstance some authors would connect them with the *lares* or household gods of classic mythology. But as our celtic fairy-lore is totally independent of the popular superstition of Greece and Rome (which ignore our Fairyism), we put aside all idea of such a connection, and seek for the origin elsewhere.

Our fairies are addicted to smoking, and their old pipes, called by the peasant *Fairy-pipes*, are often turned up by the farmer's men. These pipes are small in the bowl, and of a clumsy formation. They are found in large quantities, not only in Craven and the north of England, but also in Scotland and Ireland. The Scotch call them Puch or *Puck* pipes, and the Irish

know them as Dane pipes.* Pipes of a similar form, but made of *iron*, have been recently found in Switzerland, and one is in our possession.

The belief in fairies is not extinct with us; but it is by no means so prevalent as it once was. They, however, still make an occasional appearance to drunkards, fiddlers, besom-makers, and ignorant old wives.† It is on the testimony of such that we have generally to rely now-a-days!

The following verses find locality at Elboton. They were published some years ago, and with music:—

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN FAIRIES.

When the village is rapt in quiet sleep,
And the forest hum is still:
From our tiny mansions we softly creep,
And hie to the thymy hill.

There we merrily trip with our nimble feet,
While the moonbeams gild the fell:
And our melody is the music sweet,
That peals from the heather-bell.

And oft we gather a garland fair,
Of flowers and sprays so green—
And a wild wreath form for the flowing hair
Of our lovely Fairy Queen.

* The late Cardinal Wiseman was very learned on the subject of pipes, and had a collection. The late Crofton Crocker had a paper on pipes in the *Dublin Journal*.

† The late Francis King was a firm believer in fairies, and used to say that he had witnessed their gambols in Lothersdale. As poor King was almost blind, even believers in fairies must receive his testimony *cum grano salis*.

And then, from the beautiful Elfin land,
Where never did mortal tread :
We send sweet dreams and visions bland,
To float round the peasant's bed.

And ever we cause from the maiden's breast,
All thoughts of despair to flee :
And show her the form of her lover blest,
As he sails o'er the moonlit sea.

We know not the woes of the changing earth,
No cares do our lives annoy :
Our days are a round of endless mirth,—
One scene of eternal joy !

—D.

N. T. Carrington, known as the "tuneful bard of Dartmoor" (a well-merited title), has some exquisite lines on the decay of fairy-belief, and which are applicable to Craven. For the fairies of Elboton, like the Pixies of the West, are now-a-days rarely seen.

—— "They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished ; they are flown
Before the wand of Science ! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains,—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall : The day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute ! the hymnings high,
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown ! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs,
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy,

Intense ; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinist tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners ! But ye have flown
Beautiful fictions of our fathers ! flown
Before the wand of Science, and our hearths
Are passionless and silent ! ”

—CARRINGTON’S “DARTMOOR.”





CHAPTER XVI.

THE parish of Burnsall is one of the most extensive in Craven ; no less than four churches being required for its spiritual wants. The scenery of the Upper Wharfedale portion is romantic and interesting. The tourist, perambulating from Barden to Kilnsey (the termination of the parish), will pass through a country, where, at every step, his gaze will be rivetted by towering hills, rich pastures, and meadow lands, crystal streams, wooded hill-sides, grey moss-covered rocks, and quaint old-fashioned villages, redolent with memories of the past, and whose very names are poetry, although they may only partially live in song. We have a road on each side of the Wharfe, and it would seem invidious to recommend one in preference to the other. We say, "*try them both !*" If the right-hand be pursued—after leaving Barden with its old tower and chapel, and lake-like reservoirs—we shortly arrive at Appletreewick (*vulgo* Aptrick), a village celebrated from its having been the birth-place of the ancestors of the noble family of Craven. It is somewhat amusing, although ridiculous, to witness the attempts of some recent Heralds to elevate the ancestors of a Craven pauper-lad into *Esquires* ! William Craven,

of Appletreewick, the father of the first Earl Craven, was neither more nor less than a peasant's son, apprenticed by the parish, to a draper! We defy all the heralds in the world to make out any other pedigree—and why, indeed, should they attempt it?

William Craven, after serving his time (in some country place, not known), was consigned to a common carrier, as a passenger to the metropolis. After a *quick* journey of three weeks, the lad entered London, where his good character obtained him an assistant's place in the service of a draper and mercer. In due time, he became a tradesman on his own account; and by industry, perseverance, and integrity, raised himself to a post which in those days was thought more of than it is at present, except in France, where a London Lord Mayor is always "*next to the King!*" William Craven, in 1611, was elevated to such a high dignity; for he became Lord Mayor of London, and, subsequently, obtained the honour of knighthood. From Camden's account it is probable that the mercer was also M.P. for the city. But this is by no means certain; for the words "*Senator Londinensis*" used by Camden, may merely signify that William Craven was a member of the Civic Corporation. S. P. Q. L., figures on every London pump and lamp-post; but the S (*Senatus*) has nothing to do with parliament—the *Senatus* being the cockney classic term for the corporation of London!

That William Craven was knighted is a fact about which there is no disputing, although the reason why the honour was conferred is not so apparent. It might be from presenting some civic address at a royal visit. The time of his death is uncertain, nor is it known where he was buried. As he was the first of his

family who embarked in trade, so he was the last. William, his eldest son, entered the armies of Gustavus Adolphus and William Prince of Orange. He there became one of the most distinguished soldiers of the time. "He was one of those gallant Englishmen" (as Whitaker observes) "who served the unfortunate King of Bohemia, from a spirit of romantic attachment to his beautiful consort. His services are generally supposed to have been privately rewarded with the hand of that princess, after her return in widowhood to her native country. Thus the son of a Wharfedale peasant, matched with a sister of Charles the First; a remarkable instance of that Providence, which raiseth the poor out of the dust, and setteth him among princes, even the princes of his people"—(*Psalm cxiii*). Massinger's Tragedy, "*Beleeve as you list*," is founded on the history of the above King; and it is probable that when Story, in his Craven tale of *Fitz Harcla*, married a lady of the Skipton Cliffords to a Craven peasant, he had in mind the above marriage of the second William Craven.

The mercer's son, raised by war and marriage into a person of aristocratic note, was next created Baron of Hampstead-Marshall (*2nd Chas. I.*), and Earl of Craven (*16th Chas. II.*). This last honour was, perhaps, for services rendered to the royal cause during the Commonwealth.

But to return to the Earl's father—the City Knight and merchant. This worthy man (for such he most assuredly was) did not look with scorn or neglect on the place of his humble birth or his parish, whose fee had apprenticed him. He was no *parvenu*. The green land of Craven and the old church in the wooded dell,

were ever uppermost in his thoughts. Neither the cares of the warehouse, nor civic dignities, nor knightly honours could efface the remembrance of his boyish days. In 1612 he repaired the old parish church, as may be seen from the following inscription cut in mouldering stone, over a door: "THIS CHURCH WAS REPAIRED AND BEAUTIFIED AT THE ONLIE COST AND CHARGES OF SIR WILLIAM CRAVEN, KNIGHT AND ALDERMAN, OF THE CITY OF LONDON, AND LATE LORD MAYOR OF THE SAME. A.D. 1612." The event was deemed worthy of being recorded in *poetry*, and formerly the following lines of the Father Peeris' *genus* were inscribed on the walls of the choir:—

"This church of beauty, most repaired, thus so bright,
Two hundred pounds did coste Sir William Craven, Knight.
Many other works of Chartie, whereof no mention here,
True tokens of his bountie in this parish did appeare.
The place of his nativitie in Appletreewick is seene,
And late of London citie, Lord Mayer hee hath beene.
The care of this work, so beautiful and faire,
Was put to John Topham, Clerk, by the late Lord Mayor.
Of that famous citie of London so brighte,
By Sir William Craven, that bountiful Knighte.
Borne in this parish, at Appletreewick towne,
Who regarded no coste, so the work was well done."*

Dr. Whitaker supposes that "John Topham, clerk," was poet as well as master of the works! However that might have been, he was most certainly Rector of one mediety of Burnsall, and died in 1619; he was succeeded by three of the name, the last of whom died about the year 1700. The repairs of the church,

* Though we may laugh at these verses, we should like to see them, in old church characters, inscribed on one of the walls.

although stated at £200, are said to have cost £600, but in the latter sum are probably included the building of the churchyard wall, and the erection of the lich-gate.* Sir William Craven also erected and endowed the Grammar School at Burnsall, and built four bridges in the neighbourhood, and among them, that of Burnsall. The Grammar School, a venerable and respectable looking Elizabethan building, once possessed as Usher no less celebrated a character than Eugene Aram,† a circumstance, we believe, not noticed either by Bulwer

* Burnsall churchyard is not the only Craven one that possesses a lich-gate. The *Architectural Publication Society* has stated that "all these erections are of the post-reformation period!" and *why*, think you? Because they are "all of wood, which when exposed to the air only lasts about three centuries!" The Society must assuredly imagine that our heads are made of the same material! The Craven lich-gates are of *stone*, and so are several in Devonshire, and in many other counties! The word *lich* signifies *dead*; and so a lich-gate is a gate for the dead, and where in *Catholic* times (and not in *post-reformation* ones) the corpse rested, while certain exterior rites were performed, previously to those which had to be celebrated within the church. A wood-cut of Burnsall lich-gate is in *Hone's Table Book*; and in that work, as also in *Vol. I. 4 s. Notes and Queries* will be found many interesting notices, historical and archæological, on the subject, which would take up too much of our space to enter upon.

† Aram was a native of Ramsgill, in Yorkshire. His father was a gardener, and he had received little education; but by his own talents and assiduity he became a good linguist and got employed at Burnsall and in many other schools. In 1758, when he was an usher at Lynn, Norfolk, he was arrested for the murder (in 1745) of Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, of Knaresborough. In 1759, he was tried at York, convicted, hanged, and—according to the barbarism of our *good old times*—gibbeted! Doubts have always existed as to his guilt. At

Lytton, the novelist, Doctor Whitaker, our historian, or by Norrison Scatcherd, who wrote a memoir of the learned murderer. In the same year that Sir William Craven was benefiting the parish, and promoting the spread of education, two other individuals were signalling themselves by absurd quarrels about game and forest laws. These worthies were Sir John Yorke, the then Lord of the manor of Appletreewick, and Francis, Earl of Cumberland.

Sir John, not content with the manorial rights which he undoubtedly possessed from the estate purchased by his ancestors, from the Hales family, set up a claim of free warren and chase, which was resisted by the Earl, who contended that the manor of Appletreewick was a portion of the forest of Skipton; the Earl, moreover, stated that he and his ancestors had always had deer keepers within the manor of Appletreewick, and what is the best part of the joke, the Earl asserted, that whenever Sir John Yorke had feasted off Appletreewick deer, he had either obtained them by stealing, or received them as presents from the Earl and his family! Such a statement was not much relished by the Knight, who neither chose to be considered a thief, nor a beneficiary on the bounty of the Cliffords; hard words ensued, and harder blows—a regular forest fray came off in Appletreewick fields, when the Earl's servants were fallen upon by those of Sir John Yorke, and completely routed. The Earl had, however, recourse to the star-chamber, that inquisitorial court, where the

this distance of time the *real* truth cannot be ascertained. The romance of Bulwer (Lord Lytton) is a fiction. In *Hood's* poem we have truth.

highest in rank always obtained the day; and, accordingly, the lordly Earl triumphed over the simple Knight, who was committed to the fleet, and fined £200; while two of his servants were respectively fined £100 and £50. The court, in passing sentence, imposed the fines for the bad language and the blows, stating, that as to the title between the parties, "the court would not meddle, but left it to the law!" Such was star-chamber justice! Doctor Whitaker very justly remarks, that "the title should have been tried first; for, till that was decided, no proof existed that the defendant was not hunting in his own free warren, and his threatenings might amount to no more than a declaration that he would maintain his rights." At any rate, if the trial was an inquiry into acts of blackguardism and fighting, the investigation ought to have extended to both sides of the belligerents, and the Earl and his servants should have been subjected to pains and penalties, similar to those imposed upon the Knight and his adherents.*

The little ravine, with its stream, over a lower part of which is erected the *Devil's Bridge*, extends to the vicinity of Appletreewick. It is one of those numerous rocky fissures, found wherever the mountain limestone predominates. Several such gills (or ghylls) may be met with in other parts of the district. By following from the above bridge the upward course of the stream we soon arrive at the "*Gordale of Appletreewick*," the far-famed "Troller's Gill" (Norse *Giel*—a ravine). In the reign of Edward II. it was known as the Gordale

* The common call or vulgarism of "*York, you're wanted*," is traditionally said to have originated in the above feud.

of Appletreewick. How or when it obtained its present designation we cannot determine. The reason of the adjunct "*Troller's*" is so apparent to every disciple of Izaak Walton that we need not enter into any argument as to the derivation. The gill is now a place of popular and increasing resort, and much frequented by summer pic-nic parties from Grassington and places more distant. With the exception of Gordale in Malhamdale, there is nothing equal to the Troller's Gill, throughout the length and breadth of the district. Visitors to the scenery of Bolton and Barden should make it a part of a summer-day excursion. We have met with some whose opinions are worthy of notice who contended that the "Gordale of Appletreewick" was superior to the "Gordale of Malhamdale"—but "*de gustibus, non est disputandum!*"—Indeed! the two Gordales are so different in character as hardly to warrant a comparison. The gill is a short distance from Skyreholme, and, as we have stated, is a fissure through limestone crags. It is about half a mile in length, a very few yards in width, and, upon an average, about sixty feet high. The stream that rushes through it is interrupted in its course by huge boulder-like masses of limestone. After heavy rains the water rushes through the pent-up channel with a noise enough to terrify the stoutest heart, and favour the popular belief that the place is a favourite resort of Barguest the Spectre Hound of Craven, concerning which so many strange stories and legends linger amongst us. Barguests do not make so many appearances as they used to do. The late Daniel Cooper, of Linton, once observed to us that "an odd un was seen every now and then!" The spread of education has materially tended to decrease the breed! The one that occasionally visits the gill, it is to be hoped, is

the last of the family! By-the-bye, this same Spectre Hound is found in many and widely-distant countries, and with as many *aliases* as any respectable boggart ought to possess. In Germany he is "Wüthrich" or Woden (Oden) riche. In the Isle of Man he is the "Manthe Dog"—which according to Sir W. Scott means the "Death Dog." In Alsace he is "Dorf Thoir-village Ghost." In Derbyshire he is a "*Gabriel* Hound," and haunts the country around Eyam and Castleton. In Devonshire he is a "*Hell* Dog"—i. e., a grave or *Hela* dog. In Yorkshire he has various names. At Leeds he is a "Padfoot." At Skipton he is "Trash"* or "Guy Trash." In the dales of Yorkshire he is a "Barguest." In Wales he is a "Sky Dog." In some parts of the coast of Norfolk he is known as *Shock*. He is described as a great black dog with a white neck, and *one* blazing eye in the middle of his forehead. He comes up out of the sea, and travels about in the lanes at night. It is a sign of misfortune and death to the person that meets him. The lane leading from Lower to Upper Sherringham is one of his favourite haunts. He was a most valuable beast to smugglers in days of yore, or rather a pony dressed up to represent him. Many a keg of Hollands has been carried inland

* Some years ago a benevolent gentleman of Skipton who had many poor people as recipients of his bounty, met at early morning with one of them—an old woman called Betty Varley, or from her subterranean abode, "*Owd Betty i' t' cellar hoile.*" "What's the news, Betty?" asked her benefactor. "Oh sort," she replied, pulling a long face, "*Trash* were about last neet!" "That's no news!" said the gentleman, speaking rather gruffly, "plenty of that about in Skipton every night!" Poor Betty stood as if rivetted to the spot! There was no more news *that morning!*

by Shock ! But, now-a-days, revenue officers are not to be scared by such *shocking* apparitions ! Mr. C. W. Barkley, in *Notes and Queries* (4 s., x. 217) says that Shock is a Scandinavian fiend. The idea is probably correct. No doubt he is found in Scandinavia and wherever the celts have trod, and at the present day he figures in popular superstitions of the north. But he has a far more ancient pedigree—as we shall shew. We find him abroad. In the Jorat hills of the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, he is called in the patois or Romande “Bita Crotze,” *i. e.*, *The beast with claws*. In the same district he is also called “La Mata Bithia,” *i. e.*, *The bad beast*. The peasants who have seen him say “he is like a great pig.” An aged inhabitant of Corsier, near Vevey, who died a few years ago at the age of 93, had often met the *bita crotze*, and used to describe him as resembling a huge pig. We knew the venerable man, and he was a very moral character,—no doubt he had seen *something*—a stray goat or donkey. In the following narrative we have a very particular description of a Craven Barguest from an eye witness, *viz.*, the late William,—or Billy Blakey, who lived at Linton. Billy was an eccentric character. He could neither read nor write ; but he was a steady and truth-speaking man, and a Wesleyan. Prayer meetings were held in his house. He was not a Craven man, but came from the vicinity of Saddleworth. The relation was taken down from word of mouth, and was communicated to Hone’s *Table Book*, where it appeared in a very incorrect state. We give a correct version. The dialect varies a little from that of Craven.

BILLY BLAKEY'S ADVENTURE WITH A
BARGUEST !

"You see, sir, as how I'd been a clock-dressin* at Girston, an' I'd staid rather lat, an' mebbe gitten a lile soupe o' sperrit ; but I war far frae bein drunk, an' knowd ivverything that passed. It war abowt eleven o'clock when I left, an' a most admirable neet it war, an' I nivver seed Rylstone fell plainer i' aw my life. Now, ye see, sir, I war passin down t' mill loine, an' I heerd summat come past me, brush, brush, brush, wi' chains rattlin aw the while ; but I seed nothing ! Then thowt I to mesel, this is a mortal queer thing ! An' then I stood still an' luik'd abowt me, but I seed nothin at aw, nobbut the two stane waas, on each side ov t' mill loine. Then I heerd again this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains, for ye see when I stuid still it stopped ; an' then thowt I to mesel, this mun be a barguest that sae much is said abowt, an' I hurried on towards t' wood brig, for they say as how this barguest cannot cross t' watter ; but when I gat ovr t' brig I heerd this saam thing agean, so it mud owther crossed t' watter or bin a different yan ! An' then I becam a valliant (fearless) man, for I war a bit fretened afore. Thinks I, I'll turn an' hev a peep at this thing ; so I went up Great Bank towards Linton, an' I then agen heerd this brush, brush ; an' the muin there shon varra breet, an' I seed its taail ! An' now, thowt I, thou owd thing ! I can say I've sin thee, an' I'll away haame. I then tuik a walk towards t' house. When I

* Convivial gatherings in Linton parish, particularly those at Christmas, are called "*Clock Dressings*." Friends come "to dress the clock"—(*Vide Hone's Table Book*).

reach'd my haame, there war summat liggin across t' threshold o' t' dooar; an' it wor loike a sheep, but bigger, an' it war woolly loike. I sed, "git up! an' stir thyself!" but it wuddn't git up, nor stir itsel. And then I raised t' stick to baste it wi', when it turn'd an' luik'd at me—an' sich eyes! they did glower, an' war as big as saucers, an' like a cruelled baw. First there war a reed ring, then a blue 'un, then a white 'un, then a yulow 'un—an' these rings grew less an' less till they cam tiv a dot! I war nane feared on it, tho' it girn'd at me fearfully, an' I kept saying, git up and stir thyself! An' t' wife heerd as how I war at t' door; an' shoo cam to oppen it; and then this thing gat up, an' walked away! It war mair feared o' t' wife, than it war o' me. An' I tow'd t' wife, an' shoo sed it war t' barguest. I've nivver seed it sin—and now that's a true story!"

Hamlet tells us that

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy,"

and really we might almost back his opinion and deem some of our "strange" barguest "tales devoutly true!" For we are acquainted with individuals very different to Billy Blakey in station and every other respect, who are fervent believers in barguest *because they have seen him!* We knew two educated persons, one in Skipton and one in Grassington, who believed in barguest because they had *seen* him! Ignorant men are sometimes found in very good company! When we first met with the Derbyshire name of *Gabriel Hound*, it occurred to us that barguest might owe his origin to some of the Talmudical fables. We applied for information to the late learned Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews,

the Rev. Doctor David Meldola, of London. His answer clearly proved the oriental origin of our Spectre Hound, the *death* dog of the Isle of Man. In the Talmud Azrael the angel of death is represented as a hunter armed with darts and spear, and accompanied by a *dog*. Doctor Meldola seemed surprised that Gabriel's name should have been substituted for that of Azrael. As a Jew he, perhaps, forgot, or he might not know, that Gabriel is in the new testament, and that although the "Angel of Death" figures in the *old* testament, no name is assigned to him there; although we meet with Azrael in the *Koran*, in the several *Talmuds*, and in the *Mishna*. The Talmudical doctors maintain that although Azrael is not named in the Hebrew scriptures, he and his *dog* are frequently alluded to; as in the 20th verse of the 21st Psalm, "Deliver my soul from the *dart*; my darling from the power of the *dog*." Few christians would discover such allusions, but would rather be inclined to smile at the absurd glosses of rabbinical doctors and miracle-mongers. One exception we have met with in a Welsh protestant clergyman, who a few years ago published a most absurd book on corpse candles, wraiths, spectre dogs, &c., &c. An account of this author and his book may be seen in the third volume of Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*. In the treatise alluded to the above passage from the Psalms is interpreted in a true Talmudical manner. The Welshman has not the slightest doubt of an allusion to Azrael and his dog! The following ballad is founded on the following traditionary story.

Some years ago there resided at Skirethorns, one John Lambert, a sceptic—so far as barguest was concerned! One night after drinking more than was good for his constitution, he sallied forth from the public-house,

armed with a stout oak stick, and vowing to have a blow at a barguest—if he met with one, or at any rate to drive him from the wall. Lambert did meet with a barguest, who was very properly walking on the right hand side of the road. The clown attacked the spectre—but alas! it was only to receive so severe a crush, as to bring on an illness which terminated fatally. Such is the simple origin of

“THE LEGEND OF THE TROLLER’S GILL.”

On the steep fell’s crest, did the moonlight rest—
The beams illum’d the dale ;
And a silvery sheen, clothed the forest green
As it sway’d to the moaning gale.

From Burnsall’s tower the midnight hour
Had tolled ; and all was still
Save the music sweet, to the tiny feet
Of the Elfin band, from fairy-land
That tripped on the rounded hill.

From his cot he slept, while the household slept,
And he caroll’d with boisterous glee ;
But he ne hied, to the green hill side
The fairy-train to see.

He went not to stray with his own dear May
Along by a pine-clad scar ;
And loving gaze on the dazzling rays
That shot from the polar-star.

On what intent is the Troller bent?
And where is the Troller bound ?
To the horrid gill of the erie hill,
To call on the Spectre Hound.

And on did he pass, o’er the dew-bent grass
While the sweetest perfumes fell
From myriad flowers, where forest bowers
O’ershadow that fairy dell.

And before his eyes did the dark gill rise,
No moon-ray pierc'd its gloom ;
And his steps around, did the waters sound,
Like a voice from a haunted tomb.

And there as he stept, a shuddering crept
O'er his frame, scarce known to fear,
For he once did deem the sprite of the stream,
Had loudly called "*Forbear !*"

An aged yew in the rough cliffs grew
And under its sombre shade
Did the Troller rest, while with charms unblest
He a magic circle made.

Then thrice did he turn, where the streamers burn,
And thrice did he kiss the ground ;
And with solemn tone in that gill so lone
He called on the Spectre Hound.

And a whirlwind swept by, and stormy grew the sky
While the torrent louder roared :
And a lurid flame o'er the Troller's stalwart frame
From each clift of the gill was poured.

And a dreadful thing from the cliff did spring ;
Its wild bark thrill'd around ;
And a fiendish glow flash'd forth I trow,
From the eyes of the Spectre Hound.

* * * * *

When on Barden's height, glowed the morning light
And borne on the mountain air,
The priory bell did the peasants tell
'Twas the hour of the matin prayer.

By shepherd men, where the horrid glen
Doth its rugged jaws expand,
A corse was found, where a dark yew frown'd,
And marks were imprest on the dead man's breast,
But they seemed not by mortal hand.

* * * * *

In the evening calm, a funeral psalm
Slowly stole o'er the woodland scene ;
The hare-bells wave o'er a new-made grave
In Burnsall's churchyard green.

That funeral psalm, in the evening calm
Which echo'd the dell around ;
Was his dirge o'er whose grave blue hare-bells wave,
Who call'd on the Spectre Hound.

—D.





CHAPTER XVII.

THE parish of Linton has been slighted by Craven topographers. Its three principal villages — Grassington, Linton, and Threshfield—have been spoken of in such terms, that a stranger might almost suppose they were located somewhere contiguous to the North Pole.

Lintondale, that unfortunate opening in the hills, through which the west wind—(notwithstanding the break of Pendle)—obtains admission into Wharfedale, has conjured up all sorts of phantoms. The parish has been held forth as the very hot-bed, or rather cold-bed, of catarrhs, coughs, influenzas, rheumatic pains, consumption, and maladies of the like pleasant description! Not content with libels on the climate, we must be informed that “neither Grassington nor its environs can be said to possess anything worthy the attention of the general tourist.” Nay! another author can say of the parish—“*trees* will not grow there.” It is really hardly worth while to waste words on such rubbish. If the last veracious scribe (of course, a stranger,) before he talked about the lack of trees had consulted the late Mr. Stephen Eddy, he would

not only have been put right about the trees but shewn some noble specimens of a very recent planting. The fact is there is no part of Craven where arboriculture has been more attended to, and with happier results, than in the parish of Linton. And such results are not merely due to the plantings of the late Mr. Atkinson, of Linton, and Mr. Eddy—for close at hand to their successful efforts we have the noble Grass-Wood, a forest with trees the growth of years, and the successors of some that were the growth of ages. Linton is one of the healthiest parishes in Craven, and not a whit colder than its neighbours. It is, indeed, subjected to the west wind, which wafts the sea-breezes from the Lancashire coast, and is occasionally as boisterous as Boreas himself, and very unlike the “gentle west wind” in whose praise Shelley and many other poets have penned immortal odes. Grassington (the chief place in the parish), if it has the full-force of the west wind, escapes the violence of the east and north—two biting winds much felt in other parts of Craven. We are well acquainted with Grassington. It is a little *town*, built on the slope of a lofty range of hills. It has a charter for a market, although the holding has fallen into desuetude. It has one wide and well-paved street (the ancient Market-place), and two narrow lanes that open to it; with another lane higher up, where are situate the Methodist Chapels and Old Hall. Progress is apparent at Grassington. The town has a school connected with the Established Church, but conducted in a liberal manner. It is held in a neat and elegant modern building. The Independents, and Methodists (Wesleyan and Primitive), have chapels, and a church service is conducted in a school-room above mentioned. And we find another

important institution at Grassington, that must not be passed over. We allude to the *Mechanics' Institute*, established some years ago. It has experienced divers changes from deaths and removals, and also from the mines not being so productive as they were formerly. But it has continued to exist through all these mutations, and we have every faith in its permanency. These institutes, that owe their origin to a Craven man (one of the Settle *Birkbecks*), are important helps to the working classes, to whom they are the schools for an *after-education*—for a following-up of the often superficial instruction of the village or country school-master. The *Mechanics' Institute* here had to *struggle* at its commencement. There were those amongst its founders whose motto was *ne plus ultra*!—nothing beyond the narrow line that they had traced. We can call to mind how the late Mr. Eddy and others had to fight for the introduction of a *newspaper*, and only obtained a partial victory by the permission of an *illustrated* journal wherein political news was a very secondary consideration to the pretty pictures. Happily, the times are changed, and, now-a-days, there are few, if any, either at Grassington or elsewhere, who would dare to assert publicly that *politics* are not an important part of a popular education, and particularly for that of the working man.

Talking of progress, it is worthy of note that during the summer months an omnibus rattles over the stones of Grassington, and places its inhabitants in easy communication with the rail, and also with every part of Upper Wharfedale, Lintondale, and Ellerdale, &c. There is no spot where the mountain breezes are purer or more refreshing than at Grassington. In summer invalids have been often sent there, and have experienced

more benefit than from the drugs and potions of the doctor's shop. The inhabitants are famed for longevity. Parr's pills are below *par*—in fact, quite at a discount; and even “*cure-outs*”—or “*medical mendems*”^{*} have less popularity than in many other parts of the district.

The scenery of the environs is very striking. If we ascend from the town to a short distance on Grassington Moor, what a prospect opens to the view! We look down on the noble dale of Wharfe. We see its myriad hills and fells. That called after Rylstone and Thorpe has an aspect truly Alpine, for its long misty outline makes it look grander and loftier than it really is. Beneath it we trace green mounds such as Elboton, rich pastures, and flourishing plantations. In another direction are the green slopes of Skirethorns and the trees of Grass-Wood; and beyond them is the romantic country that extends from Conistone to Hubberholme, Pennyghent, Whernside, and the Stake bounding the far distance. But while we admire the scene from our lofty position, let us not descend without making a visit to the Lead Mines, and viewing the interesting processes at work there, while we hold *tête-a-têtes* with the gallant and intelligent gentlemen who are the presiding deities.

We will now turn our gaze to Grass-Wood. It is close to Grassington, and the name is probably an abbreviated form of *Grassington* Wood. It is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, but subject to

^{*} The pills of a “Doctor” Burnett, and his liquid “*medicamentum*,” a word corrupted as above, used to be popular at Grassington. The pills were said to be made of red putty and bee's-wax!!

a right of footpath through it to Coniston. Our village Hampden, Mr. Pattinson, must bear this in mind. Of late years the Wood has become popular as a resort of pleasure seekers; and occasionally "Foresters" in green garb badly fitted, and with bugles that wont play, may be encountered with *Maid Marians* without number. To accommodate the numerous visitors, whether those terrible green outlaws, or others more pacific, seats have been erected at various places commanding fine views. In the very centre of the Wood, some ruins have been discovered by the Rev. B. J. Harker, a native of Grassington. A writer in the *Craven Pioneer* says:—"It seems, at the first, rather remarkable that they should not have been found by Dr. Whitaker, the learned historian of Craven, who was for some years resident in the neighbourhood. But their position is such as to place them out of the ordinary track of the Rambler, and in the doctor's day they would be grown over with brushwood. They are situated in the centre of Grass-Wood, on a hill 925 feet above the sea, and more than 300 feet above the river. Two seats have been placed on the hill referred to, which, in honour of the triumphs of Lord Napier, has received the name of Magdala Hill. The hill has likewise been cleared of timber, and has, in consequence, been much visited, for it affords most extensive prospects of the surrounding district. In wandering over the hill soon after it was made accessible by the axe of the woodman, Mr. Harker's attention was attracted by the ruins of some old walls, which on examination he concluded to be the remains of a British stronghold. More than one half of a fort of large size can be distinctly traced; the walls rising above the debris from a yard to a yard and a half; the other

portion of the building is buried under hundreds of tons of rubbish. The fort is an irregular circle in shape, and its dimensions, as far as can at present be ascertained, are, in one direction, 120 feet, and in another about 90 feet. A massive wall runs through the middle of the building from N.W. to S.E., and three compartments occupy the space on the north side. A strongly built rampart, 410 feet round, runs from the western extremity of the fort to the edge of the hill, along which it continues until it joins the building on the east. Another starts from the opposite side, following the edge of the hill in like manner, but is at last lost under the green turf. Within the first-named rampart is an enclosure resembling a burial ground, but nothing definite has been brought to light respecting it. The site of the fort is not directly on the summit of the hill, but a little under, on a gentle slope, looking to the south. The materials of the structure are the rough unhewn limestone crags, &c., that have been scattered over the surface of the hill. There has been, as it is almost unnecessary to state, no mortar used, and there are no marks of vitrification, as seen in the ancient forts of Scotland. The strength of the position may be judged, when it is known that one side of the hill is nearly perpendicular, while the others are also somewhat abrupt and rough. The situation commands the whole of the surrounding country—a foe not being able to enter the valley at any point without being discovered. It will scarcely be an exaggeration to say that it holds an area of 50 miles under immediate survey. Near to the building, but to the foot of the perpendicular side of the hill, is a boggy place, where the water supply has most likely been obtained. The question to be settled is

the age of the remains, and this is perhaps not difficult to our leading archæologists. One thing seems clear, and that is, that at the issue of the Roman Conquest of Britain, the British in the upper portion of our valley must have been strongly intrenched somewhere. There was *no Roman road* through the valley to the Roman stations in the north. A British trench exists in Scale Park, near Kettlewell, which has evidently been intended to defend the district from attack by way of Coverdale, where at Thornton-Steward was a Roman camp, from which went a Roman road to Bracchium, now named Bainbridge. To protect the neighbourhood from attack from the latter place, the British had an encampment on the top of the Addleborough, sometimes called Aysgarth Moor. The fortress in Grass-Wood would be a kind of centre; and it is not improbable that it was one of the last places defended by the Brigantes, who were the last to yield to the Roman power, the proprætor, Petilius Cerealis, receiving their submission A.D., 70. It is hoped that proper excavations will be allowed to be made in the ruins, so that further light may be thrown upon them." To the archæologist the above ruins will form an interesting feature, when he is exploring the mazes of Grass-Wood. The late Rev. W. Carr, of Bolton, had always a dread of Grass-Wood becoming a formidable rival to Bolton, and he never could be induced to use his influence towards bringing it into notice. Such a fear was quite unworthy of so amiable a man. The beauties of Bolton will never pass away, although year after year Grass-Wood may find an increase of visitors, as it most assuredly will. The attractions of the two localities are widely different. Bolton is "beautiful exceedingly"—but it is not grand. With its Woods,

its Strid, its Valley of Desolation, its venerable Abbey, and its legends, it will always attract the tourist, the naturalist, the painter, and the poet. Grass-Wood is of a totally different character. It has its winding mossy paths, its deep dells, its *coves* like Dib Scar, Dew Bottom, and Gregory Scar, &c. But these attractions are only a small part of its beauties. From its elevations we have fine panoramic peeps into Littondale and Langstrothdale, and see before us the mountain scenery of the noblest portion of Wharfedale. The long line of the "Queen of Yorkshire rivers" we trace for miles before us; and where the deep-wooded valley only enables us to *hear*, we find on descending that the "*crystal*" stream hides itself in

———"Nooks that are of Arcady,
And dells that are as sweet and soft as dells may be."

—J. H. REYNOLDS.

But if Grass-Wood offer such attractions to the archæologist, the pleasure seeker, and the lover of the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, it has charms also for those who combine a love of scenery, with the study and pursuit of Natural History—a science that so enables us to

"Look through nature up to Nature's God."

Grass-Wood is also a *studio* for the geologist; and the botanist will find it an unrivalled field for the treasures that are so valued by the disciples of Linnæus and Murith.

A member of the Leeds Naturalists' Field Club gives some interesting notes of a recent visit to Grass-Wood. After describing the drive from Skipton to Grassington—

ground that *we* have already passed over—he says “the main features are the gently rounded hills, and the precipitous *scars*, the usual characteristics of the mountain-limestone districts of western Yorkshire.” He then remarks that “The geologists of the party readily discerned the traces of the great ice-sheet which once covered the north of England, in the rounded hills, and of the subsequent immersion of the district, when Upper Wharfedale was an arm or narrow in-let of the sea, and the various scars at Kilnsey, Arncliffe, and elsewhere, were worn away by the action of the waves.” After some flattering but just remarks on Mr. Harker and his residence, “The Old Hall,” the author thus continues his interesting remarks:—“The way led through some grazing fields to the banks of the Wharfe—the matchless river which gives no small portion of the beauty of the district. The ‘Queen of Yorkshire rivers’ is here an impetuous and unpolluted stream, rushing merrily over a rocky bed, and is well stocked with trout, numbers of which were seen during the ramble. The weather having been for some time previously very dry there was very little water in the Wharfe, and the party were thus enabled, not only to walk on a great portion of the river’s bed, but to observe the manner in which the groove of a river is worn out; numerous hollows were noticed, nearly circular in form, each with pebbles at the bottom, showing that when there is a freshet in the stream, the pebbles are whirled violently round the hollow, which is gradually enlarged by the friction. Some of these holes furnished an interesting study of one of the lower forms of vegetable life. Mr. Harker pointed out on the margins deposits of reddish looking matter, and ventured to believe that they were of vegetable

origin. This was subsequently confirmed by microscopical investigation by one of the party, who ascertained that it was a minute unicellular alga of the genus *Protococcus*, or closely allied thereto." "Every sweet has its sour," says an old Percyan ballad,—and so found our excursionists, for "considerable annoyance was experienced from the attacks of the *cleg*, that blood-sucking fly, which was in abundance."* The party, after leaving the upper wood, crossed the pleasant green shady lane that leads from Grassington to Coniston, and entered the lower wood. Here they perambulated through the pleasant meadows by the margin of the Wharfe, and passed through a thicket of hazel and undergrowth called Ghaistrills Wood.† The thickets were prolific in "wild flowers of all kinds," and "the botanist found here, and throughout the remainder of the day, a rather scarce rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), which seems to flourish to an unusual degree on the mountain limestone in this valley. They also picked up an interesting plant, the *Genista tinctoria*, or Dyer's weed. The beautiful little blue butterflies were noticed flitting about, and on the river's brink was observed, but not taken, the nest and eggs of the water hen." A descent was then made into *Low Grass Wood*, and the party made various interesting discoveries in botany, geology, entomology,

* This fly is the great annoyance to travellers in the Alps and Apennines, where the insect attains the size of the humble-bee.

† As an addition to what we have said at page 49 about this name, we add the following: "Kippletringan was distant at first 'a *gey* bit;' then the *gey* bit was more accurately described as 'aiblins three mile.'"—*Guy Mannering*, chap. I.

and ornithology. We cannot follow *all* these interesting particulars. We can only advise our friends to follow a good example; and inform them as an encouragement that "after a most delightful drive in the evening air, the members reached Leeds, highly delighted with the day's *outing*."*

In the above descriptions we have not parenthesed by our own remarks, the notice of the green lane between Grassington and Coniston. We will, however, return to it *now*! How it calls up forest days and stories of the "green-wood tree!" Here and there it is crossed by little streams which come silvering down from the hills, and ripple along

"Through verdurous glooms, and winding mossy way,"

—KEATS.

until they mingle with the "crystal Wharfe." Forest branches overshadow this charming country road, and the air is redolent with the perfumes of a thousand flowers, which, in the language of Clare—

———"are not flowers of pride,
For they grace the dingle's side."

A modern hall is seen to advantage from this road, although the view is only a *peep* through deep shadows that will not allow us a greater liberty. We allude to Netherside Hall, a building of Elizabethan architecture, and proudly placed on the summit of a lofty precipice, almost perpendicular. The aspect of the hall is most picturesque. It looks like a fortress of the middle

* Why does Craven not possess its "Field Naturalists' Club!" Is there no echo to our question from *Otterburn*?

ages, perched on some Alp or Appennine. All is ancient about its appearance, toned down by the storms and sunshines of half-a-century. There is nothing left to tell the stranger of its modern origin. The gipsies and potters love this old forest road, which has many a cozy nook admirably adapted for a camp; and particularly a bit of unenclosed green sloping to the edge of the river, and known as the "*Potters' Haunt*."* It commands a fine view. But

* The Potters are a nomadic race well-known in the north of England. They derive their name from being sellers and menders of *pots* and pans. Wordsworth's "*Peter Bell*" was one of the tribe, and his morality, before he heard what the poet calls

———"a fervent Methodist
Preaching to no heedless flock"

is a specimen of what we generally meet with amongst them. Attempts have been made to trace their history, but hitherto without success. The most common names are *Bell*, *Jollie*, *Storey*, *Younghusband*, *Birtwhistle*, *Cooper*, *Stanley*, *Swales*, *Ibbotson*, and *Bickerdike*. There may be other surnames. Are the Potters gipsies? The gipsies disown them. But as two or three of the tribes have gipsy names, it is probable that some of the gangs may either be of gipsy origin, or from intermarriages have assumed gipsy names, for the Potters do not speak the gipsy language. Some suppose that the Potters are descended from the border *moss-troopers*, and that most of their names are assumptive, adopted when the union between England and Scotland rendered *cattle-lifting* a somewhat hazardous undertaking. Like the gipsies the Potters have

———"great skill in palmistry,"

which they accompany with the same *lingo* of "a dark man," an "enemy that you will get the better of," &c., &c. They respect all the rites of the Established Church and eschew Dissent! A good story is told of a baptism at Hubberholm.

we have now reached the termination of the parish of Linton, and must retrace our steps, for we have much to say in and about it.

The name of Linton is derived by Dr. Whitaker from the *line* or flax, which at one time, along with hemp, was grown in considerable quantities within the township, and was spun and prepared by the inhabitants. This may be correct. But *lin* has other meanings. It signifies *dead*. In West country dialect such is its old British meaning. It also, in the north, signifies a deep pool, beneath a waterfall, as in the old ballad :—

“ Fetch the sickle to crop the nettle
That grows beside the *lin*.”

In Burns's “Braw Wooer” we have the same meaning. We must, however, admit that a pool, beneath a waterfall, is with us a *lum* and not a *lin*. There is much in favour of Dr. Whitaker's derivation; but with such different significations to the prefix *lin*, we should not be too positive, but preserve a modest doubt. The village of Linton lies in a hollow of the dale to which it gives a name. It is well sheltered by the surround-

The name of “*Amorous*” was given to the late Rev. Mr. Linley, and so the child (a Stanley) was so named! A short time afterwards the father called on the clergyman to have the name changed to *Ambrose*! Mr. Linley said he could not alter the register, and that the child must be *amorous* to the end of his days! As the father departed, Mr. Linley said—“*When that child grows up, keep him out of the way of the servant maids!*” The child did “grow up” and stuck to his registered name. There are hundreds who have seen the dalescart of “AMOROUS STANLEY, *Licensed Hawker*.” We have often encountered it, and read the above inscription.

ing hills. The high grounds of Skirethorns and Bordley are on one side; on another the Wharfe is hid by the dangerous steep of Great Bank; and the distant fells of Rylstone and Thorpe bound the dale in another direction. The village has some old and comfortable homesteads, amongst which are two houses of some pretention, and also two manses or parsonage houses for the two rectors of the parish. In the midst of the village is a moorland-born rivulet, a tributary to the Aire, although at so slight a distance from the Wharfe. The houses are on each side of this stream, over which is a substantial and picturesque looking stone bridge for foot passengers; and also a bridge of meaner pretentions, or rather some roofed "hipping stones." This latter is impassable during floods, or when the waters overflow their channels. A carriage bridge is much wanted, for the highway on each side of the stream is bounded by a *ford*. A little anecdote may come in here. Some half-a-century ago or more Craven had a rat and mole catcher called *Moses*. It was his christian name—his surname we never heard. He was after the manner of his tribe an eccentric. In his discourse he, like John Bunyan, dealt in similitudes. It was always "*Now! that puts me in mind of.*" On one occasion when crossing the ford, he slipped and fell amongst the water weeds at the edge. "What does that put you in mind of?" asked some rude youths stationed on the hipping-stone bridge, "Why," said the rat-catcher, "*Moses among the bulrushes!*" a *cute* response, that shewed the rat-catcher was no fool!

The Fountayne family had formerly large possessions at and near Linton, and by them the hospital was founded A.D. 1721. The building, which is said to be a copy from a design of Inigo Jones, has accom-

modation for six. A chapel served by the parochial clergy is attached. It has never been consecrated, and consequently does not possess the *sacramentalia*.

In bygone times Linton was the seat of a family called *Dakyn* or *Dakin* or *Daykin*—for the name is given in all these variations, of orthography. The family had a remarkable motto, viz. : “*Stryke Dakyn ! the Devil is in the hempe !*” A tradition that attempts to explain so strange a legend is embodied in the following story, which was communicated to us *orally* by the late Daniel Cooper, of Linton. As Daniel possessed the inventive faculty in a high degree, it is impossible to say what is really *traditionary*, and what are modern additions by himself!

GILES DAYKIN, THE HEMP-GROWER, OF LINTON,
OR “THE DEVIL IN THE HEMP.”

It was a busy day at Linton !

Giles Daykin entertained four of his customers, who six weeks previously had purchased a quantity of hemp, and had now come to settle their bills at the appointed time.

Mr. Daykin was a person of some importance. Though he assumed no higher appellation than that of *Yeoman*—for squires were rare in his days—he was the representative of an ancient race of “statesmen,”* who from a

* The term “*Statesman*” was formerly applied to an owner of landed property. Mrs. Cappe, in her memoirs, has some interesting remarks on the *Craven Statesmen*. The appellation with us has almost disappeared, but in some remote localities we still hear of “Statesmen——.” Our members of Parliament are *Statesmen*, because formerly they were required to have an *estate* or real property qualification.

distant date had been looked up to as lords of the village.

The mansion of the Daykin family was called "Linton Hall." Its exact position is unknown. There are many old dwellings, on which we could form plausible conjectures, and indulge in freaks of fancy ; but the probability is, that the *hall* of the Dakyn family no longer exists, having been swept away in some of the many mutations that have occurred in the village since the reign of Henry the Sixth,—the period of our narrative. Some have supposed that the hospital occupies the site.

Giles Daykin was a great grower of hemp ; and several acres in Lintondale that are now rich pastures and green meadows, were covered by his crops.

The business of the day being settled to the entire satisfaction of vendor and purchasers, the guests were invited to a stroll in the garden and shrubberies, so that no interruption might be given while the servants were engaged in the important duty of arranging the dinner-table.

We have stated that the customers were four in number ; *five* individuals, however, had been present. The fifth, who was a stranger—for such he was at least to Mr. Daykin—had a forbidding look ; and though we ought not to condemn a man for his appearance, we must own there was a something about his physiognomy that savoured of Harribee and its "tree," and was anything but prepossessing, or calculated to inspire confidence.

The hemp-grower wondered by whom the mysterious stranger had been introduced ; for it was taken for granted, that he was a friend of one of the purchasers.

When the dinner-bell summoned, and the guests were seated, one of their chairs remained vacant. The stranger had departed! and his skedaddling had been effected in so quiet a manner, that no one was aware of it, until Mr. Daykin asked "*What has become of our silent friend?*"

"He is no friend of mine," said Jacob Myers, the rope-maker, of Skipton—a negation that was echoed by all the other guests.

Mr. Daykin remarked that "the presence of a stranger, and at a time when large sums were changing hands, was certainly extraordinary, and he knew not what to think!"

"I have an idea," said Mr. Ezra Buck, the rope-maker, of Kildwick, "that the stranger made a mistake, and entered the Hall supposing the funeral hatchment over the door to be the sign of an Inn."

The hatchment was one in memory of the late wife of Mr. Daykin, and was formed of the family arms and a *memento mori* motto.

Mr. Buck's *idea* was a very charitable one; but the winks and nods of his fellow tradesmen showed that it was not acquiesced in.

"As we are on *ideas*," said Mr. Wilfrid Smith, of Settle, "I will give you *mine*. That stranger is, in *my* idea, no good! I observed how he glowered at the golden marks as they were counted; and how his eyes followed Mr. Daykin when he left the room with the money bag!"

"Well," said Mr. Daykin, "whoever he is, or what may be his business, is of no importance to me! He

is gone, and should he return—even if it be in a questionable shape—I shall know how to receive him! We can make ourselves merry without the presence of a dummy—yes! I say a *dummy*—for he never uttered a word all the time he was at the table!”

The dinner—a substantial one—was followed by the introduction of home-brewed October ale, served in massy silver loving-cups—a bowl and ladle on the middle of the *board*, presenting a stronger libation for those who preferred Punch! We need hardly say that ample justice was done to the drinks; for, in those days, we had neither Good Templars, nor teetotallers nor Rechabites! All was merriment and jollity; common-place toasts were given, mingled with loyal Church-and-State “healths,” country songs and tales,—which latter, though generally of a somewhat remote antiquity, were “ever charming, ever new,” at such festive gatherings!

Mr. Myers, who had a good long-bow reputation, was in the midst of a somewhat long and prosy personal highway adventure, when a slight interruption was caused by the entry of one of the household. A letter was handed to Mr. Daykin. It had been brought by a horseman, who would not wait for an answer, but rode off at a quick pace. The servant said that the rider resembled a gipsy or potter, and had a face almost concealed by long black glossy curls. The horse was a rough-coated galloway. This was all that the servant could say. Mr. Daykin examined the address, in which he found himself doubly honoured; for he was dubbed both “mistar” and “squiar!” Mr. Daykin did not break the *seal*—for there was none! The fastening was a wafer, one half of which obtruded, and

bore the impress of a dirty finger or thumb. "This," said he, "is the strangest letter I ever received—brought by a horseman, too! What can it mean?" There is only one sentence in it—"STRYKE DAYKIN! FOR Y^E DEVILLE WILL BE IN Y^E HEMPE!"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Myers, after giving a side-long glance over Mr. Daykin's shoulders—"but is there not a picture? What is *it* about?"

"True!" said Mr. Daykin, "there is a large figure of 2, which is followed by a rude representation of a man in armour. I suppose that my anonymous scribe has for economy used a sheet of paper on which some child has been amusing himself with arithmetic and drawing, for I do not see how the figure and the picture can have any connection with the unmeaning sentence!"

"But *I* do," said Mr. Buck; "the number and the drawing are intended for a rebus; and the key is a finish* to the sentence!"

"And how do you make *that* out?" asked Mr. Daykin.

* This word calls up a reminiscence of an old schoolmaster, who, half a century ago, had a sort of infantine hedge-school at or near Stirton. When any one called to inspect his school, a sharp boy or girl (for both sexes were instructed), was brought forward and asked to spell *finish*, and the clever child would say, "f, i, n, i, s." This used to be followed by "what is the name of the King?—the answer was, "*Mr. George Rex.*" This worthy village pedagogue had no corporal punishment. The naughty girls stood in a corner with a *block* (a piece of wood) round the neck. The boys had an old frock put over their clothes, to which a dirty bonnet formed a head-piece! In this dress they had to sit amongst the girls and darn an old stocking—a dreadful punishment!

"Very easily! 2 is *to*; and the figure is that of a *Knight*; the meaning of the whole is that the devil—meaning perhaps a *robber*—will be concealed 'to-night' in the large lot of hemp that lies in a corner of the granary floor! that is—he will be concealed until he can, with safety, emerge to execute his plans!"

"The explanation is plausible," said Mr. Daykin, "but if it be a true one, I cannot avoid asking why my correspondent should not have *written* 'to-night' instead of indulging in the strange freak of an awkward enigma, that sets orthography at defiance?"

"The reason is perfectly clear," said Mr. Buck, "the rebus was to *set* you a-thinking, and cause the sentence to remain better fixed in your memory. It convinces me that the warning is one not to be slighted."

After a few more observations, Mr. Daykin said that he would accept the interpretation, although by no means convinced of the solution; and if the hemp should conceal a thief—the fellow should only quit it for a cord of the same material! "Yes," said he, "the sentence of the letter shall undergo a change—there shall be no '*will be*!' the warning shall be, 'Stryke Daykin! for the Devil *is* in the hemp!'"

The *laithe* of Giles Daykin was the same sort of building which we find in Craven and in all Celtic countries, and particularly in Scandinavia at the present day. The dwelling-house and the adjoining farm buildings were under one roof, and formed three sides of a square, two of which were occupied by the Hall, while the third was the *laithe*. In the middle of the last-named part was the granary floor, with its huge folding doors, facing the highway, or, as it was called,

the "town-gate." On one side of the floor was the mistal, shippon or cow-house—the opposite one being the stable, with stallage for six horses, or, as they were then designated, "*yauds*." The floors above the mistal and stable were the hay and hemp mows. The last named place was empty, all the hemp having been sold, except the lot that lay in one of the corners of the granary floor.

The rope-makers offered to stay and aid in case of an attack, but Mr. Daykin had his farm servants, who were strong, active fellows, and so did not think it necessary.

They accordingly departed at an early hour, having previously assisted in an examination of the laithe, where all was found in its usual state. The hemp was carefully scrutinised, but nothing was found within or beneath it. During the investigation, some amusement was caused at a feat of Mr. Daykin, who attached a noosed rope to the principal beam of the building, and said that it was "as well to have all ready"—an observation followed by his singing a verse of an old north country ditty called "*The Collier's Rant*."

"As me an my marrow were ganning to wark,
We met with the Devil, it was in the dark;
We met with the Devil, it was i' the neet;
I knocked of his horns, likewise his club-feet!
Follow the horses, Johnnie, my Lad O!"*

A short distance from Linton Hall was "*The Fountayne Arms*," a village hostelrie, conducted by its

* The whole of this song may be found in any North country Song Book.

jolly proprietor and landlord, Boniface Platts. The house was well frequented, owing to the wit and humour of mine host and his son, and the beauty and agreeable manners of his daughter, whose

“Cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile.”

—SOUTHEY.

The excellence of the drinks—particularly of the ale and sack—was another attraction. Mr. Daykin generally paid an evening visit to the Fountayne Arms, where he would talk over the news of the day, and listen to the village chat, or to some political intelligence brought by pack-horsemen and carriers. In those days Newspapers were unknown, and we had neither winged *Mercuries* nor *Pioneers*. Gossip was the only way, in so remote a village as Linton, of knowing what was going on in London town, or in equally distant parts. Mr. Daykin had no other motive in the present visit; and, therefore he was somewhat surprised at finding his customers in the inn, and hearing why they had not pursued their homeward journey. Two suspicious strangers were in a private room, and a third, of whom they had caught a glimpse, had taken his departure, after purchasing a cow's hide of the landlord, who was a butcher as well as a sutler.

“We have come to the conclusion,” said Mr. Myers, addressing himself to Mr. Daykin, “that the cow's hide has something to do with the *devil in the hemp*; and we are certain that the purchaser is the same man who was in the room during the settlement of our bills. Nay, more. We have been indulging in a little pardonable eaves-dropping and keyhole peeping.

and our suspicions are tolerably well confirmed. Therefore, after having taken the precaution to place our horses in safety, we have resolved to stay all night, and assist in repelling any attack that may be made on yourself or property. When the strangers leave we will follow them cautiously." The landlord added in a whisper, "the village is roused, for I have spoken to Samson Strong, the blacksmith, and to several other frequenters of the Fountayne Arms; so, depend upon it, if the strangers attempt any mischief, they will be thwarted!"

When Mr. Daykin visited the Inn it was twilight hour, and the Angelus was faintly sounding from the little campanile of the parish church of St. Michael, and from the more distant towers of St. Wilfred and St. Peter.

The season was autumn, and Mr. Daykin, on his return, found that a somewhat sombre sunset had been followed by a thick drizzling mist, that not only hid the tall fells and moorlands of the dale, but so obscured the houses of the village, that their position was only known by the taper lights that twinkled through the mullioned casements.

Mr. Daykin, instead of entering his house, proceeded to the laithe, where a small door, that gave admittance to the stable, was always open. A slight stumble that he made, was followed by a rustling of the hemp, and a figure, holding a dark lantern and a horse pistol, issued from it. The bearer, although enveloped in a cow's hide, was recognised as the stranger of the morning. The bull's eye was slightly turned on towards every corner of the building, but no shadow was cast on Mr. Daykin, who had prudently

retreated outside the stable door, which he locked, and where, through a crevice, he had a view of all that occurred. He was no coward, but he was not inclined to engage in an unequal contest.

The stranger seemed to take an interest in the suspended rope, for he paused a few minutes before it, and examined the noose; evidently wondering by whom, and for what purpose it had been placed. Perhaps his musings were prophetic, and mingled with a thought that oftentimes "coming events cast their shadows before!" The noosed rope, however, was allowed to remain; and so, his survey at an end, he sought his couch, and covered himself with the hemp, as he bestowed an audible malediction on the rats, whose gambols, he supposed, had disturbed his siesta.

He, however, was ill at ease, and so he issued forth again to inspect the noosed rope—but, lo! it was no longer there! Like the visionary dagger of Macbeth, it had disappeared! This mysterious incident made the stranger tremble and turn pale; and so, when he returned to his couch, it was with awful forebodings of some dire mishap. The mystery was easily explained. An inquisitive farm boy had followed his master, and sitting astride on one of the bawks, which he made his observatory, soon discerned all that was taking place. It was this prying youth who drew up the rope, and so not only frightened the stranger, but almost induced Mr. Daykin to believe that the laithe was really *haunted*, as village crones always asserted it to be.

"Early to bed, and early to rise" (that oft-quoted axiom of a later day) was the custom of Linton. Ten o'clock was a somewhat late hour of the evening for

retiring to rest during the summer months. At other seasons, the villagers sought their beds at nine, and frequently at the *Ave Maria*. On the eventful autumn evening of our narrative, the village had the appearance of being "rapt in quiet sleep"—but it was in *appearance* only. No faint gleam was shed from dying embers; no tapers shone through cottage windows—all was quiet and still. But there were eager watchers all around, and few, if any, of the villagers had really retired to rest. The strangers had sought their chambers as a "make-believe," for it was only to extinguish the lights, and make a quiet exit from the windows. They then approached the laithe and gave a gentle tap, which was answered from within. The occupant of the hemp immediately emerged, enveloped in his cow-hide covering, which, in the opinion of his companions, gave him a truly diabolical appearance, and was quite sufficient to scare a whole village out of its wits. The sham Devil, however, was not in the best of humours, for the mysterious disappearance of the noosed rope was uppermost in his thoughts. His companions treated the matter lightly, and considered it the result of a dream. They said that a spirit ought not to allow his equilibrium to be disturbed by such trifles! The party next proceeded to the dining-room window. It was a bay, in one portion of which was a hinged opening, large enough to admit any ordinary-sized person. The window was a few yards from the ground, and so it was necessary to render a little assistance to reach it. This was done by mounting the robber shoulder high, who, finding himself in a good position for effecting an entry, said "All is right; I have a hand on the window sill, and can easily enter the room." These words were

no sooner uttered, than they were followed by a somewhat loud articulation of the fourth vowel, and an accompanying fall to the ground.

Such a tragical ending to what was no doubt considered a well-concocted plan, was caused by a heavy blow from a heavy cudgel, wielded with an unerring aim at the robber's hand, by some one within the chamber.

Then came a cry of "Treason! we are betrayed! It is Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy moss-trooper, and his gang, who have done this, but—" The remainder of the sentence was lost. A noisy crowd was at hand, and all the robbers were prisoners.

"Take those rascals to the granary floor," cried a strange looking personage, who rode into the throng mounted on a shaggy Scotch galloway. "It is my Court of Justice, where I shall adminster Jedburg law* *to-night!*" The speaker laid a stress on the last words, and gave a significant glance to Mr. Daykin, who approached and said: "Excuse me, my friend, when I remind you that the laithe is my property, and I protest against any such usage. Jedburg-law does not prevail *here*; let the prisoners be handed over to the ordinary tribunals.

"No, no!" responded the horseman, addressing the crowd, "I shall decide this business; but as Mr. Daykin objects to a temporary occupation of a building that was to have been burnt down to-night, I will hold my court beneath the broad canopy of heaven. The glorious stars and I are no strangers! Let us, there-

* Jedburg-law was "hang first and try afterwards."

fore, seek the village green." On arriving there, the horseman said: "I condemn that fellow to be hanged" (pointing to the cow-hide masquerador). "We have found loaded pistols upon him. I decree that the sentence shall be carried into effect without loss of time. He can be tried afterwards!" Mr. Daykin again protested, but it was in vain. The throng uttered a loud shout of "*Bravo! bravo!*" There was a rush to the laithe. The usual preliminaries were soon made; the noose was properly adjusted, and in two or three seconds after he had finished his "neck-verse," all was over.

"Did we do right," asked one of the crowd, "to hang him in his cow's-hide covering?" "Perfectly so," replied the horseman, "it will serve for a court-dress when he attends the levees of King Beelzebub!" The witticism caused a loud laugh, and a shout of exultation, after which a second adjournment was made to the Green, when the horseman turned to the other robbers, and said: "You are only young hands, you are not so guilty as the man who swings in the granary—'The Devil in the hemp!' You shall not be hanged at present. But I order, as an example to others, that you be well ducked in yonder stream; and then, that from head to foot you be covered with tar and feathers, and set at liberty."

"We have plenty of tar," cried a voice from the crowd, "but we have no feathers! We have, however, lots of wool." "That will be a good substitute," said the horseman, "and will do exceeding well. The only difference will be that instead of making two pretty birds, we shall make two pretty beasts."

Every village in old times had its legalised ducking place; and that of Linton, with pulley, rope, and stool, was always ready for use. The ducking stool, like the stocks, existed more by custom, than by any *lex scripta*. The recipients of both punishments were of the same class. Females, however, were only treated to the stool. The crimes punished were profane swearing, drunkenness, brawling, and scolding. Thieves were not let off so easily—for them there was always the rope. An old Latin and English Delectus says: "Brawlers and Scolds are ducked. Thieves are hanged!"

The night was foggy, the air was chill, and the water was anything but warm; the punishment, although it amused the spectators, was certainly not relished by the patients themselves. Bad, however, as it was, the infliction of the tar and wool was infinitely worse. What became of the decorated robbers we cannot say. We only know that they left Linton, figures of fun, and amidst the jibes and jeers of the villagers, and that on the next morn a Grassington tailor, while wandering in Grass-Wood in search of a lost goose, was scared by the presence of two bears—animals by no means common in that locality.

There are certain mysteries in the foregoing narrative that we cannot explain, after the mode that Mrs. Radcliffe* deals with those of her *Udolpho*. Who was

* This lady, if not a Cravener, was connected with the district. A Mr. *Holmes*, who was landlord of the Black Horse at the commencement of the present century, was her cousin—he was brother to a Mrs. Whiteoak (a widow) who claimed the same relationship.

the stranger horseman, with his black curls, and his shaggy galloway? If he was Johnnie Faa, the celebrated gipsy moss-trooper, how did he become acquainted with the robber's plans? And why did he, a moss-trooper, a cattle-lifter, and a border-raider, become the honest protector of Mr. Daykin? And then there is another unravelled mystery. The names of the three robbers never transpired, although tradition says that on the events reaching the Sheriff of Yorkshire, he visited Linton with the Coroner of the district, and a *posse comitatus* of javelin men, sheriff's officers, trumpeters, &c. The only result of the inquest was the complete exoneration of Mr. Daykin, and an order for the arrest of "certain persons unknown," and particularly of the man with the black curls.

It has been surmised that the protection and defence of Mr. Daykin was the result of "one good turn deserving another." It was well known that Johnnie Faa was a famed chieftain of the gipsies, a much persecuted race in the days of old, but who had always been protected by the Daykin family, and allowed to encamp in their fields. But vain is all surmise. The above events were mysteries that could not be unravelled at the time of their occurrence. The solution is more difficult—nay, impossible—now, when they are enveloped in the thick mist of ages.

Mr. Giles Daykin had an only son, who at the time of these village events, was resident in London as apprentice to a drysalter. The lad, after his servitude, became a partner, and married the daughter of his late master. It is recorded, that after the acceptance of Aldermanic honours, he became High Sheriff. He had then to sport a carriage, and have a coat of arms

emblazoned on its pannels! The Daykin arms, like many ancient bearings, had never been enrolled in the Herald's colleges. But a usage of several generations, and a Norman-claimed origin for the family, caused a confirmation to be easily obtained, and without any obstacle being started. The only collegiate objection was—not the arms, but to the motto, the retention of which was insisted upon by Giles Daykin the younger. It was the legend of "*Stryke Daykin! for y^e Deville is in y^e Hemp!*" The Heralds took time to consider. But a full explanation being afforded, the Court of Chivalry yielded to the wishes of the hop-grower's son. The descendants of the old Yorkshire family, who at the present day are said to be located in London, and in other parts of the South of England, have continued to bear the remarkable motto. *This is no fiction!* Various Heraldical books bear out the assertion. The Daykin family is no longer at Linton; unless certain humble bearers of the name (by no means a common one) can claim a descent from the ancient stock. Tradition says that they are justified in so doing, and are one of many examples of an ancient race dwindled down to peasants, and tenant-cultivators of lands, which were long the freehold property of their ancient and honourable ancestry. The family has been more fortunate elsewhere.

An Heraldical Work contains the following extract, which we give, although it is at variance with our narrative:—"There was formerly at Linton in Craven, a family of some importance called DAYKYN, who are said to have been great growers of flax and hemp. Their motto was a remarkable one, 'STRYKE DAYKYN, Y^E DEVILLE IS IN Y^E HEMP!' It is not stated how such a phrase originated, nor at what period it was

adopted. The name of *Daykyn* still exists (in Linton), and it is not improbable that those who bear it, may be descendants of an ancient family, now reduced to peasants.”*

Since we wrote the above, a much respected and learned correspondent has favoured us with an extract from “*Stogans of the North of England*, by Michael Aislabie Denham :” Newcastle-on-Tyne, G. B. Richardson, 1851. The origin of the strange motto of the Daykins of Linton is accounted for in a different manner to what it is in our village legend *ut supra*. Mr. Denham says : “The strangest of all Northern mottoes, ‘Strike Daykeyne the Devil’s in the Hempe?’ which is noticed as a curiosity in Heraldry, by Mark Antony Lower, is, I believe, first found in a grant of arms by Flower, in 1563, to Arthur Dakyns, Esq., of Linton, and Hackness in Holderness. Arthur Dakyns was a general in the army ; but as two or three centuries ago generals commanded on sea as well as on land, I imagine that he had distinguished himself in some gallant fight against the Spaniards, wherein all the turning part of the victory consisted in cutting some portion of a ship’s hempen sail or cordage. The crest always (?) consorted with the motto—out of a naval coronet springs an arm brandishing a hatchet, and preparing to strike.”

* This extract was made many years ago, from a work in the Museum-Library. Unfortunately, when we transcribed it to our common-place book, we forgot to insert the name of the Heraldical Work that we made use of. We are, however, quite certain that the extract is given *verbatim et literatim*. The statement is said to be in other works, besides the one from which we transcribed. But our search has not been continued.

It will be seen that Mr. Denham, in the above extract, has nothing certain to guide him. It is all "*I believe*," and "*I imagine*," and "*some gallant fight*," &c. In fact, Mr. Denham's explanation is all *guess-work*, and not a whit more credible than our village legend.

In *Notes and Queries*, Oct., 1854, is a communication from a Mr. *Octavius Deacon*, whose family has the same motto; and he gives a family tradition as to the origin! We are treated as in the extract from Mr. Denham's book, to a naval fight, and the cutting of an enemy's hempen cable amidst the cries of "*Strike Deacon, the Devil's in the Hempe*." We reject Mr. Deacon's account *in toto*, because *Deacon* is not *Dakyn*, and there is evidently assumption of arms that belong to another family. If Mr. Deacon had asserted and proved that the ancient name of his family was *Dakyn* or *Dakyns* we should have given some degree of credence to his traditional statement. But he does not do anything of the kind!





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Parish Church of Saint Michael, which derives its name from the village of Linton, is on the banks of the Wharfe, and about half-way between Linton and Grassington, and an equal distance from Threshfield and Skirethornes. Before the erection of the Worsted Mill, the Mill Cottages, and Holm-House, the situation of the church must have been perfectly solitary. A portion of the edifice is of great antiquity; two rounded arches supported by short cylindrical columns are evidently of Saxon origin. The arches resemble those in the west cloister of Fountains Abbey; and are such as were in use long before the Norman era. Indeed, the style marks a transition between Roman and Byzantine architecture.

Linton Church was for a long period sadly in want of repairs. Some half a century ago, it was "*beautified and repaired*" by the then churchwardens. A Venetian window was substituted for an elegant one of perpendicular gothic, that gave light to the altar, and some large square glass sashes between the chancel and the nave were inserted to give light to the parson, and were quite in character with the monstrosity above the

altar! A splendid oak roof was hid by a ceiling of lath and plaister. This was to give warmth. And the interior of the church was filled with high-backed pews, one of which was *modern*, and erected long after the above "beautifying," and, it is said, to honour a patron who never set foot in the parish, and was only represented by a brass-plate. Happily, Linton Church has experienced a change; and the work of restoration has been so well accomplished, and with such exquisite taste, that *now* it is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical edifices in Wharfedale. The parish of Linton, like that of Burnsall, has two rectors, and formerly each rector had his reading desk with pulpit. The church lacks a tower. It has only a paltry campanile.

In 1776 died the Rev. Benjamin Smith, B.D., rector of one mediety of Linton. Whitaker gives an interesting account of this extraordinary or rather eccentric character. Mr. Smith (or as he was sometimes called *Doctor Smith*), was nephew, by the half blood, to the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton; for Robert Newton, Esquire, of Coltersworth, father of the great astronomer, died soon after the death of his son, and Mrs. Newton, the widow and a cousin, married the Rev. Benjamin Smith, rector of North Witham. One of her sons was the father of the rector of Linton, who was born at or near Stamford, about the year 1700, and, from the age of 13 till the death of Sir Isaac in 1726, resided with him. Mr. Smith used to represent Sir Isaac as corpulent, but active. He said that Doctor Samuel Clarke, the celebrated Arian rector of St. James's, Westminster, frequently dined with Sir Isaac, who called him his chaplain. Doctor Clarke was a man of mild manners and lively conversation. He published a reformed liturgy founded on the Book of Common Prayer, and

which, with certain modifications, was afterwards adopted by the ex-Vicar of Catterick, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, M.A., at the Unitarian Chapel he founded in Essex Street, Strand, London. Orthodox churchmen called the book "*The Deformed Liturgy!* There has been much discussion as to the religious opinions of Newton; but when the above intimacy with Dr. Clarke, and jokes about the chaplaincy are placed in juxtaposition with the account of Sir Isaac prefixed to the writings of his friend, Hopton Haynes, Master of the Mint, and with Sir Isaac's own work "*On three remarkable corruptions of Scripture,*" little doubt can exist that the great man was an Arian, of the same kind as Milton. A little before Sir Isaac's death, Mr. Smith was admitted Fellow Commoner at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Sir Isaac left him about £500 per annum, the value of real estates in the counties of Nottingham and Rutland. Mr. Smith now became a traveller, and resided two years at Paris, and three at Rome. At the former city he became acquainted with Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke and Lord Chancellor. In 1732 he returned to England with a greatly diminished fortune. He now took holy orders; and having in his possession Newton's *Commentary on Daniel* (a work by no means *orthodox*), he published it with a dedication to the Lord Chancellor, on the assurance that the result would be the presentation to a living. The scheme succeeded; but alas! the living was a mediety of Linton, worth at that time, according to Whitaker, not more than £100 per annum! This statement of our historian is what we do not understand. There seems some mistake. The two medieties of Linton have always been worth more than £600 per annum. Mr. Smith's mediety must have been worth, at least,

£300 per annum, that is, if *our* information be correct.

It has been supposed that Mr. Smith was infected with the *Arian heresy*, as it was called. In those days a large portion of the High Church party (the section to which Mr. Smith belonged) were avowed supporters of Arian opinions. Mr. Smith was *more* than a *suspected* man; and the Lord Chancellor (although himself suspected of holding similar opinions!) did not dare to thrust Mr. Smith into any very prominent position. Linton was therefore deemed the proper place for an heterodox clergyman, and where any *ism* might be preached in perfect safety. Poor Smith! he took possession of his *mediety* with a heavy heart. The first thing he did, after arriving amongst what he called "a lot of cabbage-stalks," was to board up the windows of his parsonage-house at Linton, and take a humble lodging in a peasant's cottage, which was his abode for four years. He then took possession of the barricaded dwelling; and fitting up a chamber for a study, with his bedroom adjoining, and a closet for a learned attendant, and another for a female domestic, he resided there for the remainder of his life. Mr. Smith was much annoyed by parish gossip about his female domestic. It was said in the most open manner that she was his mistress. The story has been revived by a modern writer in *Notes and Queries*; but the report was probably a vile calumny got up by the "cabbage-stalks!" Mr. Smith's only answer was: "There is no person in the county, whose household is more morally conducted than mine is." Mr. Smith's male attendant was a Greek and Latin scholar, who used to read to him from the best classic authors. By adverse circumstances (but what these were we are not informed) he was reduced to extreme

poverty, and distress. He made several appeals for promotion, but without success. It is easy to divine the cause. His temper was soured by disappointment; he despised his flock, from whom there was no escape! Their habits, their costume, and, above all, their dialect, were objects of his derision. He called them "*baptized brutes*," and they, in return, regarded him with dislike, and treated him with disrespect. In a letter, still existing, he says: "Instead of cultivated society, I have been driven to herd with baptized brutes. When I was gaping for a *pair of colours*, I have been thrust into a tub." From this we may glean that Mr. Smith when he was ordained, would have preferred the position of an ensign or standard bearer, or that of an army chaplain. With all his asceticism of character, he was not without many redeeming qualities. Although he complained of poverty, his purse was never closed when he heard of any case of distress amongst his parishioners. He was no greedy grasper when collecting his tithes and dues, although every farthing was an object. *He* never had recourse to legal proceedings—no proctor ever served a citation from him. On one occasion when a farmer pleaded poverty as an excuse for non-payment of tithes, he said: "I believe you, poor fellow; take your own time!" On another occasion, when he knew the poverty of the parties, he refused the marriage fee, and said: "Go your way, poor wretches; I've done you mischief enough already; you've no money to spare."

The late Rev. William Sheepshanks, A.M., Prebendary of Carlisle, who supplied Dr. Whitaker with several of the above particulars, says: "Among Mr. Smith's papers, were several letters from Sir Isaac Newton. In these he addressed his nephew by the familiar name

of Ben, and pressed him to choose a profession.* *There was some vulgar phraseology in them which induced me to burn them*" (!!) It would have been more satisfactory if the Prebendary, before he sat in judgment on Newton, and committed the incendiary act, had allowed an inspection of the letters, and permitted others to form an opinion as to Newton's *vulgarity*. We fear that it consisted in theological sentiment, and that Sir Isaac's letters were burnt because they contained doctrines that were at variance with those held by the Carlisle Prebendary. Sir Isaac was one of the most pure-minded of men, and an unmeaning and unexplained dictum of Mr. Sheepshanks will not alter our opinion.

The above act of clerical incendiarism reminds us of the conduct of another clergyman, and which forms a striking contrast to that of the Prebendary. When the late Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, was librarian to George the Fourth, he discovered, amongst the State-papers, an M.S. in latin, entitled "*A Treatise on Christian Doctrine—The Author, John Milton.*" Dr. Sumner was a Low Churchman—a Calvinistic Evangelical—and the *Treatise* was of the most heterodox description. But he did not put it in the fire, as he might have done, and with perfect safety to himself; for no one, but the finder, had any knowledge of the M.S. What did Dr. Sumner do? He published a translation, which appeared simultaneously with a printed copy of the Latin text. Milton, in this treatise, impugned the doctrine of the Trinity, and several other orthodox doctrines; and, moreover, he actually defended and supported Poly-

* Some of these letters were evidently addressed to Mr. Smith during his college days, and before he had "chosen a profession." Others were, probably, addressed to the Rector of Linton.

gamy; and yet with all these errors before him, an Evangelical Clergyman about to be made a Bishop edited the work, because it had emanated from MILTON. How noble appears the conduct of the late Bishop of Winchester! How little that of the Prebendary presiding over his literary *auto-da-fe*!

Mr. Smith died January, 1776, and was interred in the chancel of his own church.

When we first knew the parish of Linton, it had several very old inhabitants who remembered Mr. Smith; and they one and all spoke of him with respect and cast no reflection whatever on his moral character. They would say he was a queer gentleman, but not a bad one with those who knew how to humour him. In tracing the history of such an individual, we must not forget with what he—a perfect gentleman—had to contend. We must picture the crosses, and disappointments, of his early career, and what the parish of Linton was when Mr. Smith was sent there an unwilling pastor. It was not the Linton of the present day—it was not a place for the fellow of a college, for an M.A. and a B.D.—for a gentleman of extensive learning, who in his leisure hours pondered over the divine conceptions of the Greek Dramatists, and the orators and poets of glorious old heathen Rome. It was necessity alone that compelled him to accept a mediety of Linton. Sir Isaac Newton has thus spoken of Mr. Smith—"He is a man of wit, possessing great powers of conversation." Mr. Smith was a poet. We cannot give any of his lyrics, but many years ago, we perused one or two, and we remember that they were *very good*. We can also call to mind a humorous song on "*Orpheus and Eurydice*," but we do not possess a copy. We

believe that it has appeared in some recent University collection, and that it was inserted in an early number of *Notes and Queries*—but we cannot find it.

In the parish of Linton linger many remains of ancient superstition. The Grammar School at Threshfield Wharfe, is a venerable Elizabethan edifice, haunted by a creature called "*Old Pam*." The history of this mysterious personage is mixed up with an incident in the life of Mr. Smith, who, judging from an M.S. of which we have had the loan, appears to have been jocular on the subject of village apparitions. Mr. Smith says, "Ghosts are of various orders and degrees. One specimen of the *genus*, always appears in a white sheet, and is accompanied by chains and blue fire ! There is a caricature of this species, called a *goblin*, which has a black face and blazing eyes, and is given to bellowing. This sort sometimes rides through the air on an illuminated broom-stick. A *Bogie* is another species ; it is always black, and in the form of some animal, and either inhabits lanes, or the domestic coal cellar. Barguest belongs to this last tribe. A hobgoblin is a very exaggerated spirit indeed, with a somewhat serio-ludicrous expression of countenance, and which assumes a variety of forms, such as old men and women, haystacks, &c.—for our Proteus can personate an inanimate as well as animate objects. Pam must, I think, be classed as one of the Hobgoblin *genus*, or perhaps as a hybrid between it and the Bogie tribe. A Wilfrey is 'one of this sort.'" Having given the above extract from an M.S. of Mr. Smith, we will proceed to Threshfield Grammar School, and its haunted memories. The school stands in a narrow hollow between two hills, and with a plantation in front. It is some distance from any building, except one or two

cottages, the corn-mill, and the secluded residence of the soke-miller. Previously to the erection of the worsted mill, whose birr reaches it, it must have been the very place for a ghost that loved quiet, solitude, and retirement. Pam has his gambols there at the present day. When the school-master finishes his day school, Pam commences his evening school. Once when Daniel Cooper was passing the school at a late hour of night (which was not a very unusual occurrence with *him*,) he found all the windows lighted up; so he took a peep at what was going on. Now it is only proper to say, that although on that occasion Daniel was in that happy condition when a man sees double, he had still all his senses about him, and could distinguish between a horse and a haystack. Pam was fiddling to a lot of young Pams—giving them a treat as a *finale* to their scholastic labours. Pam looked like a “wizened owd man, summat of a monkey sort”—he was covered with “soft downy hair, colour of a mowd-warp, but wiv more blue in it”—he “wor about bouk o’ three foot.” On this night Pam was seated in the master’s chair, where his head bobbed time to the music. Daniel could not perceive that old Pam had any tail, for, unfortunately, the position of the fiddler was such as precluded an inspection of such an article, even if he had possessed one! The probability, however, is, that Pam is tail-less, because his scholars, who resembled the master in all but their size, had no such quadrupedal adornments. Daniel, unfortunately, attracted notice by sneezing, which caused a break-up of the party. In homely phrase he “had to run for it,” and only escaped by taking refuge in the very middle of “Our Lady’s Well,” which they durst not approach. They, however, waited for Daniel at a

respectable distance, and kept him in cold water, till the first cock announced the matin hour, when they fled, vowing that they would punish him severely if he ever again dared to act the part of an eaves-dropper. As the ghosts departed, Daniel *took a sight* at his tormentors, and cheered his spirits by singing a verse of an old song which recorded an adventure of an ancestor :—

“ There was a lad in London town, whose name was Daniel
Cooper,

And he petitioned to the King, that he might be a trooper,
The King did his petition grant, because he loved him dearly,
And Dan he got a famous place, worth 20 shillings yearly.”

Laddie la! tol de rol, too ra, loo ral, li do, &c., &c.

We conclude our history of Pam with an adventure in which the Rev. Mr. Smith acts a prominent part. Mr. Smith was in the habit of writing his sermons in the school. It is traditionally reported, that one Saturday evening, on visiting the school after dark, in consequence of his M.S. having been left there, he was soundly cuffed by old Pam. The parson, in return for this attack, on his quitting the school on the following afternoon, left, on the master's desk, a bottle of brandy for Pam's especial use and benefit. The bait succeeded, and the parson discovered Pam in a state of most unghostly drunkenness. Now was the time for Mr. Smith's revenge. Pam was fiercely attacked; and, it is said, killed outright. To make sure of his destruction, Mr. Smith is said to have buried Pam in a grave, where he did not receive the rites of the church, he not being one of the baptized brutes! The grave was behind the school. The place is still shewn at a corner of the play-garth over which the lads used to scramble, instead of entering by the

gate. It is about two feet square, and a little lower than the adjoining earth. Pam, as this strange tale goes, was not killed after all. He returned to his old scenes to inflict fresh annoyances on his priestly assailant. Never was the story of a haunted room more accredited than the above adventure of Mr. Smith. Were it necessary, Pam's doings at the present day could be verified by oaths. He still has his evening school!! The incident of the brandy bottle and the drunken goblin has its counterpart in Switzerland. At Contez (Canton de Vaud) the village was infested by a *lutin* (a spirit of the same *genus* as Pam). The villagers filled the basin of their fountain with wine. The Lutin got drunk, and was captured. He offered to give some valuable advice if he were released from "captive thrall"! and so, taking him at his word, he was set free.

The advice was—

"When the weather is fine, take an umbrella!

When it rains, you can take just what you like!"

The Grammar School was principally founded by the Rev. Matthew Hewitt, one of the rectors of Linton, who died in 1674. He endowed it with £20 per annum for the master, £10 for an usher, and four exhibitions of £12 to scholars of St. John's College, Cambridge. Owing to depreciation of property, the endowments are not equal to the requirements. The college applies to it the text—"Out of Gallilee ariseth no prophet!" (*profit?*). Is there no way of raising the endowments to their original height? The school has had some good scholars; amongst them may be named Stackhouse,* who wrote a commentary on the

* Some interesting particulars of this learned man are given

bible—Doctor Dodgson, who became Bishop of Elphin—Doctor William Craven, late master of St. John's College, Cambridge—the Rev. William Sheepshanks—and Doctor Whitaker. It is also said that Doctor Paley (the Archdeacon), was, for a short time, a scholar; but we cannot prove it. More than one of the name were educated there; but they were members of a family at Skirethornes, that was no doubt allied to that of the celebrated northern divine. Of late years, the school has had some good masters, and principally clerical ones. The late Mr. John Harker, a clever though self-educated man, was the first lay-master.

The "Ladye Well," a sacred spring, dedicated to the virgin, is a short distance from the school. The water was once in high repute, but it contains too much carbonate of lime, and its continued use has been proved to be injurious. The inhabitants of Threshfield - Wharfe* have no other spring—but the

by Mr. Joseph Robertshaw, in his "*Tom Lee, a Tale of Wharfedale*" (Pateley, 1875). Stackhouse was a self-taught man, and it is said that on his presenting himself to the Archbishop's chaplain as a candidate for ordination, he was, at first glance, taken for a fool. During his apprenticeship to a carpenter at Burnsall, "he gave his leisure hours to deep study, and almost unknown to anyone, he gained an extensive knowledge of the dead languages." Stackhouse was born in a humble moorland cottage, near Hebden. Notwithstanding his celebrity, his descendants do not seem to have emerged from peasant obscurity. One of the family, about 40 years ago, was a stoker at a gas-works near Bradford. All that *Stiv* (Stephen) knew of his ancestor was that he had "made a big book of some sort."

* We use this name to distinguish the hamlet from the distant village—the *proper* Threshfield.

Grassingtonians (thanks to the late Mr. Stephen Eddy) are now supplied from a fountain in the middle of the market-place, the produce of a pure moorland spring in the grit formation. The *fountain* is an exceedingly ugly erection, which we trust may be supplanted by one of more elegant design.

Some years ago, and shortly after the erection of the fountain, a *greedy* landowner (but a very small one) attempted to deprive the inhabitants of their wholesome spring-water. Happily, the scheme did not succeed, and only terminated in a concert of unmusical music, admirably performed by several distinguished artistes of Grassington. We were not present at the *concert*, but have been informed that Handel's "*Water-piece*" was very inferior to that of Grassington, and that even Haydn's *Toy Symphony* must have yielded the palm to the melody produced by the whistles and pots and pans selected (with great judgment) for that particular occasion.





CHAPTER XIX.

THE Grammar School of Threshfield has produced another scholar who must not be passed over. We cannot class him with the worthies named in the preceding chapter; but he has made as much noise in his own little sphere, as they did in their more extended orbits. He was neither a Greek nor a Latin scholar; but, if he could not translate Homer and Virgil, he could personate some of their heroic characters. If his fame were not universal, it was certainly a virtue which extended far beyond the limits of his native parish. We allude to the late *Thomas Airey*, who, in his youth, was manager of the Grassington Theatre, and in his riper and latter years, the respected carrier and post-master of his native town. We love to dwell on the memory of *Thomas Airey*! We have passed many a pleasant winter's evening at his fireside, talking about Shakespeare and the Drama, and listening to his remarks. Under a rough exterior, was a correct judgment, and a mind that nature, more than education, had endowed "with gifts profuse."

The parish of Linton had from a very early period, probably from Roman Catholic times, been celebrated for its rustic actors; and Doctor Whitaker mentions their dramatic performances. He also alludes to a local play-wright, but no name is given.

When Airey was a mere child, he was one of the performers; and he not merely took a part in the rude plays of the *sword-dancers* and *pace-egg*ers, but he became a leading character in the more ambitious performances that used to be got up in the Thresh-field school-room.

Amongst these dramas we find "*The Prodigal Son*," "*The Siege of Troy*," "*Guy in his Youth*," and "*Robert Duke of Normandy*." We cannot make out any of the above dramas, except the last-named one. It is a stock-piece with strolling occupant of the barn or booth, and we have known it *gagged* at a minor theatre in London, when it was necessary to depart from the programme of the evening. The "*Duke of Normandy*" is founded on an old monkish legend of Grecian origin, recorded by William of Malmsbury; and which has originated "*The Ring*," a *ballad* by Moore, the poetical Tragedy of "*Evadne*," by Shiel, the opera of "*Zampa*," by Herold, and the "*Duke of Normandy*." Airey was the star amongst the Thresh-field actors; and his ambition led him to dream of stages of a superior order to that of the school-room. The "*Lady's Magazine*" found its way to Grassington, and it reached the hands of Airey. He probably cared little for its stupid rebuses. Minerva press *Romances*, imitation "*Sentimental Journeys*," and silly *Pastorals*, and a lot of similar trash which crowded its pages and delighted venerable spinsters and old wives in a by-gone

day. But he pored over the portraits of popular actors and actresses—illustrations to anecdotes and criticisms on living celebrities and departed worthies. Garrick, Quick, Foote, Munden, Dignum, &c., were familiar names, and he longed—*haud passibus æquis*—to follow in their steps. He took a pleasure in conversing with those who had witnessed performances in London, and in large provincial towns, and he would say, “*That’s what I want!*” His longings were, partially, gratified—not by a visit to the Metropolis or any distant part—but by a strolling company which opened a Theatre at Skipton. This must have been *about* 1807—but there is a difficulty at fixing the precise date. The manager’s name was Goldsmith. He was a respectable actor, and what the theatrical world and the “*Era*” newspaper would consider a “useful man.”

He could turn his hand to any department of the art. He could rant in *Lear*, look funny in *Falstaff*, or *Robin Roughhead*, and he could sing a comic song, or take a pantomimic leap through a clock case! Such was manager Goldsmith! and he had, moreover, a phenomenon daughter who could do all that papa did, except the leap through the clock case!

The company was an efficient one. The chief actor, after the manager and his wonderful daughter, was a Mr. E. Carey (or according to some *Carter*), who was neither more nor less than the, afterwards, famous tragedian, EDMUND KEAN. The name of *Kean* was a theatrical assumption—his *real* name was Carey; and it has been asserted that he claimed descent from one of Swiss parentage, viz.: Henry Carey, who composed “*Sally in our Alley*,” and also the natural air “*Rufts du mein Vaterland*,” known in England, Switzer-

land, &c., as "*God save the King!*" and Kean was, no doubt, suggested by the name of *Le Kain*, a popular French tragedian of the last century. Carey's career had been an eventful one. He began—a vagabond gamin—as a taproom tumbler*—he was next a booth or travelling actor with the older Richardson—then a stroller in Goldsmith's company, from whence he emerged to become (after one or two ups and downs) the head of his profession. In Goldsmith's troop was another tragedian named Henry Collier. We have the names of several others of Goldsmith's male *Dramatis Personæ*, but the majority of them are evidently assumptive, and there is no necessity to wake them from the oblivion that envelopes them!

Amongst the female performers was Miss Harriet Mellon, who ended her career as the Duchess of St. Albans, having previously passed through the gradations of *chere amie* and wife to a London banker. There were also a Miss Sarah Carey (sister to Edmund Kean), two Misses Collier, and a Miss Elizabeth Rodwell, a native of Leeds, who in after days, settled at Skipton, as a dress-maker, and died at an advanced age. This company opened a new era in Airey's life,

* When Edmund Kean was a poor ragged boy gathering a few coppers by taproom tumbling, a recent biographer has turned him into a student preparing himself for EATON!! The same biographer (Mr. Hawkins) gives an account of Kean's visit to Chamonix, and of his ascent of Mont Blanc!! The visit and the ascent are *fictions!* Kean was never at Chamonix, and he never was anywhere, where he could have had even a *distant* view of the "*monarch of mountains*"! These strange stories have been thoroughly sifted and exposed by Mr. Auldjo and others, in *Notes and Queries*.

and caused him to be dissatisfied with the performances in the Threshfield school-room.

Shakespeare was as the discovery of a new world ; for his admiration of the bard of Avon amounted to enthusiasm. And yet we must own that he also derived pleasure from the tamer productions of Rowe, Nat. Lee, and Home. When the plaudits of a well-filled house rewarded the efforts of Carey and Collier, no voice was louder than that of Thomas Airey. He aspired to be an actor in reality, and to regard his past efforts as the mere *laking* of a child. He accordingly made his FIRST appearance (for so he called it) on the Skipton boards in the arduous character of Richard the Third. It was Colley Cibber's version with "*A horse ! a horse !*" and similar interpellations, of which the worst that can be said of them is that they are quite as Shakesperian and genuine as certain additions of modern manufacture which we find in the foreign edition printed at Leipsic, by Tauchnitz ! Airey's *débüt* was most triumphant, and, it is said, deservedly so. The character had been carefully studied, and the points in the acting of Carey and Collier had been observed and imitated, and combined with some original conceptions. At the close of the Skipton season, Goldsmith went to Grassington, where Airey frequently took a leading part in tragedy. Airey, however, was not the only Grassington young man who came out at the same theatre ; for *Richard Garrs*, a carpenter's apprentice, was an aspirant in the comic line. He performed "Justice Woodcock," "Falstaff," and Robin Rough-head ; and also "Hob," in a ballad opera called "Hob in the Well."* Goldsmith's speculation was unfortunate.

* This must have been a very popular piece, for it furnished

Perhaps he entered Grassington encumbered with debts, contracted at Skipton. Be that as it may, there was a breaking up of the company, and the scenery and properties were seized by the bailiffs, and knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer. Airey was the principal purchaser. And now occurred an opportunity to form a new company. Accordingly, a sort of joint stock concern (of very *limited* dimensions!) was resolved upon, in which the profits and losses were to be shared alike. It was also determined that Airey should be director; and that Richard Garrs should be stage-manager. The twain, at least so far as the old company was concerned, were almost

“Left alone in their glory!”—

for Goldsmith and his daughter quitted for the North of England, where, in the Durham circuit, the lady became a popular actress. Collier and Carey (Kean) declined any connection with the new organization, because they had other prospects in view. Collier became the manager of a strolling company, which did not succeed. He married Miss Goldsmith, who was a very pretty girl, and then he emigrated to America, where he became a popular tragic actor—at least report says so. He had previously attempted to create an impression at Drury Lane, in the character of Hamlet. If his *debut* was not exactly a *failure*, it was too *mediocre* to warrant a repetition—the actor being “damned with faint applause.” The Misses Collier accompanied

scenes depicted in cheap prints that we often meet with in country inns. We have, however, never seen a copy of the opera. Inquiries have been fruitless. A common circus pantomime seems to be founded on the old opera.

their brother. Misses Mellon and Rodwell formed a part of Airey's new troop, and that was the chief benefit he derived from the break-up of Goldsmith's company. The first Grassington Theatre was in the garret of a public-house. The *attic* was small, low, difficult of access, and badly ventilated. Airey sought for more convenient premises; and Mr. Swales, a gentleman of property and influence, who then resided at Grassington, accommodated the troop with a commodious *lathie*. Airey soon formed his company. In Grassington he obtained Samuel Cockburn, William and John Pattinson, Tim Coates, Richard Garrs (stage-manager), and Richard Lee. From Linton he had Thomas Atkinson, William Storey (*alias* Daniel Cooper!) Robert Dakyn, and Thomas Summersgill. From Hetton he had John Frankland; and from Hebden two brothers, William and John Lupton. He was unable to enlist any local females; so that the entire weight of the female characters fell upon the Misses Mellon and Rodwell, who were frequently obliged to take two or three *roles* in the same piece. When this was impracticable, the gentlemen were necessitated to put on petticoats, and curls and patches, and assume their loveliest looks! The theatre prospered; and Airey, owing to numerous solicitations, gave performances at Gargrave, Kilnsay, Kettlewell, and Arncliffe, at some of which a Mr. Peter Wilkinson took a part.* All was satisfactory till Richard

* At Gargrave, Airey's performance was preceded by a written hand-bill, advising sentimental ladies to come provided with an extra pocket handkerchief; and ladies in an interesting condition were advised not to attend the Theatre! This announcement, at which Airey was highly amused, was laid at the door of Mr. Peter Wilkinson, who was a great practical wag!

Garrs began to shew some rebellious symptoms. He possessed considerable comic talent, but he was too conceited and vain. Garrs was all for comedy, ballad-opera, and broad farce—while Airey was for tragedy. In learning, Garrs was superior to Airey; he was famous in "recitations," such as "Bucks! have at ye all!" and could not only sing a comic song, but accompany it on a home-made fiddle—the one which, in after years, aided the choir of the Grassington Independent Chapel! The overbearing of Garrs became too much for Airey and his friends, and ended in an open rupture. The town had, now, two theatres—one for tragedy and one for comedy; but Garrs did not succeed, although he had persuaded Miss Mellon and Miss Rodwell to join him. Put out of the field at Grassington, Garrs went to Skipton, where he had more success, and found numerous Thespian aspirants amongst the young men of the place—one of whom named Thompson is said to have been a good actor. The quarrel between Airey and Garrs became so far *made up*, that they frequently played for each other. Airey had a triumphant career at Grassington, where he got up several of the plays of Shakespeare, as well as some by Otway, Rowe, Home, &c., &c. In every play Airey took a leading character. Being without actresses, the female characters were taken by males. Tim Coates, notwithstanding his club-foot, was *the Fair Penitent* of Rome,* as is

* Coates was a wag, and at a Kettlewell fair, when seated in the inn on a bench close to a wall, he was enlisted as a soldier by a Serjeant Stack (the head of a recruiting party), who neglected to examine the feet of the aspirant for military honours! Great fun was caused when Coates perambulated the Grassington streets with ribbons and cockade in his hat—

stated in Hone's *Table Book*. In the tragedy of Douglas, *Lady Randolph* was always acted by Airey. It is said that he "*looked* the character," and moved so gracefully in his mourning garb as to deceive the audience, and induce a belief that "*His Ladyship*" was really a beautiful female!!

Airey from the above assumption obtained the name of *Lady Randolph*, by which he was, good naturedly, known till the day of his decease! In Hone's *Table Book* are some jokes about Airey and his theatre, but they rest on no authority, and may be regarded as mere fun and childish inventions. It is not necessary to reprint them. They can be easily found if wanted. It has been asserted (though not in Hone) that Airey once gave the following rendering:—

"Down! down to hell! and say I sent thee
thither! *exit in a rage!*"

mistaking a common stage direction for a part of the text! He used to laugh at such a statement, and say "I was not a fool!" Perhaps there is some truth in Hone's *Piquet* story. Airey is said to have met with a stage direction, "They sit down, and play a game at *piquet*." Not knowing what it meant, Airey is said to have applied to the schoolmaster at Threshfield—a learned *pundit*—who said *piquet* was French for *pie cut*; and what must be done was to bring a *pie* on

the people thinking that King George must be in great need of soldiers to take club feet! When Tim attended to be sworn in by Mr. Justice Garforth, the Serjeant discovered the *mistake*! Some amusement was caused by Tim's insisting to be sworn!—however, he was obliged to return the shilling! The Serjeant had a severe lecture from Mr. Justice!

the stage, and eat it! We once asked about this story, and Airey, laughing, said it was quite true; but that it happened at Dick Garrs's theatre!! Airey's explanation reminds us of a scene in "*Amateurs and Actors*," where Geoffrey Muffincap (call-boy and ex-National scholar), shews his Christmas piece to the play-house manager. "What's *that*?" asks Mr. Delawang, pointing to a huge blot. "*Please Sir*," said Geoffrey, "*I did not do that—it was done by Bob Burroughs!*"

A strange mode of making the performances known was in use at Grassington. Printing was out of the question—for not only was the expense above the means of the company, but an office (the nearest was at Colne) was too far distant. The bell-man was, therefore, sent round to announce the play of the evening in a rhyme—one has been handed down—

*"Guy in his youth our play recall;
At six to the hay-mow, hie ye all!"*

On a benefit night the following used to be cried, and also inserted on written bills:—

*"Remember, kind friends! 'tis our benefit night!
The moon has determined to lend us her light;
But should she herself that honour decline,
The stars have resolved with fresh lustre to shine!
Doors open at six—commences at seven;
At home, and in bed, betwixt ten and eleven!"*

The Grassington theatricals were continued for several years during the winter season. No mischief appears to have resulted from them. The actors when they left the mimic scene were not stage-struck. They settled down quietly to various callings. If "*Othello's*

occupation" was "gone," it was but to embark in a fresh line of business! "To be or not to be" was the "question"—the answer was a negative one! If "White Surrey" was no longer "saddled for the field," he became a more useful animal as a carrier's horse between Skipton and Grassington!

Garrs followed his trade of a carpenter, and the fiddle which used to accompany the comic song at the theatre, made, in after years, a weekly appearance in the singing pew of the Grassington Independent Chapel, where its more solemn tones formed the bass to the shrill screech of a mill-girl's treble, or to the hoarse braying that issued from the throat of a *poetical* male performer. Garrs (after a futile attempt to form a religious sect) emigrated to the back settlement of America. The Pattinsons settled down at Grassington, as working miners; but William emigrated to America, shortly after the exodus of Garrs. Samuel Cockburn was for many years, after his Thespianism was ended, one of the most respectable and respected of the Grassingtonians. He was a well-educated Scotsman, and to the last he retained a love for the drama, soliloquies from which he would often recite. Storey (*alias* Daniel Cooper) turned farmer, besom-maker, and market gardener. He is often mentioned in our pages. One of the Luptons (John) emigrated to America, leaving behind him his name attached to the house known as "Lupton's Folly," in Lintondale. It stands at the confluence of two roads—those that lead respectively to Linton and Threshfield. Billy died at Hebden, where for many years he was one of the aristocracy of the place. Tommy Atkinson ended his days, a hearty old yeoman, at Linton. He was familiarly known as "*Saddle-to-rags*," from a song that he sung

which bore that title. Thomas Summersgill became a local preacher—a veritable apostle of the Dales (*vide* page 160). As for Manager Airey, he never forgot the drama. At feasts and fairs he would often, when requested to give a recitation, mount the table of a public-house, and from that elevated position (he himself being also *elevated*!) inform his friends that his name was “Norval on the Grampian Hills,” or that “all the world is a stage,” or that he had “come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him!” Long after his theatrical days, he made *one* appearance at the Skipton theatre of Mr. Thompson. He was many years the respected post-master of Grassington. Beloved by all, he died in 1842. His often-visited tomb may be seen in Linton Churchyard, where, after Ralph, a child of four years, we read “Also of THOMAS AIREY, father of the above, who died April 12th, 1842, aged 71 years.” His much respected son is the present post-master of Grassington, and proprietor of the Mail Omnibus. He has much of his father’s humour and good nature; but we are not aware that he inherits any Thespian predilections, beyond admiration of a good play.

Two episodes must conclude this sketch of Airey and his theatre. We cannot state the year of our first narrative, but it occurred in our school days, and must have been when Kean was in the zenith of his glory. The great actor was starring at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, and Airey paid a visit to his old friend. The journey was a long and expensive one—there was no railway *then*, and coach fare was dear. Airey put all such mercenary difficulties aside, and soon found himself once more at the side of his dear old friend! Airey used to tell of the interview, of the cordial reception, and the theatrical embrace, and how, at

parting, Kean said "If the Grassington theatre was open *now*, I would give you a turn!"

At a later period, a splendid chariot drew up at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, and in it was the Duchess of St. Albans—not the sprightly beauty who, enamoured of all hearts, had trod the Skipton and Grassington stage—but

“——‘fair and free,’
Full, fat, and sixty-three,
And blooming as a peony
In buxom May!”

Miss Rodwell called upon her, but not without fears for such presumption. They were groundless; for the Duchess threw her arms round the dressmaker, and kissed her. "Ah!" said the Duchess, "I'm glad you're come! Do tell me about the old theatre, and the actors! Where is Airey? I should like to see him! What has become of Garrs?" The information was given, and the Duchess was glad to learn that Thomas Airey was in good circumstances, and in his native town. Having obtained answers to all her questions, she accompanied Miss Rodwell to the old theatre, in the Hole-in-the-Wall Yard. She then left Skipton for the Lakes, and, in a parting shake, placed a £5 note in the hands of the dressmaker—kindly saying, "God bless you, Rodwell! If you want anything, do write to me at Highgate." Since this interview, the Duchess and the Dressmaker have both departed this life. Harriet Mellon's "history" is a "strange eventful" one. It has bright pages, but it has others over which the moralist, if charitable, will draw a veil. Her latter years were passed in opulence. Were they happy ones? We trust they were; but we question whether, amidst

ducal splendour and unbounded wealth, she did not often think of the Grassington theatre, where vice was but a stage assumption. It is only just to say that in her latter years, she was bountiful and ever ready in any good work. She left her wealth, where it has not been misapplied. In concluding our dramatic chapter, we must state that the information about Airey was obtained from Airey himself, and from other members of the Grassington theatre—particularly the late Samuel Cockburn. The anecdote of the Duchess was related by Miss Rodwell herself, who, through the Lonsdales, was *illegitimately* and distantly connected with a contributor to our pages.





CHAPTER XX.

WHEREVER the tourist wanders among the hills and dales of Craven in pursuit of pleasure or the beautiful in Nature, he will rarely be disappointed, if he have but the eye to see and appreciate, and the heart to enjoy, what she has so richly provided for him on every hand. Is it health he wants for his body, wearied with the wear and tear of every-day business life? He can quaff it on the breezy hills in invigorating draughts from the golden chalice she there holds out to him, overflowing with pure ambrosial nectar. Is it the harassed mind that needs a respite from the pressing anxieties and cares of its lot? Nature has a precious balm for such as seek her soothing sympathy; but she only sympathises with the good; she holds no communion with the bad. So kind and purifying are her influences on mankind, that, if we did not know the perversity of the human heart, we should be led to imagine that the vicious could not live out their vice in the peaceful, verdant shades of the country. But, alas! while the virtuous can healthily thrive in the most thickly-populated cities, amid the most adverse circumstances, the bad

can and often do flaunt their evil dispositions in all forms of action, in the most retired hamlets, situated among the most beautiful rural scenery.

In the present chapter we propose to illustrate the truth of these remarks to the reader, by briefly recording the history of one, who, about a century ago, lived in the beautiful valley of the Wharfe, and who gained an unenviable notoriety as the principal actor in the well-known "Grass-Wood Tragedy."

In the ancient village of Kilnsey, on the highway leading from Skipton "up the Dales," stood the Angler's Inn, a house of good custom, kept by Reuben Truelove, a good-hearted Boniface, who, with his wife, was greatly respected by the members of the Angler's club, who resorted there after their day's sport, and by the tourists and carriers who constantly passed and repassed in their frequent journeys from place to place among the Craven Dales.

In the afternoon of a certain day, towards the close of the year 1780, there came cantering along the road leading from Grassington to Coniston, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance. He was of an open countenance, with grey hair, a dark piercing eye, whose expression denoted that its possessor liked at times to indulge in a little harmless fun at the expense of others, but whose general features wore an easy, gentlemanly aspect which bespoke a man in comfortable circumstances, and at peace both with himself and all the world. He was a professional man, being no other than the Gerston (Grassington) doctor, as he was called for a great number of miles around the village. He was on one of his accustomed rounds of visits to

his patients, who dwelt far and wide throughout the district. Having done his business at Coniston he crossed the Wharfe over the bridge at the foot of the hill leading up to Kilnsey, on reaching which place he often put up his horse at the Angler's Inn, while he visited his patients. Riding up to the door on the present occasion he dismounted just as "mine host" was coming out of the hostelry, who accosted him with—

"Good day, Mr. Petty; glad to see you once more. It blows cold this afternoon; like for an early storm."

"Very sharp for October. Who have you in the kitchen making yon noise at this time of day?" enquired the Doctor, hearing loud words of altercation.

"It's Dick Linton and Tom Lee. They've oft a bit ov a fratch when they meet. Tom is one of a soart—cross-grained at best; but reight peevish when he's hed owt to sup."

"O, have you Tom here? The least any one can have to do with him and the best. He is not only quarrelsome, but something worse, I'm afraid. I have to check him a little now and then. I know rather more than he likes me to know," said Doctor Petty as he handed the reins to Reuben. "Put up my horse; when I've seen my patients I must call and have a word or two with Thomas Lee."

The altercations in the meantime grew noisier, and threatened to end in blows; but Dame Truelove adroitly threw, from time to time, a little oil on the troubled waters.

Dick Linton—a small farmer in the neighbourhood—had not a bad heart, but was fonder of his beer than

his work, and was not therefore in the most prosperous circumstances. After a slight cessation of hostilities, he again began to institute an invidious comparison between himself and his opponent.

"I cannot mak it owt, Tom, hoo thoo's allas plenty o' brass an' works naan, while I've to keep at it, an's as poor as a nit. Can ta tell me hoo it is?"

"I can tell thee summut else," growled Tom; "If ta doesn't shut up I'll break all th' bones i' thi body afore tha'rt mich older."

The man who thus spoke was a tall strong-built individual, with broad shoulders and prominent chest; his features were massive, his form sinewy, and but for a dark malignant glance that shot from his firmly-fixed eyes, his countenance was not repulsive. Yet he had a revengeful spirit, and a firm will that put to one side all obstacles to the gratification of his desires, which desires had with a master hand driven him along a course of nefarious practices, and made him a dread to the whole district. Depredations had from time to time been committed in the neighbourhood, and, while most people suspected him, there was one who was sure that he was the guilty man, for in his burglarious enterprises he had often received such serious hurts that he was compelled to place himself in the hands of the village doctor. We have said Doctor Petty felt sure that Tom Lee was guilty of the burglaries committed at the various places in the neighbourhood, yet he never put himself to the trouble of tracing out the actual proofs of the same, and though from his humane disposition he did not take a single step to secure any such proof, yet he would occasionally hint to Tom when dressing his wounds,

that a word from him would bring his patient to serious grief. At these times Tom would grind his teeth in deep mortification, and brood over it till the thought arose in his mind, misty at first, but gradually began to take the shape of a deliberate purpose, to remove one who knew too much for his own future security among those, a many of whom he felt he had deeply wronged. That purpose was to take the Doctor's life. Tom was a native of Grassington; his business was that of a blacksmith; but in addition to this he kept the Blue Anchor Inn. He paid little attention to his anvil work, however, but left it mainly to Jack Sharp, an apprentice of his, who from association with such a master, got into the same loose, careless way, and not unfrequently had to assist Tom in his secret dishonest practices.

Such was Tom Lee as he sat with darkened brow, growling his deep hate at Dick Linton in the comfortable looking kitchen of the Angler's Inn. Dick Linton was not slow to return the biting word or bitter taunt to which Tom gave utterance, but returned to the charge, again and again, greatly assisted by frequent draughts of Reuben's "brown October."

"Noo, Tom, thoo'st sed a deal, an dung me up wi bein poor, but I tell thi what, if I'm poor, I'm honest; Can thoo say sea?"

"What duz ta mean?" asked Tom in a white heated passion.

"I mean what thoo's heeard me say," glumly answered Dick.

"What is it?" again asked Tom.

"Why, if ta will hev it; whea staal John Jessop's three hams?"

"Whea did?" asked Tom, trembling with rage.

"Why, I've heeard to-day 'at thoo did," said Dick, rising to confront Tom, who had already risen, intent upon attacking Dick.

"Then thoo's heeard a lee, an' I'll smash thee to atoms, for a li—"

"Why, what's up?" asked a deep voice which both the belligerents at once knew, and which was joined by the shrill voice of Dame Truelove, who again, supported by the presence of Doctor Petty, interposed to preserve peace.

"Ye may well ask that, Mr. Petty—the vagabones—they've been at it tuith and nail ever sin you were here afore. I'll not hev it ony langer; sit doon wi ye, ye neer-do-weels."

"Yes, sit down and let me know what you are quarrelling about. How is it, Tom, you get into these tantrums so often?"

"I'll let that chap know afore he's mich owder," growled Tom.

"Why, let me know noo, then; ony coward can threaten; I've toud the nought to what I could do; na, crack that nut will ta."

"I'll crack thi crown," vociferated Tom, "if tha duzn't shut up."

"Gently, Tom, gently," said the Doctor, smiling at his vehemence. "What has Linton said to ruffle you so?"

"Said," broke in Dick, "he's been as queer wi me as if he'd slept at York Castle all t' last neet, and he'll get theer yet if he duzn't mind. Ah just gav a hint about Jessop's three hams 'at were stown, and there's aw this ta do. Touchiness isn't allas a sign of innocence, man; and th' man at tell'd me hed a gud idea whea t' thief wor."

"Dick Linton, duz ta mean to say 'at I'd ought to do wi Jessop's hams, becos if ta does I'll"—

"Come, come," said Doctor Petty, "don't take on so about a little matter like this; there are others, you know, Tom, that we'll keep from Linton. He is not to be trusted with a secret," he continued, with a wink at Dick.

Tom saw the wink, and felt the sarcasm implied in the Doctor's words, and, turning to him, said, "I care lile for what ye know aboot me, Mr. Petty—if ye did know anything, ye're a fine man ta keep a secret."

"You have been too hard on Dick," said the Doctor; "you carry yourself as if you were the most innocent man in the district, and you know you are not. As to my keeping secrets, that depends on you, Tom."

"Duz it," said Tom, with a demoniacal laugh; "then I'll see that it's kept."

"What do you mean?" said the Doctor somewhat nettled.

"He's threatening yer life," said Dick, "saam as he's bin doing wi me."

"Ho, ho! a word of that sort and I'll have the rascal hung," said the Doctor with great warmth.

"Ye happen willn't hev t' chance," said Tom, rising from his seat, with a countenance livid with rage,

"And slowly, sternly, thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye, and threats in his adieu."

"I'm afraid Tom will get himself into trouble yet," said the Doctor.

"It 'll be varra weel if he gets naabody else in," said Dick Linton; "I'd advise ye to keep a sharp luik owt—I don't hoaf like them threats."

"I believe he means ye naa gud," said Dame Truelove, just entering the room. "Do be careful, Doctor."

"He's only barking a bit; I've heard him before—he dare not bite," said the Doctor, in a lightsome tone, in which he strove to hide an unaccountable fear that had come over him. Ordering his horse round, he left the room and paced the grass-grown flags before the house in thoughtful mood. He was just in the act of mounting his horse when Dame Truelove came to his side with an old-fashioned tumbler glass in her hand, containing whisky punch.

"Here, Mr. Petty," said she, "t'air is keen an' ye've a lang ride afore ye; just drink this, an' don't mind aboot Tom Lee, only be careful an' keep owt ov his way, specially after neet-faa."

"O, don't fear about me," said the Doctor, as he took the glass from her. "A peaceful old age to you both," continued he, bowing to Reuben and his wife. After draining its contents, he stooped down to return the glass, when a movement of his horse caused it to drop to the ground. Instead of shivering, however, it rebounded from the pavement when the dame caught it whole and sound.

"Lauks o' me," cried the dame in astonishment, "an' it's net broken."

"We could not do that again," said the Doctor, laughing.

"It bodes naa gud; there's sumthing gaaing ta happen," cried the dame.

"O, don't be alarmed," shouted the Doctor, as he rode off; "I have got the punch, and you've got the glass all safe; never mind—all right—good-bye," and the next moment he was out of sight.

"It may be aw reet, but I've my doots," said Reuben's wife to her spouse; "but fer a glass to faa that way an' net break! it bodes ill-luck to sum-body, it duz."

"O, it happened to be so," quietly said Reuben; "let us leave it whaar it is; its naa use meeting trouble—it comes sean enuff." They each took their several ways without further remark.

The grey dull October day came to a close, and as the shades of evening descended on the various objects in Wharfedale, weaving them into one opaque mass, they would have been undistinguishable to the eye, had not the moon scattered through the rifts in the fleet-scudding clouds a few straggling rays of light. Tom Lee left the Angler's Inn with the fire of vengeance burning in his heart, which, until he had carried out the desperate design that he had then formed, would not be appeased. The words of Doctor Petty had sunk deep into his heart. The Doctor knew too much for his safety, and he must be got rid of. Ever since he left the Inn he had been restlessly wandering about devising the best means for the accomplishment

of his object. He had learned that the Doctor had gone up "the dales" on one of his accustomed rounds, and would not be back till late that night, and he had determined to waylay him on his return. The place he settled upon as the best for the purpose was the entrance to Grass-Wood, through which the Doctor would have to pass on his way to Grassington. Knowing that the Doctor would call at Reuben True-love's, he leisurely wandered away towards the Gaistrills, a lonely wooded place on the river not far from Grass-Wood. It was a spot seldom visited by the inhabitants of the district, for by the superstitious it was regarded as a haunted place. Here he brooded over the work before him, and yielded himself up to the predominant passion which now governed him, blinded to the final issues of the deed he was meditating doing that night.

Fatigued with his long journey, Doctor Petty reached the Angler's Inn on his way home, and again put up his horse for a feed of corn, while he refreshed himself with a cup of good tea which the kind dame had purposely prepared for him, feeling sure that, as usual, he would call on his way back. With the agreeable chat they had over it he felt quite easy and comfortable, and was unaware how fast the time slipped away, till the old grey-faced clock struck the hour of eleven, when he ordered his horse out at once, and bidding the host and his wife a hearty good night, his form soon disappeared in going down the road leading to Coniston Bridge. In the cheerful parting from his Kilnsey friends, however, he had dissembled his real feelings, for in his heart he felt an unaccountable sadness that had gnawed at its strings ever since his talk with Tom Lee in the afternoon. He felt as if

gazing for the last time on the moonlit scenery of his native vale, and as if cut off from his family; and under the feeling he put spurs to his horse, anxious to reach home in defiance of some dark impending fate which seemed to hang over him. On he went, lost in the perplexing reverie. As he neared Grass-Wood the horse shied, and slackened its pace. Under the shadows of the wood he reached the gate—it was closed, and, protruding beyond the moss-grown wall which enclosed the wood was the head of a human being with fiercely fixed eyes, expressing a fell intent on the part of their possessor. Unconscious of any one being near, the Doctor bent down from the saddle to open the gate, and, when through, again stooped down to fasten it. He heard a rustling noise as of some one stepping among the sere leaves in the wood, but before he could raise himself to look round a heavy blow from a hedge-stake brought him reeling from his saddle to the ground. The frightened horse made off, snorting in his fright, through the wood in the direction of home, leaving its prostrate master struggling with his murderous assailant. Stunned for a moment, he soon saw with whom he had to deal. “Vengeful villain!” he shouted, seizing the bludgeon that was descending a second time on his head, and wrenching it from the murderer’s hands, “I live yet, Tom Lee!” “But not for long,” hissed between the compressed lips of his assailant; “Ye knaa ta much for me;” and falling upon the Doctor again, a fierce struggle ensued. Petty, furious at the base attempt on the part of one whom he had never injured, but often befriended, was endued with a superhuman strength, which Tom felt he would be unable to overcome if he did not at once use more deadly means to end the struggle. He at

length managed to get a large clasp knife from his pocket, as he lay under the Doctor, and plunged it into his side, when with a wild shriek which wakened the passion-blinded Tom Lee to a sense of guilt as the murderer of a man who had never done him any harm, the Doctor rolled senseless from his assailant. The work, however, must be finished, and to make it sure he again plunged the fatal blade into the body of his victim, and then dragged it under the wall and covered it with the sere and drifted leaves about him.

And there he stood in the dim moon-light, the murderer of a good man. He had slaked his thirst for vengeance. Whatever had been his past life he had made sure that the future would not be disturbed by what the Doctor had known about him. Dead men tell no tales. A loud unearthly laugh, borne on the night wind as it rushed through the half-clothed branches of the trees over his head, made Tom Lee shake from head to foot like an aspen leaf. A horrid sense of his guilt so seized his brain and limbs that for a time he could neither think nor act; but something must at once be done to remove all traces of the deed. The body must be disposed of, and that before the light of day. Scarcely knowing what to do, he set off for home, the most dreadful fear giving swiftness to his heels. On reaching the village nearly all the inhabitants had retired to rest, and Tom Lee the burglar, and now murderer, would have given the wealth of Wharfedale for their innocence and easy consciences. All was darkness when he reached his own house, for, though an Inn, the customers had all departed. A gentle tap at the kitchen window soon secured him ingress, for his wife was seated by the dying embers on the hearth, wondering at his absence,

and anxiously expecting his return. She eagerly asked him the cause of his being so late, when he at once told her all that had happened. She was horrified with fear of the consequences, but feeling that something must be done to hide the body, she eagerly discussed with him the best plan to adopt. Tom at once bethought him of his apprentice, Jack Sharp, who was in bed, and fearing he would have heard what he had told his wife, determined to make him an accomplice in at least hiding the Doctor's body. On entering Jack's bedroom he found that the young man had overheard what had taken place. Tom at once made him dress himself and accompany him to Grass-Wood under the threat that he would take his life if he refused. He had made up his mind what to do, and, taking a sack with him, on they sped to the scene of the murder. On entering Grass-Wood he made known to Jack his intentions, which were to secrete the body in the recesses of a deep, rocky glen a little above the place where the deed had been done. Tom's fear again seized him as he approached the scene of the struggle, which was terribly increased when nothing was to be seen of the leaf-buried body. Had he been watched? Was the dreadful secret known? Dr. Petty was not dead when Tom left him; though nearly dead from loss of blood, he had a short interval of consciousness, and crawled towards the pathway, hoping to attract the attention of some belated traveller. Hearing a deep groan, Tom went to the spot whence it proceeded, and finding his victim still living, he thought the best way of binding Jack Sharp to secrecy was to make him finish the dreadful work. Jack, fearing for his own life, and finding the bludgeon with which Tom had first attacked the Doctor,

at once despatched the dying man. They then lost no time in getting the body into the sack which they had brought with them. On reaching the glen they soon found a suitable place, and laboured long to secrete the sack and its contents, so as to leave no trace of their night's work. And did they succeed? No such secret is safe in the whole universe. The work done, off they slunk at their utmost speed so as to reach home without detection.

The next day there was great commotion in the village of Grassington caused by the Doctor's horse having been found standing at the stable door neighing and pawing to get inside. It was thus found by Robert, the Doctor's man, and it appeared to be in an agitated state. Robert could see nothing of his master, and was puzzled to make out why the horse was thus left. "Well, hoo's this? Master's nivver dun this afore—there's summat wrang; but I'll gaa an' see if he's in't hoose," said Robert, having led the horse into the stable and given it a feed of corn. Arriving at the kitchen door he asked the servant girl if the Doctor had come home.

"I doan't knaw, I'se sure, Robert," she answered.

"Then ye sud knaw," shouted Robert in a snappish tone, and feeling more uneasy than ever. "Gang and ask th' Missus, will ta?"

The girl felt greatly nettled, and was about to retort keenly, when Mrs. Petty, just then entering the room, asked what was to do. Robert proceeded to tell her that he had found the horse at the stable door, but could hear nothing of the Master.

"He may have been called up into the town on some urgent business, Robert."

"Nay, he'd nivver hev left t' horse standin at th' outside i' that way, I'se sure. Missus, there's summat wrang."

Mrs. Petty began to feel alarmed at the old man's appearance, and said, "Go, Robert, and make enquiry about him up in the town, and bring me news as soon as you can."

Away went Robert ; and Mrs. Petty sat down by the newly-lighted fire in a state of alarm.

"Oh, Nelly," said she, "I fear there is something wrong with the Doctor ; what a fearful dream it was," speaking abstractedly ; "he looked so lovingly at me, and stretched out his hands so imploringly for help, and I was helpless ; and oh ! that parting look ! What can it mean ?"

"O, it 'll aw cum reet, Missus ; it's only yon owd narvous bachelor at's gotten another queer crotchet into his heead ; if I wer ye, I wod'nt tak on soa."

But Mrs. Petty was seemingly lost in deep and anxious thought.

* * * * *

Life was beginning to stir in the village. A few early risers were on their way to their several occupations as Robert went up the Towngate, enquiring after his master. Coming to the blacksmith's shop, he found Tom Lee and Jack Sharp busy at work sharpening tools for the miners who worked up in the lead mines, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, among

the hills above Grassington, some of whom were waiting till they were ready. Robert asked Tom Lee if he had seen anything of the Doctor, and proceeded to tell all about him, what had taken place, and expressing his fears that some accident had happened to his master. Tom gruffly answered that he knew nothing; he had been over busy with his own work. The miners took it up and soon it was known through the village. Knots of persons grouped themselves together, discussing the matter and assigning all kinds of reasons for the Doctor's absence. The news spread in all directions. Scouring parties went out in search of him towards Kilnsey, through which place the Doctor would pass on his way home. Arriving there they called at the Anglers' Inn, as a place likely to afford some information. There they found Dick Linton, rather the worse for what he had imbibed of Reuben Truelove's "best October;" for under the smart of Tom Lee's threatening language the day before Dick had begun his early potations as, "a hair of the dog that bit him," to cure his night's excesses and soothe his rankling feelings. Jerry Fenton, the leader of the party, told Dick the object of their visit.

"Cum'd ta seek th' Doctor," exclaimed Dick; "why he wer here yesterday, and there wer that gallows-looking thief of a Tom Lee here at t' saam time, and he threatened both wer lives;" and, turning to dame Truelove, he continued, "what do ye think abowt that? See, I'll bet my heead to a penny piece 'at Tom Lee hes murd——"

"Noo, Dick, mind wat ta sez," cried several voices at once.

"Well, ye cannot help me fra thinking, onyhow; but he'll cum to it yet, an' he richly deserves it—noo, see if my words doan't cum true."

After some further conversation the party set out on their way home, fully persuaded from what they had learnt, that Tom Lee was in some way connected with the Doctor's disappearance. On entering Grass-Wood their attention was drawn, by one of the party, to a place where evidently a severe struggle had taken place. The deep indentations made by shoe-heels, and the stained-gravelled pathway as if by blood, suggested that there had been foul work done, and led to long faces, winks, nods, and hints that something very calamitous had happened. When the party reached Grassington they related what they had heard and seen to scores of eager listeners. These reports reaching the ears of Mrs. Petty only served to confirm her worst fears, and under the pressure of her forebodings she became seriously ill, and remained so for several weeks.

But how fared it with Tom Lee, and what was he doing? After all the precaution he had taken to hide the body of his victim, he was horrified at the thought of traces having been left as to its whereabouts, and that the searchers would come to the place where it rested. He at once made up his mind to remove it to a safer place, and taking Jack Sharp with him, his pony, a sack, and a spade, he set off that very night to carry a fresh purpose out. It was a stormy night, but that only the more accorded with the storm within his guilty breast. Having reached by an unfrequented path the top of the deep glen where he had placed the Doctor's remains, he told Jack to tie the

pony to a tree, and both descending the glen, they proceeded to clear away the brushwood which curtained the opening of the cave, formed under the overhanging rock, where the body rested. Disappearing a short time, they soon issued forth bearing the terrible burden in a sack, and had the greatest difficulty in climbing their wet and slippery way out of the glen. In their ascent they were terribly scared by the creaking of a large withered bough that dangled to and fro in the gusty wind, and the wild scream of a raven which darted out of a tree under which they were passing. The strong, daring Tom Lee shook from head to foot on hearing the sounds, and his apprentice was for a time completely palsied ; such is the mighty force of a guilty conscience. Roused by Tom, Jack Sharp assisted again in carrying the dead, and after a great effort they at length emerged from the glen. On reaching the pony, they secured the sack to its back, and commenced their further ascent to the moors above. On reaching a long strip of boggy land, lying between the lower pasture-lands and higher moorlands, they halted—took off the sack from the pony's back, and securing the pony, they vigorously set to work and scooped out a grave in the peat-bog, into which they put the sack and its contents, and lost no time in filling up the grave. Twilight now began to creep along the vast solitude around them. The heavy mists began to roll away to the highest summit of the surrounding hills, and Tom, having sent Jack home by a circuitous route, only tarried until he had driven his spade into the peat-bog with a piece of rock, and then hastily left the scene by another path on his way home. And did he feel safer after the night's work ? Possibly he felt able to breathe more freely ; but the

blood of his victim cried as loud for vengeance from the peat-bog, as it had done under the glimmering stars in Grass-Wood, or from the dark cave in the silent glen.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that were made to obtain a clue to the whereabouts of Doctor Petty nothing could be made out. Whether living or dead no one with certainty could say, though there were a few who held fast to the opinion that he had died by foul means, and whispered to each other the name of the person who had done the deed.

A few weeks after his disappearance, and at the close of a cheerful winter's day, old Robert paced the stable yard with sad countenance, pondering over his master's absence.

"Wheer can he be, an' what can he be doin'?" asked he of himself; "it's like to be t' end o' th' Missus, it is."

"Well, Bobby," broke in the voice of Dick Linton from behind him; "ye luik fearful glum; hev ye heeard owt o' t' Doctor yet?"

"I'm glum enuff, an' thaar's reason, for th' missus is at deeath's door; hev ye heeard owt?"

"I've heeard bits o' whispers; but my opinion is 'at ye'll niver see him alive agean. Let's tak a walk up th' toon, an' see what's stirring." Sauntering up the "towngate" they met with a number of miners returning from their work, with whom they held a lengthened conversation about the all-engrossing subject. The result was that, at the suggestion of Dick Linton, they repaired to the "Blue Anchor," the public-house kept by Tom Lee, to see how the landlord "carried hisself,"

as Dick expressed it. Tom was at home, and soon had to listen to unpleasant inuendoes and keen jibes from his unruly customers. Dick and Tom, especially, got to very hot words, which would have resulted in a desperate encounter had not Tom suddenly bethought him that "discretion was the better part of valour," and withdrew from the room, amid the suppressed chuckling of those present, who soon departed feeling more firmly persuaded than ever that Tom Lee was connected with the Doctor's disappearance. But in the back kitchen of the hostelry Tom stood, consternation depicted on his brow. His soul was again at unrest—the fear of discovery for a time paralysed him.

Both his wife and Jack Sharp had heard what had passed. They, like himself, feared that the suspicion, which was becoming more and more openly expressed, would lead to the detection of the crime. Rousing himself to action he formed another plan, which, if successfully carried out, would remove all traces of their guilt and set their minds at rest. He wished his wife to go to bed for he had something to do before morning, "if that chap" (eyeing Jack severely) "hed ony pluck in him." But his wife would not retire, and expressed her resolve to take a part in whatever there was to do.

* * * * *

The hour of one from the old grey tower of Linton Church resounded over the sleeping village as Tom Lee and his wife left their home in the direction of the hills above, with the intention of again removing the Doctor's body to (as they imagined) a place of greater security. Jack Sharp could not screw up his courage

to assist in the undertaking, so he was left in charge of the house. They soon arrived at the unconsecrated moorland grave, and as expeditiously as possible unearthed their terrible treasure, and having strapped the sack to the pony's back again, and buried the spade, they proceeded across the moor in the direction of the village of Hebden. On they sped down the hill side, by a rough uneven pack-horse road, and reached the river side a little above the village of Burnsall, where the smooth surface of the water denoted that it was of considerable depth, when they proceeded to remove the burden from the pony's back, and, having tied a large stone to the sack, they rolled both into the river, but in the descent the stone slipped—unobserved by them—from the cord.

At that moment a young man who had been on a courting expedition to Burnsall, and was returning to Grassington, lost in pleasant dreams of love, was startled by hearing a splash in the river, and looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded: "Hallo! hez sum body faa'n in? Bigow, if that isn't Tom Lee's galloway; an' if that isn't Tom Lee an' his wife, I'll be shot. What are they doing here at this time o' t' neet?" Thus soliloquised Ned Sykes, as he watched them behind a hedge ascending the hill side to the road above. As they retreated Ned approached the spot but nothing could he see. The Doctor's body had sunk to a temporary resting place under the river's sedgy bank, and its surface reflected the light of the solemn stars as if it had never been disturbed. "Bigow, but this licks me, it duz, an' I cud a'most sweear 'at it wur Tom Lee an' his wife," said Ned Sykes, as he trudged away to Grassington, wondering about the strange incident he had just witnessed.

The quickened tones of Burnsall church bell on the following Sabbath announced that the hour of service had arrived, when sauntering along the river side were two or three villagers whiling away the time in idle gossip and making "ducks and drakes" by skimming pebbles across the stream.

"What's that, Bill? Sitha, yonder," pointing to a floating object under the overhanging branches of some trees.

"I dunnat knaw," answered Bill; "let's gang an' see."

Off they went across the "hipping-stones," shouting in their excitement. Their shouts attracted the attention of Peter Dawson, the verger of the church, who ran after them to reprove them for their unruly behaviour, when one of them stammered out that there was a drowned man in a "seck." Peter went with them to the spot, and succeeded in partially opening the sack, and getting a glance at the face of the corpse. He at once saw it was Doctor Petty's body, for having been in the peat-bog, the features had been remarkably preserved. Returning to the church, Peter told several persons near the door what had happened. Soon the church was empty, both parson and flock going to visit the scene. The body was at once removed to the Red Lion Inn; the coroner of the district was sent for, and arrangements made for an inquest to be held on the following day. News was sent to the Doctor's wife. Keen were the pangs she endured, but she drank the dregs of her cup of sorrow with resignation, and even felt relieved from the dreadful suspense she had experienced ever since the fatal night on which he disappeared.

The inquest was held ; but, notwithstanding the evidence which Dick Linton, Reuben Truelove, Ned Sykes, and others gave before the coroner and jurors, Tom Lee, who had been arrested and was present, was acquitted of the murder of the Doctor with which he had been charged.

A strong feeling of dissatisfaction, however, was both felt and expressed at the "finding" of the jury. Among the influential inhabitants of the district, Tobias Sidgwick, a worthy magistrate of Skipton, was foremost in expressing his feeling, and was told by the constable that if the prisoner was remanded for a week further evidence would be forthcoming of an important nature. One Betty Knowles, a pot-hawker, had stated that she had had some talk with Jack Sharp up at the village of Litton, where for some time he had been residing, which left no doubt on her mind that Tom Lee was mixed up in the affair. Consequently, the case was heard at Skipton, but no direct proof was forthcoming, although Jack Sharp was brought into the witness box at the instigation of Betty Knowles. He acknowledged having had some conversation with her, but stoutly denied having said anything either to implicate himself or anyone else. Tom was therefore acquitted a second time, and on going out of the court began to talk rather freely about insulted innocence.

"Tha sets a gud faace on't," said one to him as he passed on.

"Aye," said Tom with a smile of triumph ; "cannot ony man du it when he's clear o' t' charge browt agaan him;" and away he went down Castle-hill leaving the crowd to form what opinions they liked.

"Doan't flap thy wings seea, Tom," cried out Betty Knowles; "mebbe tha'll loss a feather or two yet if tha duzn't mind."

* * * * *

A few days after the acquittal of Tom Lee—on one of the silent wintry days that appear so dreary to the dwellers in noisy and bustling towns, was heard the measured tones of a funeral bell from Linton church, which stood on the south bank of the Wharfe, at a little distance from the village. It announced the approach of the funeral *cortege*, from Burnsall, of Doctor Petty. A great many people had assembled to witness the mournful ceremony; some from common curiosity, but the greater number from feelings of the deepest sympathy for the bereaved widow, and the greatest respect for the deceased. Many a quivering lip and tearful eye were seen amongst the bystanders as they heard the voice of the Rector of Linton solemnly pronounce the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," over the departed one, and observed the look of the broken-hearted widow, gazing her last on the quiet resting place.

"Bigow, Reuben, excuse me for sayin seea, but it's like drivin a dagger into my heart ta see that woman's sufferins," said Dick Linton to Reuben Truelove, as they watched the retreating form of the widow. "Yon Tom Lee 'll cum ta th' gallows yet."

"Doan't speeak seea loud, Dick, an' hev patience; things 'll work round, tha'll see," said Reuben.

"Aye, spin yer patience owt, Dick," whispered Betty Knowles, as the three slowly walked away from the grave that was now being fast filled up. "Tom Lee 'll

nivver dee in his bed—a voice fra that graav 'll ollus be heeard while justice hez dun its wark—nivver fear.” Soon the solitary churchyard contained none but its dead.

A short time after, Mrs. Petty and her children left the neighbourhood to live with a distant relative. She lived in the deepest seclusion thence forward—giving her sole care to her children. She survived, however, to see the mystery of her husband's death solved, and his murderer brought to justice, when not long after she sank into the repose of death.

* * * * *

Gentle reader, it is three or four years since the time when Doctor Petty was consigned to the tomb. Some of those with whom we have been acquainted in the development of our “ower true tale” have gone the way of all flesh; but others are still living, following the varied bent of their several dispositions, and filling up the measure of their wickedness. Come with us a few miles from Grassington “up the dales.” See, yonder is the village of Litton, standing on the banks of the Skirfare, a stream which comes tumbling down from the confines of Langstrothdale. It boasts of one public-house kept by Christopher Mytton, or Kitty Mytton, as he was generally called—a blacksmith by trade. It is Litton Feast, and numbers have come from the surrounding hamlets attired in their “home-spun” to enjoy the holiday. Various games are going on which we have not time to notice, as we want to reach the top end of the village. Surrounding a small hollow in the ground, not far from the stream, a number of excited persons are gathered.

Every variety of fiendish expression sits upon their countenances as they eagerly gaze upon what is going on. Some are shouting, and some are cursing most bitterly. It is a cock-pit. Litton was known throughout Craven for its cock-fighting propensities, and now a fierce battle is going on between a Gerston (Grassington) bird and a Litton bird, backed heavily by persons belonging respectively to both villages. "Three to one on the Gerston cock," shouted some; "Six to one on the Litton cock; Litton for ever," shouted others. The contest was severe and close, so close that there was a fierce dispute as to which of the birds was conqueror, for they were both killed; but as the Litton bird crew the last over its already dead antagonist, and then fell dead by its side, the Litton boys claimed the victory and the stakes. The owner of the Gerston cock—a tall stalwart man who had worked himself into a perfect rage—declared with horrid oaths, that he would not pay over the money the Littoners demanded, and would like to know which of them would make him.

"Well, I'se mak thee for yan, Tom, if tha duzn't fork out at yance," shouted Kitty Mytton; "tha munnat do at Litton as tha duz at Gerston."

They got to high words and blows, which led to a general engagement between the partisans of both sides, resulting, at length, in the Littoners driving every one of their opponents out of the village.

"Well done, Kitty," shouted Betty Knowles, just then entering the village leading a donkey which was dragging a small rustic cart loaded with crockery-ware. "I hev'n't sold a single pot to-day, but its

dun my owd heart gud ta see yon rascal ov a Tom Lee beaten fer yance. He's a gallows-luiking thief; but t' fate ov his cock 'll be his afore long—see if it isn't."

"What mak's ye seea sure, Betty," asked Kitty.

"'Cos I've seen Jack Sharp agaan," replied Betty, "an' he's flaid owt ov his wits when its naamed tul him about Doctor Petty's deeath. He seems to be in mortal fear; an' he aw but confessed to me 'at Tom did t' deed."

"Well, keep a still tongue," said Kitty; "I've to go to York afore long aboot that affair o' John Sunter's, an' mebbe summat 'll turn up, for baath Tom an' his wife, an' Jack Sharp an' Dick Linton hev to go, beside owd Luke Splitcurran, the grocer."

"Oh, trust me, Kitty," said Betty, as she left the room to go to her lodging over the brew-house; "I'm ower anxious to see Tom as heigh as Haman wor, to spoil t' game wi blabbing;" and she left Kitty to clear the house of his customers.

John Sunter, the person to whom Kitty Mytton referred in the foregoing conversation, was a miner who worked in the Duke of Devonshire's lead mines on Grassington Moor, under Cunliffe & Lupton, the Duke's agents. It was customary for these agents to let off "take-notes," or small portions of the mines, to other persons who ventured to speculate, and try their fortunes, hoping to make better out than going on in the old slow way of day-work. Some of these speculators were fortunate, but more of them unfortunate; and with those even who ultimately were fortunate, it was a long, weary, trying time before they

realised success. They had to run into debt till they outran their credit, and were put to strange shifts, often driven to the verge of despair before lighting on the large rich vein of ore, which, in some cases, secured a competency for the rest of their days. John Sunter was one who tried his luck in this way, and for months perseveringly laboured in his arduous undertaking, sometimes full of hope, at others ready to abandon the enterprise. In this latter state of mind he threw his pick from him one day, determined to give it up; the tool lighted upon a bed of ore, and in its passage tore up a shining piece, which he seized with eagerness. Suppressing his joy, he carefully examined the vein and satisfied himself that it would turn out a profitable one. He made his way out of the mine and was soon at Grassington, eager to let his wife know of his "find." Entering the "town-gate" he met with, who above all others, next to his wife, he was most glad to meet—his friend Kitty Mytton, the man who had most befriended him, during his struggle, by sharpening his tools on credit, lending him money, and helping him in various other ways.

"Holloa, John, what are ye luiking seea pleased at—what is thir up?"

"Kitty, I've fun it, I've fun it," answered John.

"Fun what?" asked Kitty.

"A rare vein o' ore," tremulously answered John.

"Nay, for sure, hez ta?" cried Kitty. "Well, let's gaa to th' Blue Anchor, an' talk it ower a bit. I'll stand a pint; cum on."

When they got in who should there be but our old friend Dick Linton and Luke Splitcurran, the latter a

misery old grocer, who lived in the town, and with whom John Sunter had done business—indeed, John was considerably in debt to Luke for goods supplied during his unlucky time in the mine. It appeared that Dick was indebted to Luke likewise, and had been “dunned” just before they entered the house.

“What, I’s pay thee; dunnat be seea fretened,” Dick was shouting.

“I nobbut ax for my awn, do I?” snappishly retorted Luke.

“Noa, but ye ax folk ta seean, an’ net in a nice way nauther,” said Kitty.

“That’s just what I think,” quietly joined in John Sunter.

“Tha’s naa roum to talk, howsever,” shouted old Luke; “I’ve trusted thee lang enuff, but I’ll do it naa langer; I’ll hev my brass or I’ll fetch law on thee; an’ at yance too.”

“Luke Splitcurran, ye’ve dunned me scores o’ times afore this; but this shall be th’ last,” warmly retorted John Sunter; “bring me yer note next week, an’ I’ll pay ye off.”

“Hurrah, hurrah!” shouted Dick, “that’s the way to say it; an’ as seean as I’ve killed my pig, I’ll pay thee off, too.”

“Fetch Sunter’s bill now,” said Kitty; “we’ll hev dun wi that at yance.”

The grocer went at once, and soon brought it; but his cupidity had led him to add a few pounds more to it than the sum John Sunter owed him. The amount was at once disputed. Luke demanded it, but

John would take it to a York trial before he would submit to such imposition. Dick Linton and Kitty Mytton would swear that the sum claimed was pounds more than they had ever heard Luke name before.

"An' I'll swear that's the sum 'at Luke allas naamed afore," cried Tom Lee, just entering the room when the dispute was at its height; "an' there's Jack Sharp here 'at 'll swear th' saame, 'cause he's heeard him as oft as I hev."

Tom had a grudge against Sunter for having gone to Kitty Mytton to have his tools sharpened in preference to him; and, besides, he hated both Dick Linton and Kitty.

"Well, I noo know what to do," said John Sunter, rising to go, "I'll goa an' see Paget th' lawyer, at yance, for I'll loss all yon 'take-note' afore tha shall cheat me that way, Luke."

"Dick, tha'll gang, willn't ta," said Kitty, "an' swear at Luke only wants seven pund ten?"

"Willn't I?—aye, a thousand times ower, afore John shall be dun by that miserly hound," cried Dick; and, turning to Tom Lee, as he swiped off the remainder of the contents of a pint pot he held in his hand, he continued, "afore I gang I'll give thee a tooast—May aw 'at gaas to York return haame agean alive and weel."

Before Tom could reply, all three had gone, and he was left to chew the cud of bitter reflection suggested by the last insinuation thrown out by Dick Linton. For some time after this both sides were anxiously preparing for appearing at York, and it was to this

state of things to which Kitty Mytton alluded in his last conversation with Betty Knowles.

At length the day of trial came, and arrangements were made by all the parties interested in the matter to set off early in the morning of the previous day, so as to be ready when the case came on. Accordingly, by four o'clock, our trio, each on horseback, were leisurely ascending the hill side above Grassington towards the wide moorlands across which lay their way to the valley of the Nidd. Various were their thoughts, and eager was the conversation they held with each other relative to the business which lay before them. "I've lile doot, John, 'at ye'll hev reight done ye," said Kitty, "but what bothers me a deecal is yon Tom Lee an' his blustering ways. I dunnat want to do him ony real harm, an' I'm sure nauther o' ye duz, but he's really past living near wi' ony comfort. If he maks ony bother while he's at York, an' ye're in my mind, we'll get howd o' Jack Sharp an' see what we can mak on him. Betty Knowles sez she verily believes 'at Tom did th' deed, an' 'at Jack Sharp had a hand in it sumhow, he's saa terribly flayed when she's menshun'd it to him."

"Well, we shall see hoo things turn up at York," said Dick, "an' act accordingly; but let's post on. See! yon's Knaresborough doon at th' bottom o' th' hill; I can see th' old castle fra here."

Having crossed the extensive moors, they soon descended into the valley and reached that ancient town. Crossing the bridge that spanned the river, they came to the old hostelry, "The World's End Inn," where they alighted to bait their horses, and

get refreshment for themselves. To their great surprise they heard the voice of Tom Lee soundly rating Jack Sharp for having lost a sovereign on the road, as Tom and his party (who had preceded our trio on their journey) were crossing the moors.

"Bigow, Kitty, hear's ta, yon devil-skin's at it agean," whispered Dick; "but yon lad hez a miserable time of it—hear's ta, if he isn't hiding him."

A crash as of a chair being broken, accompanied with a cry from Jack Sharp, and a scream from Tom's wife, reached their ears from the other room, when both Kitty and Dick rushed in and stopped Tom's violence, seized Jack Sharp and took him with them into their own room. Tom raged and swore at their interference, but felt completely at bay—cowed partly by a guilty conscience, and the superior strength of his opponents. His wife was not at all sorry at losing Jack, as he had been a source of annoyance to Tom ever since they left Grassington. Jack was only too pleased at the turn things had taken, and was soon after enjoying a hearty meal with his deliverers. In about an hour after their altercation with Tom Lee, that person and party set out for York. After they had gone Kitty and Dick put their heads together, and, being completely tired of Tom's brutal conduct, they put all conscientious scruples to one side, and resolved not only to effect Jack's emancipation, but bring Tom to justice. They formed the plan of getting Jack intoxicated when they reached York, and in that state to worm out of him a confession of the murder of Doctor Petty by Tom, and, though an unwilling accomplice, by turning King's evidence, to free himself from the horrible fears that had made his heart a hell

of torment ever since the fatal night he accompanied Tom to Grass-Wood. They sat some time after dinner to allow Tom and his party to get well on the road, so as to prevent another collision with him, and plied Jack with liquor so as to gradually win his confidence in them. Having settled matters with "mine host," they at length set out for the scene of their tomorrow's actions, and after a long wearisome ride, arrived safely at the northern metropolis, where they put up at a quiet inn, in a quiet street, by the side of a quiet church.

Tom Lee reached York with a mind filled with gloom and vindictiveness at the interference of Dick Linton and Kitty Mytton—the more so at their having got Jack Sharp out of his hands. He had for some time suspected that Jack had divulged more or less of the dreadful secret he had held, and felt more than ever alarmed when he thought of the sly hints that had been thrown out about the possibility of his not returning safely (after John Sunter's trial was over) to Grassington. He cared nothing as to how the trial ended, but he felt as he had never felt before—a presentiment of coming retribution hanging over him, which completely prostrated him for awhile. In the meantime, Dick and Kitty, who had called to their aid Lawyer Paget, succeeded in convincing Jack, that, as he had been ruthlessly dragged into the murderous business, against his own free will, he, by turning King's evidence, would be pardoned; and thereupon Jack made a full confession, giving all the details of the horrible deed.

The case, *Splitcurran v. Sunter*, came on for hearing on the following day, into the particulars of which it

is needless to enter. After the evidence had been heard, the jury were not long in coming to a verdict in favour of the defendant. Luke Splitcurran was in a terrible tantrum at losing the trial, and after having vented his spleen on Tom Lee as the main cause of it, from his contradictory evidence, left York for home, saying, "Tha's been th' meean's o' me losing my trial; sarve thee reight if tha falls into th' trap 'at's laid for thee."

Tom, rendered desperate, soon fell into it—he took to hard drinking, and losing the cunning reason which hitherto had controlled his actions, set out late that night for Jack's lodgings, intending to give both him and his new masters the benefit of his burning ire. Reaching the hostelry, he inquired the way to Jack Sharp and his confederates, and was soon heard approaching the door of the room where they were sitting, eagerly discussing the last steps to be taken to make sure of Tom. On entering a terrible storm arose. He at once demanded that Jack Sharp should be delivered up to him. This was stoutly opposed by Dick, Kitty, and the Lawyer, and whilst the wordy battle raged at its height, Jack slipped out of the room terrified. Tom would at once have come to blows, but Kitty, having expected a collision, had provided himself with a pistol, and as Tom made a spring at him, he drew it from his breast, and pointing it at Tom, shouted

"Cum but a step nearer, an' tha'rt a deead man."

Tom, like a tiger at bay, hoarsely shouted, "Ye're a lot o' sneaking thieves an' cowards; but my time 'll cum yet."

"Nivver," shouted Dick.

"Noa, nivver i' this world," cried Kitty. "Tha calls us thieves—tha lies, but I call thee baath a thief an' a murderer—I can prove it, an' will do seea afore tha leaves York."

"Aye, an' I'll mak thee," said Tom, as he left the room, glad to get away, for Kitty's words and Jack's absence (little as he showed it) filled his heart with mortal dread. He made up his mind in an instant to leave York at once. He went off to his lodgings to secure a few necessary things, and was just leaving the hotel when he heard words which paralysed him, so that he could not take a single step in flight.

"That's the man, officers, do your duty," when at the command of Lawyer Paget, he was seized, and at once conveyed to the Castle.

No time was lost in getting the case ready for trial. Jack Sharp, who had absconded, was, through the vigilance of the solicitor, brought back, and had to brace himself up to the dreadful task of confronting his old master. Evidence was prepared as well as witnesses which would leave no doubt as to Tom's guilt of the crime for which he was (too soon for him) to be arraigned at the bar of justice.

The day came—the trial proceeded—the evidence was adduced—and the jury, having patiently and attentively listened to the summing up of the judge, retired to perform their solemn duty. Tom had made up his mind, in case the little hope he indulged was destined to be driven from his heart, to brave the worst.

Neither Kitty, Dick, nor anyone else should see one particle of fear evinced by him—no, no, he would die game if he had to die. And so it was, the jury found

him guilty, and he was sentenced "to be hung by the neck till he was dead, and his body to be gibbeted on the spot where the deed had been done."

The grief of Tom's wife may be better imagined than pictured by the pen. Old John Sunter groaned in spirit—Dick Linton busily "mopped up" (as he called it afterwards) his streaming eyes with his coat-sleeve, "an' cud do nowt else fer sum time." Kitty's sterner spirit, though pierced with many a pang, felt that it was only a righteous retribution which had overtaken his late foe at Litton Feast. Bitter was the last parting between Tom and his wife who visited him, a short time before his execution, in the condemned cell. Tom bowed his head in unutterable agony when left alone, and shed a torrent of burning tears which seemed to relieve a little his deeply-oppressed heart. Soon after he was visited by two turnkeys and a blacksmith, who had come to measure him for his gibbet irons. While being measured Tom made a feeble attempt to be jocose, saying, "I've been measured wi' shoemakers, an' wi' tailors; but niver wi' a blacksmith afore."

On the following morning the solemn sound of the death-bell was heard as it "sped invisible" over the ancient city, announcing that Tom's "destined hour" had arrived. On the skirts of the large crowd that had assembled to witness his execution, stood Dick and Kitty to see the last of Tom. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, but, though disdaining the fear of man, his lips moved as in prayer for mercy to that Being from whom every one of woman-born needs it so greatly in death's mortal throes.

On the day following, Tom's remains were conveyed to Grass Wood, followed by his wife, a solitary mourner, who had determined to follow the remains of her husband—not to the grave—it would have been a great consolation to her to “have buried her dead out of her sight”—but as far as Grassington, there to leave them as they passed the home where erst life wore vastly different aspects to the present miserable outlook now presented to her. A short distance before the *cortege* rode the three horsemen who a few days before had crossed the same moorlands in such good spirits, and with such gleeful enjoyment; but how sad were their feelings now! Jack Sharp had started in the morning of the day for his native vale, and was ever after an ailing man, such was the shock his nervous system had sustained from the dreadful events he had passed through. The road they pursued led by the foot of Coldstone, an immense piece of rock that jutted out of the hill, and overhung the highway. On the top of this sat a woman who seemed to be the weird spirit of the solitary scene. As the travellers passed the point of the road beneath her she slowly rose, and in a voice distinctly heard by the passers by, she cried out—

“Dick Linton, ye heeard my words in Linton churchyard on t’ day Doctor Petty wor buried, an’ hevn’t they cum true? Kitty Mytton, ye heeard what I sed at Litton on t’ day o’ t’ cock-feight; hevn’t I kept a still tongue, an’ didn’t I prophesy then what’s fulfilled this day? Were it not for that poor widow an’ her fatherless bairns, I should rejoice this day, but I hevn’t th’ heart to do it—I sympathise wi’ poor human natur too much for that. John Sunter,

gang haame an' be happy; ye've won th' day 'cause ye wor i' t' reight—Tom has lost, 'cause he wor i' t' wrang; an' saa it'll allas be."

And Betty Knowles (for it was our old friend the hawker) disappeared behind the rock, and her retreating form was seen some time after on the distant ridge of the moor, just as it dropped out of sight.

At length they reached Grassington. Tom's wife left the mournful cortege here, and repaired to her dismal home. Carrying out the wishes of her husband, expressed in their last interview, she soon after left the neighbourhood, with her family, for ever. Both Kitty Mytton and Dick Linton, deeply impressed by the events in which they had taken so prominent a part, led reformed lives ever after, convinced that right doing was the only way to secure real happiness.





CHAPTER XXI.

“**M**ISCE SERIA LUDO” is an old saw, and a very good one; and so, considering that my readers may have too much of the *supernatural*, I will, by way of a little agreeable change, in the present chapter introduce to their notice a “modern instance”—a love story, which shall contain nothing supernatural, but in which two of the characters shall be as complete “naturals” as can be imagined.

At the head of a rocky hollow situate in one of the localities described in a preceding chapter, stands Choughbury House, formerly the seat of Captain Hercules Trenoodle. The name was derived from the Cornish *chough*, a bird of which the captain was a great admirer. The surrounding scenery is wild in the extreme. On all sides rise lofty heath-clad hills, one or two tarns with water as black as ink, and the barracks of the Sapheads and Miners. Choughbury House is a plain non-descript sort of a building, the architecture of which it would be difficult to describe, as it certainly does not belong to any of the *discovered* orders; although it may be referable to some “*disorder*” of architecture—at any rate, it is *gothic* enough in all conscience! The house is fronted by a garden which *was*, and I believe *is* still rented by Sapper Dick, the

regimental tailor, who by dint of very laborious exertion, has managed to rear a few tolerably good-sized cabbages. At one corner of the garden is a plantation of larches to ward off the northern blast; but, judging from the appearance of the trees, which very much resemble a collection of besoms in a galloping consumption, it is evident *they* stand much more in need of protection than the damp dreary mansion they were planted to screen. At the period of our tale, Captain Trenoodle was in the zenith of his military glory; he had for his commanding officer a kind-hearted creature, who allowed him to do as he liked; and close to his mansion was the camp of some hundreds of trusty and well-disciplined Sapheads and Miners. At Choughbury House the motto was "Free and Easy," and its occupant acted up to it to the very letter. The *parlour* (for by that public-house term was the sitting-room designated) was plainly furnished—the chairs were in blissful ignorance of cushions, and so was the floor of a carpet. The wall was unpapered; but this was not from motives of economy, but because the damp, or rather the rain, entered at so many places, as to bid defiance to the art of a "decorator." True, the walls might have been "slap-dashed;" but only consider, for a moment, how much a recourse to the stencilling process would have been beneath the dignity of a gentleman who held such distinguished military rank! The Captain was a lover of the fine arts, a connoisseur in painting; and when the bare walls of his "parlour" were alluded to, he would say, "all the better for displaying the beauty of my paintings!" These said paintings, although the works of Italian artists, were by names unknown to fame, and for whose biographies we should search in vain either in Pilkington's Dictionary, in the

work of Vavasari, or in the "*Dictionaire des peintures*." The subjects were chiefly historical. In addition to Captain Trenoodle's pictures there were two others, which were the property of Mr. Fussypuff, and were merely placed in the Captain's gallery for exhibition. They were portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fussypuff. Mrs. Fussypuff was represented holding in her hands a glass of brandy and water; the lady, it appears, had been, in her maidenhood, a waitress at an inn, and the glass was to let the world know that she was not ashamed of her *quondam* calling. On one side of the Captain's fire-place was the wine, or rather the *rum* closet, for our gallant friend never patronised any other description of liquor; it was the ingredient of his punch, it was found in his teapot, and the very milk bowls in his pantry had made its acquaintance!

In the summer of 1840, the Captain, after having despatched an early breakfast, was seated in his parlour, and indulging in somewhat melancholy reflections on his state of miscalled single-blessedness; visions of married life floated before him—smiling wife—chubby-faced children—nicely swept hearth—well dusted rum-decanter and willow patterns. These *meditations* would have extended till they had become as voluminous as Harvey's, if the train of cogitation had not been interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Fussypuff. Mr. Fussypuff was the regimental blacksmith, and was as strange a specimen of the *genus* as it is possible to imagine. He was a short-built fat man, with an apple-dumpling shaped head, and a very round face, covered with what Craveners call "*Franticles*;" he had red hair, very curly and very short, but long enough to cover a cranium where, phrenologically speaking,

the animal propensities were in the ascendant. Mr. F. was better known by the nick-name of "My tender-dear," a favourite appellation, invention, and application of his wife; though in what sense Mr. Fussypuff was a "tender-dear," it would puzzle a "wiseman," even the Cardinal himself, to make out. He was a great speculator, and at the period of our story he was not only the chairman to the "Malham and Settle Railway Company," but he was also a director in the "London Parson's Delivery Company," *ditto* in the "Mont Blanc Ice Association," and *ditto* in some dozen or so of equally respectable and profitable concerns! He was also a large shareholder in the "Nosell Quicksilver and Platina Mining Company." Mr. Fussypuff aspired to be a lecturer on chemistry, and had recently announced "a course;" but, unfortunately, having plagiarised the whole of the "Introductory Lecture," and such plagiarism having, unfortunately, been exposed, the remainder of his lectures had been postponed *sine die*! Another of Captain Trenoodle's friends was Captain Miller. He was an officer in the Sapheads and Miners. If Miller had a fault, it was owing to an hereditary taint; for he was not only a lineal descendant of the celebrated Joe; but he inherited, along with the blood, his ancestor's *penchant* for fun and practical joking. He was a very improper companion for Captain Trenoodle, and the last person that our gallant hero ought to have consulted on any matter, but more especially on one that involved his future happiness. It happened, however, that this worthy called on Captain Trenoodle the morning he was so seriously contemplating entering the married state, and Trenoodle at once unburdened his mind.

"When that fool Fussypuff entered my parlour this morning," said Captain Trenoodle, "he disturbed me in the midst of some very important meditations. I was thinking about a wife! I could have kicked the rascal down stairs," and here the Captain certainly did not *bless* Fussypuff and his remarks; but did something, as the old song says—

"The quite contrary way."

"Yes!" continued Trenoodle, "I am sick of bachelorism, and I *will* have a partner. Money is no object, if the lady is respectable; and yet, when my purse is put into one scale, the other will not look the worse for being nicely balanced!"

"Would Miss Deborah Jackson, of 'The Flatts,' suit?" asked Captain Miller.

"Fine girl," replied Trenoodle; "do very well, but she *has* refused me *point blank*."

Miller was aware of the circumstance; the question was a little bit of ingenious tormenting.

"Miss Grace White! will she do?"

"Grace White! who's she?"

"Why!" said Captain Miller, "have you never heard of the great heiress who is now on a visit to 'The Flatts?' Such a splendid creature. She'll be next Sunday at the little chapel at Winterburn, for Miss White is a Dissenter. If you like we'll walk over, and I'll introduce you."

"Will you?" said Trenoodle; "be it so, then. I will take an early dinner with you, and we will attend the afternoon service."

Miller then took his departure, and proceeded to the barracks. After he had passed the little plantation he glanced around, and, observing that the coast was clear, burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, "Old boy! I'll have a bit of fun out of *you*!"

The Sunday arrived. The day was as fine as the most ardent lovers could desire. The heat was excessive in the valleys, but when the Captains were crossing the hills a gentle breeze met them from the west, and by its soothing influence enabled them to reach Winterburn without feeling the least degree of fatigue. It wanted a quarter of an hour to the commencement of the service, and groups of villagers and farmers were assembled about the door engaged in conversation not unfitted to the solemnities of the day,—such as inquiries about absent or sick friends—discussions on the morning's discourse, &c., &c. Trenoodle glanced at the various groups, and his eyes rested on Mr. and Mrs. Fussypuff. He looked in another direction, but it was evident that the party from "The Flatts" was not present. The gallant gentleman was disappointed, and he more than suspected that Captain Miller had perpetrated another practical joke; his suspicions were, however, dissipated almost as soon as they were formed, by the arrival of the beautiful heiress in company with an elderly maiden lady from Kirkby Malhamdale, who, being a member of the same religious persuasion, had kindly undertaken to be Miss White's guide to the little chapel.

The service commenced. The youthful preacher gave out the hymn, "*Grace! 'tis a charming sound.*" Trenoodle fixed his large eyes on the bench where sat the beautiful heiress, and sang the sacred words with

more than his wonted energy. The pastor looked at the singer—others did the same, for never before had such a sonorous voice echoed through the pile. Miss White seemed to be alive to the profane application, for a blush suffused her cheek, and she closed the book. Captain Miller whispered, "Don't make a fool of yourself!" and the remaining verses were sung without the accompaniment of Trenoodle's bass.

At the conclusion of the service, Trenoodle was introduced—the lady curtsied gracefully—the Captain made an awkward bow, and said, "Your humble servant, Miss!" The lady smiled. Trenoodle spoke of the eloquence of the sermon, and the beauty of the scenery. The lady made one or two appropriate remarks—there was another graceful curtsy—another awkward bow—a smile for Captain Miller—and the scene closed.

During the homeward walk, owing to the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Fussypuff, Captain Trenoodle was unable to hold any conversation with his brother officer. He had much to say, but he was not inclined to make confidants of Mr. and Mrs. Fussypuff. Trenoodle, however, mused all along the road on what had occurred, and when he parted with Captain Miller, the last words were, "Let me see you to-morrow evening!"

A few days had elapsed since the interview between Trenoodle and Fussypuff, and during the interval, the Captain had somewhat neglected his matrimonial speculations; the hurry of other business having prevented the gallant officer from properly studying the leading character that he was desirous of acting

in the forthcoming Craven version of "The Love Chase." It was early morning, and the day being the first "workday" after a very laborious week, the Captain resolved to dedicate it to Saint Monday; in other phrase, to convert it into a day of pleasure; and yet not entirely so, for the relaxation was to be combined with a little private business. Trenoodle had to make a "survey," draw a "plan," and attend to a few other preliminaries, all of which were necessary—at least, in the opinion of the gallant gentlemen, who had always a great idea of taking Time by the forelock! The Captain had finished milking, had swept the "parlour," made his bed, given the cat,* Shadrach, his breakfast, and taken his own, and—hear this, ye sluggards! it was not yet seven o'clock. He put on his military undress coat—a fustian jacket of the gamekeeper's fashion, and studded with immense stagheaded horn buttons. The garment had most capacious and rapacious pockets, and of such profundity that the Captain's chaplain, the Rev. John Pumpkins, had named them "bottomless pits." The comparison might be "professional," but it was certainly not a just one. Like other sayings of the reverend Divine, it was exaggerated and hyperbolic; for the pockets had not only bottoms, but on the present occasion such terminations were safely reached by a well filled rum bottle, three dozen of ham sandwiches, a three-foot rule, a mariner's compass, Hoppus's "Complete Measurer," a telescope, a quart bottle of ink, a

* This was a wonderful animal! He once fell down Mr. Fussypuff's great chimney, and escaped with a slight singe! Fact!—S. J.

joiner's lead pencil, a pocket book, and half a quire of foolscap. Thus equipped and fortified, the Captain sallied forth from the walls of Choughbury House, to the door of which he suspended a notice—"Return at seven P.M.; all letters, messages, &c., to be left with Mr. and Mrs. Fussypuff, at the Smithy and improved Patent Furnace Establishment.—H. T."

The Captain's steps were doomed to be arrested much sooner than he had calculated upon; the stoppage was not caused by the appearance of Mr. Fussypuff, or by that of any other moorland biped; nor was it by any vagrant, clamorous for alms, for owing to the admirable arrangements, mendicancy was an annoyance that seldom intruded itself at Choughbury House! The Captain was stopped by his own garden gate, to which was affixed one of the strangest devices that ever greeted the optics of an ardent lover. At first glance the Captain exhibited some slight symptoms of alarm, for his vivid imagination conjured up a threatening notice. The regiment had been recently the subject of some most scandalous newspaper attacks, and there was no knowing to what evils such radicalism and charterism might have given birth! But such dreadful ideas were soon dispelled, and the Captain indulged in thoughts that were more warlike and so more worthy of harbouring within a soldier's breast—the object was a challenge to deadly combat! Our gallant hero had read of General Bombastes and his boots, and also of

"The arms the Paladin Orlanda wore,"

and thought he, if a challenge can be accompanied by a pair of boots, or by a pair of steel inexpressibles—why should it not be the companion of a pair

of bags,—for such were the articles suspended to the garden gate of Choughbury House? The bags were made of brown paper—they were rather large ones considering the material, and united by a piece of very red paper, intended to represent two intermingled and bleeding hearts, and on the junction, or poetically speaking, on the “true love knot,” was inscribed :—

“when this you see
remember me
your own true lover
marget G.”

From which legend the inference was plain, that the ingenious device was neither a threat nor a challenge, but an emblem of love and affection. As the garden gate was the joint property of Trenoodle and his neighbour Captain Penfoozle, it might be that the bags were intended for the last-named officer. It was but a momentary idea, for Penfoozle was a married man, and, therefore, “marget G.,” whoever she was, could not be *his* “true lover!” The token, therefore, was for the lord and master of Choughbury House, and for no one else!

Trenoodle thus assured, and after ascertaining that the sanitary condition of the bags was perfectly unexceptionable, proceeded to remove them, and submit them to a very minute examination. They were empty; and alas! there was no letter to explain who and what was the mysterious “marget G.,” whose pot-hooks and hangers were formed into such beautiful poetry, and who had adopted so strange a method to declare her passion for a brave soldier. The bags, however, did contain another inscription, and although it was one quite unconnected with love,

it was an announcement that might, perhaps, lead to a discovery of the fair *incognita*;—this inscription was as follows:—

“HEZEKIAH WORTHY,

Grocer, Tea Dealer and Maltster,

Hill Top House, Riverton, Craven.

N.B.—*All sorts of Drapery, Ironmongery, Brushes, and Crockery Ware.—Fixed Prices; and no abatement.*

10th 6 mo. 18—.”

The bags had come from Mr. Worthy's establishment! That was clear enough; all else was obscurity. The Captain remained for a few seconds in a brown study, but to no purpose. He thought over the names of parishioners in three different parishes, but it was labour in vain. He could not trace the mysterious “marget G.,” and 'so transferring the treasure trove to one of his “bottomless pits,” he proceeded on his ramble. The lark was flying and singing merrily, fearless of a falcon that had just quitted his eyrie in Dibb Scar, and was soaring near the songster, and at an almost equally dizzy height. The wail of a flock of plovers was also heard, and their harsh notes did not sound unmusically amid these mountain solitudes. A female approached carrying a milking pail, and screaming to the very pitch of a harsh squeaking voice, and to the air of Auber's Gallopade, Doctor Watt's hymn:—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite.”

It was Nannie Clack, the well-known *prima donna* at a neighbouring chapel, and an accomplished musical pupil of the late John Broughton. She ceased singing, and brushing hastily past, exclaimed:—“Good

morning, Captain!" There was evidently something that affected Nannie's risible faculties, for a broad grin overspread her face, and it was only by biting her apron, that she was preserved from a burst of laughter. The Captain wondered what was the matter with the woman; for Nannie was of a very serious turn of mind, and quite as much celebrated for the imperturbable gravity and length of her countenance, as she was for the extraordinary and thrilling loudness of her vocal organs.

Trenoodle called out, "Nannie, stop a minute!" He might as well have addressed his words to Kilnsey Crag. On went the milkwoman, and he lost the opportunity of consulting her as to the best tune for a bit of "common metre."

There came another sound! It was a cry—a rather loud cry, of "*Bags! bags! b-a-a-a-gs!*" The voice sounded like that of a boy, but no one was visible; and as the shout was repeated by so many echoes, it was difficult to fix on the vociferator's hiding place. The Captain peeped round several of the crags, and glanced over some of the stone fences, but saw no one. There was an old building at hand, a sort of half "laith," half "mistal;" and the door being unlocked, the place was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The Captain ascended the haymow and looked upwards to see if any one sat astride on the "baulks." He searched every "cow boose" and horse stall, but it was labour in vain. He would have given twopence (the amount of his quarterly subscription to the Dorcas Club) to have discovered the caller, for whoever he was, he could no doubt have solved the mystery of the bags. Trenoodle was ill at ease,

for as he connected the "love token" with Nannie's mirth and the subsequent shout, he began to have strange forebodings that he had become a laughing-stock to the parish, and was the unfortunate victim of some practical joke!

The Captain continued his ramble. He had now reached the junction of two footpaths, one of which led through long dreary uplands covered with broom and wild thyme, to the very summit of Whernside. Leaving this road, he took the other which descended towards the turnpike, but he rested midway at a small meadow of the richest herbage; it was a sweet spot, close to the entrance of the wood. At some time or other it had probably been reclaimed from the forest, whose trees on three sides formed an agreeable shelter, the light tints of the larch and ash blending gracefully with the sombre hues of the tall pines and the branchy oaks. On the only open side was a peep into Wharfedale, and a view of the low brushwood-covered hills above Skirethorns, beyond which were the heathery wastes of Bordley and Malham. It was the very spot for a mansion, and Trenoodle had there built the airy castle wherein he intended to pass his matrimonial days.

The Captain emptied one of the "bottomless pits," and with rule and tape, and pencil, and paper, and compass, proceeded to measure and note down and draw—frequently gazing the while at a well-executed painting of a celebrated ancient mansion!

"Ye're busy this morning, Mr. Hercules!" exclaimed a country man that issued from the wood, well laden with a bundle of stout hazel stocks.

"Are ye going to make a wall to fence in the cuckoo?"

The speaker was Daniel Cooper, who, though he has previously figured in our stories, has never yet been properly introduced and described. Daniel was by trade a besom maker, and the senior partner in the old-established firm of "Cooper Brothers;" but for some years past he had not worked much at his calling, but bestowed his energies on the cultivation of a small farm and a common garden. Poor Daniel! companion of many a boyish ramble by dale and stream; ever green be thy memory! Long will it be ere thy old friends cease to regret that awful pest which at one fell swoop laid low an honest father and his family. Daniel's real name was William Story, but he was much better known by that of Daniel Cooper, which we will call him.

Of Daniel Cooper's origin little was known, but the jet black curly hair, the brown swarthy face, and the unmistakeably marked lineaments of his handsome countenance, implied a gypsy descent. Such a genealogy was still more manifested in his daughters; tall brunettes, with sparkling black eyes, and with forms that might have served as models for a sculptor. Daniel was respected, because he was always respectable; in his very look there was something that distinguished him from the common herd. He was stamped with the nobility of Nature; very aristocratic in his notions, he loved old families; he would not touch his hat to a purse-proud *parvenu*; nor would he give a title to one who had no right to bear it. He herded not with the surrounding peasants, nor did he follow the fashion of their dress;

choosing rather to wear the long drab steel-buttoned coat, the waistcoat of the same colour, the fustian knee breeches, and the ribbed blue worsted stockings of the Craven Statesman; his whole contour being finished by a beaver of ample brim, and with a low rounded crown. If Daniel frequently conversed in the Craven dialect, it was from choice or eccentricity, and not from inability to use a more elegant language. He could read well, and write well too; and those acquisitions, if he had possessed no others, would have formed a broad line of demarcation between him and contemporaries in his own sphere, too many of whom were grossly ignorant of such necessary acquirements. Cooper loved the wild legends of his hills, and his vivid imagination wove them into interesting narratives. Some people deemed that Daniel was superstitious, but this was a mistake; for when he told strange narratives of spectre dogs, boggards, ghosts, and fairies, and of extraordinary personal adventures, a lurking smile and an occasional wink (*aside!*) would often mark the real state of the author's credence! In his youthful days Cooper had been an actor; and (with one exception) nobody in the parish could deliver with better emphasis the impassioned lines of Shakespeare and Massinger. Such was Daniel Cooper, who inquired if our gallant friend was about to wall in the cuckoo?

Trenoodle did not like the question—for, though he was aware that it was only an application of an ancient joke, he well knew that Daniel seldom spoke without a meaning. "I am planning a bird-cage, certainly," replied the Captain; "but I trust it will be for a bird of a very different class!"

"I hope so," said Daniel, "for I should not like you to make a fool of yourself! Be wary! marriage is an awkward noose, and I shouldn't like you to hang yourself! The besom maker in the old song gave good counsel to the bishop; and the besom maker *here*, may surely do the same to a Captain of Sapheads and Miners!"

"Do I need advice?"

"Yes! This match will never do; ye'll rue it, as long as ye live!"

"Then you've heard about it!"

"Heard! when the thunder speaks from Whernside, do you think that the dales around hear not the mountain's voice? And when the head of a parish speaks, do you think that the parishioners are deaf? But, come, let's have a look at the plan!"

Trenoodle handed the drawing to the besom maker, who immediately exclaimed: "Why! its a picture of 'The Flatts,'" and a well-drawn view it is! there it is! the old ancient mansion! there are the pillared chimneys! the mullioned windows! that's the porch where I've smoked many a pipe, and drunk many a glass of home-brewed with old Mr. Quintin! There's Miss Deborah's flower garden! But it won't do *here*—it's too fine for *her*!"

"Daniel!" replied Trenoodle, "surely, I am the best judge of that! How like you the situation?"

"Oh! if ye will have *her*, the situation couldn't be better—you'll always have a view of the old house before you, and it will preserve your wife from getting proud, though that's not a disease in her family!"

Trenoodle gazed in the direction of "The Flatts," but he could not distinguish *that* house: he used his telescope, but to no purpose; indeed, a lofty eminence intervened between "The Flatts" and the hills of Wharfedale. "I can't make it out," said the Captain, as he continued to use the telescope.

"You hold the glass far too high," said Daniel, "give it a *lower* range—I am an older man than you, and I can see the house with the naked eye." Daniel certainly did see *a* house, but it was not the one that passed before the mental vision of Trenoodle, who, as he put by the telescope, said somewhat pettishly, "Yes! you're a very clever fellow; *you* often see and meet with what nobody else does! (this was a rap at Daniel's legendary tales.) "And now," continued the Captain, "let me ask what ails the lady? Has she not family, wealth, youth, and beauty? Look at her well-formed head—her beautiful auburn tresses, her black eyes, her slender swan-like neck! Is she not perfection? I have, at Mr. Miller's suggestion, had a serenade written expressly for her, and on some night it will be sung beneath her window! A serenade is a love song!"

"Thank you for the information! but, I say, take care the old chap does not shoot you; or that Moor-side Jack, her lover, doesn't do it! Would you just oblige me by a look at the copy of the verses? Anything from Mr. Miller's pen will be worth reading!"

"There's the Serenade! but it is not, I must tell you, written by Mr. Miller—he only procured it for me; it is partly original, and partly taken from the poems of the late John Broughton!"

The composition was entitled "*Serenade, C. M. (tune Eythorn)*"; and Daniel read aloud the first verse in very much the same manner that a Ranter parson would give out a hymn—

"Thine eye is lustrous as the stars
Within the heavens that shine,
And more resplendent than the spars
That glitter in the mine.
And as the little busy bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey every day
From every opening flower—
So I would seek an honied cell—
Thy ruby lips I mean."

He did not peruse the remainder—(there were five verses, exclusive of a doxology!) but remarked, as he returned the elegant and very grammatical effusion:—"It's far too fine! too high flown, for *her!* give her '*Daniel Cooper,*' '*Vicar and Moses,*' '*Pious Parson,*' '*Bold Robin Hood,*' '*Chevy Chase,*' or the best of all, '*Saddle to Rags,*'—she'll understand any of *them!*"

"This thief he was not content,
He thought there must be *bags*;
So he up with his rusty old sword,
And he chopped the old saddle to rags."

Trenoodle was shocked, and administered a very severe lecture. "And now, Daniel," said he, "let me ask what *you* know about the young lady, to suppose that she would listen to the ribald songs that you have just enumerated, and of one of which you have given a specimen?"

Daniel did not reply, but continued his observations. "You talked about family, wealth, youth, and beauty. As for her family, her ancestors lived on

the Borders where they dealt in cattle; selling English kye in Scotland, and Scotch kye in England. Two of her ancestry were certainly raised to very high positions, but they only enjoyed their dignities for an hour!"

Trenoodle took mental note of such an aristocratical point in the family history, and then, without making any inquiry as to what offices were held during the brief elevations, requested Daniel to go on, which the besom maker did, though not in a manner that was altogether agreeable. "Her age" said he, "is nine and thirty come Michaelmas." (Trenoodle shook his head.) "Her head is the size of a prize turnip, and much about the same shape." (Trenoodle was most indignant.) "Her hair is as red as a carrot, and as rough as a collie dog's back." (Trenoodle dissented.) "And as for her neck if it is like a swan's, it's a swan that's got a cold with staying out too late on the water—for the lass's neck is an uncommon thick one. (Trenoodle whistled.) As for brass, she hasn't got a penny piece!"

"Daniel! Daniel! you're mad!" vociferated the Captain. "We may differ about age, colour, and even beauty; but truth is truth—the lady's mother left her four thousand pounds, and her father left her six thousand—that I know to be a fact!"

"And I know for fact, that her mother had not a groat to leave, and that her father is still living!"

"Nonsense! he died two years ago!"

"Then he's been turned out, and come back again; but he's living, I say, and his two sons, also! I saw the whole family last Saturday, making

besoms and tickletails. She *may* have a trifle some time or other, but there have been so many hard draws from the *bags*, that they must be nearly empty!"

The Captain's perception was not remarkably perspicuous or lucid, but still he possessed a little instinct. The word "bags" acted as an electric shock, and caused our hero to exclaim in a loud tone of voice:—"Why! who the jingo is it that you are talking about? 'Old chaps,' 'bags,' and 'besoms?' What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" responded Daniel, "what should I, but the young woman to whom you were asked to church last Sunday, when for the first time, and in my hearing,, the banns were published 'between Hercules Trenoodle, of Choughbury House, bachelor, and Margaret Gibbetson, of Ling House, spinster, both in this parish!' She's the daughter of the besom-merchant, who found a pair of bags full of gold. Everybody was surprised, for all the world knows that the lady has a lover called Moor-side Jack, who lives at Thorp." Trenoodle gazed with feelings of astonishment and incredulity on Daniel, whose countenance was unruffled by the slightest smile,—truth was stamped on every lineament. Trenoodle saw it all; by a vile practical joke he had been made a laughing-stock to the parish!

Mutual explanations ensued, during which Trenoodle exhibited the "love token," but the further revelations made by Daniel only served to add to the extent of the evil! Miss Grace White, the rich heiress, had actually formed one of the congregation!

She had heard the awful announcement! We should not be acting the part of a true historian, were we to assert that the Captain exhibited no feelings of anger and wounded pride; and yet his rage was of a very transient nature; for in a few minutes, the gallant officer settled down into his usual condition of stoical coolness and imperturbable serenity; nay, he even discovered that a drop of consolation was infused into the bitter draught!—*The Heiress* heard the publication! Here was balm; it would be necessary to make an immediate visit to "The Flatts," and the explanatory interview might lead to most important results. We pass over some portion of the conversation that ensued; suffice it to say, that Daniel after sundry sippings from the rum bottle, not only entered into all the Captain's "speculations," but stamped them with the most unqualified approval, and even extended his praises to the plan of the mansion, its site, &c., &c. "Still," said Daniel, "this place has one drawback—it is close to a haunted wood; Tom Lee, who was gibbeted in it, often comes again; aye! and so does the man that he murdered! Then, as to hobs, and fairies, and barguests, and boggards, there is not such a neighbourhood in all Craven."

Trenoodle smiled—the Captain was credulous enough in mundane affairs, but to do him justice, he had no belief in the supernatural tales that were so prevalent around.

"You laugh," said Daniel; "but I can tell you something that will surprise you—something that happened to myself!"

"Let me hear it, by all means," said the Captain. The besom maker then related the following adventure:—"A few years ago, I was returning from Kettlewell market. I arrived at Kilnsey about six o'clock in the evening, where I stopped a few minutes at "The Tennant's Arms," to have a glass with old Stephen Knowles, and Mr. Naylor, who was also present. You've heard of Tom Naylor—he lived up in the dales, and in his young days was a noted horse stealer. He was long the terror of all the country side, and neither bolts, dogs, guns, nor watchers prevented his carrying on his sharp practice as a hedge lawyer. But he was caught at last, tried, and sentenced to be hanged at York. He was not hanged though, but got off with transportation for life—was sent to Botany, behaved himself like a gentleman, served fourteen years, obtained a free pardon, and came back and died at Buckden. He was not a bad fellow in his declining years, and I always liked to listen to his tales; and though it was not quite the thing, I could not but smile at hearing the old man say over his cups:—"If I had a good horse under me, I could do a little bit of business *now*—old and gouty as I am!"

"On the night in question, it was about September, Naylor was telling his old adventures, and going through a list of graziers and farmers that he had deprived of their horses, and I had a glass or two with him and Mr. Knowles."

"How many glasses had you at the Inn at Kilnsey?" inquired the Captain.

"Certainly not more than half a dozen 'glasses of brandy and water, and two glasses of ale!"

"And how many had you at Kettlewell?"

"Perhaps four of gin, and two or three of ale; but what makes you ask?"

"Nothing! proceed," said the Captain, making a note with his pencil.

"I left Kilnsey," continued Daniel, "about ten o'clock—it was as light as day. Old Naylor walked with me as far as Coniston Bridge, and on parting he made me take a double-barrelled pistol. He was a very curious old man, and whenever he was out late at nights, was armed with a pair of such articles—a little of the old ruling passion was, may be, at work. Thank you," said I, "but I'm not afraid." "Nor," says he, "am I; but these roads are lonely, and it is as well to be safe!" At Coniston I looked in on an old friend, Mr. Duke Corner, and had a glass or two there."

Trenoodle made a minute of the circumstance.

"Just when I had got clear of the village, I saw a man walking before me, about six yards high, and smoking a pipe as big as a Manchester lamp post!"

"Were you smoking also?" asked Trenoodle.

"Why, of course, I was; do you think, asthmatic as I am, that you would catch me walking from Coniston to Grassington, in a foggy, misty, September night, without affording my lungs the protection of a pipe?"

"The big fellow that you saw was your shadow?"

"It was *not*; I deny that! I suppose you'll say what I next encountered was also my shadow?"

"Let me hear what it was, and I'll give my opinion."

"The tall figure disappeared, pipe and all; and I next saw a hay-stack rolling and tumbling before me on the road! Now do you know what *that* was?"

"No! what was it?"

"It was a 'hob'—a 'wilfrey!' These wilfreys are peculiar to Craven—they're not found in any other part of the world—I've often seen them—the man with the pipe was one! They're fairies."

"Fairies! why I thought that fairies were very small," said the Captain. "Who ever heard of fairies six yards high?"

"Yes; but then they can assume all sorts of shapes! This hob kept rolling before me till I got to 'The Potter's Haunt,' a small piece of ground, just before you reach the commencement of Grass Wood; and there the thing vanished. You know the 'Potter's Haunt.' It is so called because gypsies and potters camp there; a nice warm grassy nook it is—a large ash tree shades it; and if you stand beneath the boughs and look up the water you have a splendid view of the dale to its very extremity. Opposite to you is Netherside Hall, and on the same side, but higher up the stream, are Chapel House, and Kilnsey Crag. You know the Potter's Haunt—everybody does. The view from it—why, there's nothing to match it in all Craven."

"I *do* know the place," said Trenoodle, "and acknowledge the correctness of your description."

"Then, you are aware that just above the place is a field, through which is a footpath entered by a stile, close to where Tom Lee's gibbet stood; this path shortens the distance a trifle, for there is a bend in the cart road there; but I never take this footpath, either in going to, or returning from, Coniston, but prefer passing by the 'Potter's Haunt,' where I always rest for a minute or two—the spot is associated with old remembrances, and I sometimes meet with a swarthy friend there; and if, as on the night of my adventure, I find the green deserted, I still linger and enjoy the scenery. I was musing, when I heard the sweetest music in the field. I crept to the wall and looked over, and—first let me tell you there were a lot of turnips on the wall!"

"What of that? Suppose that there had been some cabbages and carrots keeping them company—what then?"

"You'll see! These turnips are very important—I peeped over the wall, and if there was one fairly dancing there were three hundred!" ("No doubt of that," said the Captain) "catering to such music—it was heavenly! The beautiful little creatures were dressed in white robes covered with gold spangles—and talk of dancing! That was something like dancing! I don't know what possessed me, but a sudden thought came over me, that I would have a shy at the turnips on the wall. Bang went the pistol, or rather bang! bang! for I fired off both the two barrels at once; and, such a disaster—they came right at my head—the whole lot of them!"

"The fairies?"

"No! the *turnips*! half a dozen or more. There was one chap, a large Swede, that was uncommonly ill-natured—he knocked my hat off, flew against my eyes and cheeks, and nose and ears, and made me roar with pain. The others were very malicious; but that Swede was a very devil! I was in agony, and the more I suffered, the more the fairies encouraged those rascally, mischievous vegetables. At last I ran for it, and crossing a small stream that comes from Dib Scar, got quit of the persecution. I've never eaten a turnip since! I now walked on leisurely, and soon arrived at Tom Lee's gibbet—it's fallen down now—perhaps been carried away; but then it was standing, and a few of the murderer's bones, blanched by the weather, presented an awful and disgusting sight. I had often passed the gibbet without feeling the least fear; but on this evening what with the two hobs, the fairies, and the turnips, I was ill at ease; and it was with no little delight that I encountered an old gentleman sitting on a bank by the road side. I could not see his face, for the trees there grow very thick, and the shade is so deep that no moonbeam can pierce it. "It's a fine night," said I, "though rather cold and foggy." What! he knew that as well as I did; I merely said so to get acquainted with him, and draw him into conversation. Not a word did he say in reply; so says I to him, "I'm walking to Linton; if you're going my way I shall be glad of your company." There was no answer, but the old man slowly moved in the direction that I was going. I looked at him and took notice of

his dress; his coat was of a very ancient make, and so were his waistcoat and his breeches. I could not see his face distinctly, because his right hand, in which he held a large yellow gold-tipped cane, was always held up to it. He walked along very feebly, and if I could have made him hear, I would certainly have advised that he should have used his cane for walking, instead of holding it in such a queer position to his nose. That he was a stranger was evident. We walked side by side till we came to a part where a break in the forest allowed the moonlight to enter—there was a slight descent in the road, and the path, bad at all times, was rendered worse by recent rains, and some repairs that were going on but were far from being finished. “I’ll just take hold of your arm,” said I, “for a few paces, till we get past this awkward spot,” and suiting the action to the word, I placed my hand on the old man’s right elbow, when, judge what was my horror, my hand passed right through his elbow! Fear-struck as I was, I summoned courage to address him, and said, “Who are you—I conjure you to speak!” The figure gave a deep sigh, and, removing his hand from a face that streamed with blood, pointed in the direction of the gibbet, and vanished! I swooned away, and remained lying by the road side till morning.”

“And how did you feel—you must have got up in a queer condition; your eyes would be swollen from the blows of the turnips, were they not?”

“Not at all! Fairies’ blows always fall heavily, but it is very rare for any evil to result from them! I felt rather stiff in my joints, and had a

dreadful head-ache. I'd been very sick during my sleep. Don't you believe it?"

"I do; and I believe that the whole of your adventures occurred in a dream, during a drunken fit."

"But the pistols were unloaded?"

"And how do you know that Naylor gave them to you loaded—if he lent you firearms, that was no reason that he should supply you with powder! But, pray, who was the old man; that is, supposing, for the sake of argument, you did meet with such a figure?"

"It was Dr. Petty, who was murdered by Tom Lee."

"Be your tale true, or a mere freak of imagination," said Trenoodle, "it will not affect my choice of a site."

During the narration the parties had been on the move, and they had now reached Ling House, the residence of Tommy Gibbetson, the besom merchant, or, as he was sometimes styled by Daniel, "PROFESSOR GIBBETSON, M.B." (i.e., maker of besoms)! Under all the circumstances, Trenoodle considered that it was his bounden duty to call there. He accordingly took leave of his "legendary" acquaintance, and entered the humble abode which enshrined the charms of the lovely "marget G."





CHAPTER XXII.

LEATHER-BAGS Hall, the appellation by which Ling House was generally known, stood at the entrance of the long, rambling village of Lingfield, composed of houses, ancient and modern, of every known and unknown style of architecture. Many of the old mansions were genuine Craven homesteads, with arched doorways, mullioned windows, filled with diamond panes; pillared chimneys, porches with stone benches, and front flower gardens surrounded by low stone walls. There was also a neat and admirably conducted inn, whose good-natured portly master had always a smiling countenance for his numerous patrons. The village was a busy bustling scene, for through it was one of the principal passes to the dales. What with carts, waggons, post-chaises, white-chapels, and every other description of vehicles, taxed and untaxed, and with a rather extensive merchandise in the manufacture of besoms and rods, it would be no easy task to name another place of its size that exhibited so much life, activity, and industry.

Ling House (we will drop the nickname) was a modern edifice, built on the site of an ancient hall-

like structure. The new house was very unlike its precursor, which had all the architectural characteristics of the Elizabethan era. If, however, the old house possessed more picturesqueness and poetry than its supplanter, the latter was vastly superior in domestic contrivances and comforts. Had an architect been employed, the owner of Ling House might have possessed a better looking abode; but, all things considered, it was quite equal to the requirements of its lord and master.

Humble as were the pretensions of Ling House, it had made noise enough. Some thirty years or more had fled since its "clock dressing," and yet the legend of the lost and found bags was still repeated by the villagers, and was an ever favourite topic with the Cooper family. The firm of "Cooper Brothers" was at daggers drawn with the opposition house of "Gibbetson and Sons;" rivals in business, one establishment had not a good word to say of "t'other concern." The warfare carried on between these village Plantagenets was only an exemplification of the adage of "Two of a trade," &c.; therefore, no one who was cognizant of the party feeling that existed between the "houses" would give the least credence to the "chaff" (as it was termed) that one firm banded against the other. At the present time, the Coopers were more than ordinarily satirical, in consequence of the Gibbetsons having obtained a prize at the last Gargrave show, for the best made and handsomest besom. Of course, there was an accusation of "prejudice" and "partiality," accompanied by "gross want of judgment," on the part of the judges, who happened to be my old

friends, Messrs. Thomas Pickles, of High Laithes, and Mr. Bantam Sprightley, or, as he was sometimes called, the sprightly Bantam—a spruce gentleman-farmer, well known in our neighbourhood, celebrated for the correctness of his judgment, the perspicuity of his ideas, and the unrivalled whiteness of his boot tops. In the days when “bag-men” travelled on horseback, with well filled saddle-bags—long before “Commerciallers” had taken to gigs and “unsociables”—it was no uncommon occurrence to read advertisements and paragraphs of lost saddle-bags. In those times a “Gentleman of the road,” such as Mr. Naylor, would occasionally very kindly relieve a Commercialler of his golden burden, and sometimes of his order-book also. But much more frequently the bags were lost, owing to the drunkenness and carelessness of the travellers, who were very rarely addicted to drinking cold water without some spirituous infusion! If the bags were found with their contents safe and intact, the accident was a nine days’ wonder; but if the missing articles did not turn up again, the *finding* was sure to be placed to the credit of some one, who, by honest hard-working pains-taking industry, had managed to scrape together a few hundred pounds! If such a man improved the condition of his table, kept a cow, or an extra pig, wore a more fashionable sort of coat at church, and took an additional glass of ale at the inn, the scandal would be propagated in whispers; but if he dared to *build*—to replace a rickety old mansion by a comfortable abode—the rumours *then* were no longer confined to whispers, but were thundered from one end of the parish to the other.

Old Mr. Gibbetson had saved a little money, and had built a house—*ergo*, he had found some bags! The venerable man laughed at all this nonsense. He went on making besoms as usual, and increasing his balance at the savings' bank—nay more, he would chuckle and say:—"Oh! I've fand sum bags! an' if uther fowk wad nobbut gang less to t' public hoose, they'd mebbe finnd sum munny bags as weel as mesel!"

One thing, however, is indisputable—at the time when it was reported that Mr. Gibbetson had found a pair of bags, such an article had been lost; but any addition to the story was mere insinuation. Much might be said about the pleasant situation of Ling House; our sketch would be imperfect were we to forget the bridge, that, almost at the very doors, was seen spanning, with a single arch, a brawling moorland-born torrent. Nor can we pass over the little plantation; it was no part of the "estate," although a stranger would certainly so consider it, for the branches of the trees which brushed against the gable of Ling House afforded it both ornament and shelter. One wing of the mansion formed a laith and mistal, whose huge folding doors were rarely closed. There, except during the most inclement season, might be seen the father and his two "lads," employed at their trade, and occasionally assisted by the "lass," familiarly known as "Our Marget." The business was brisk, and it was no unusual sight to witness at the door three or four huge and well-laden waggons ready to start for the dales, or Stagshaw-bank, or Brough Hill, and even for localities still more remote, and where, happily,

the fame of "cocoa nut fibres" had never been heard of! In politics the Gibbetson family were strict Conservatives, and abominated Whiggism, from a thorough conviction that, if its principles were ever carried out, there would be a total repeal of the Ling Laws, and an unlimited importation of cocoa-nut brushes and German brooms, to the great detriment, if not to the total destruction, of the home trade! They had another bugbear, and that was a dread of the abolition of corporal punishment in our public schools! What *would* become of the rod-makers?

The family were also horse, pony, and galloway buyers and, sellers; and, albeit they were "Yorkshire tykes," this branch of commerce was carried on with credit and profit to themselves, and to the complete satisfaction of their numerous patrons, amongst whom were some of the leading Conservatives of the district.

Captain Trenoodle entered Ling House without the formality of a knock, and found himself in the apartment known as "the house." For the information of the uninitiated, we would observe that a Craven "house" is a compound room, half-parlour, half-kitchen, wanting a few of the elegancies of the former, and some of the fittings usually found in the latter apartment. The house of the besom merchant was not constructed after the genuine model, but was more after the fashion of the "stall" of that far-famed cobbler, which, according to his poetical biographer, served "for parlour, and kitchen, and all." The visit was the first ever made by Captain Trenoodle, and as the gallant gentleman was always

a great observer, he, of course, took particular notice of every article that the house contained. It was a boast of the Captain, "I can always find something worthy of my adoption!" A bread "fleaek" filled with oat-cakes was suspended from the rafters, and dangling around the staff of life were a few bunches of sage, some ropes of onions, several hams, and the larger part of a fitch of bacon—so many unmistakeable signs of the plenty of the household. A tall geranium, of the original red sort, was flowering in the front window, and besides it were a musk plant and a *Tactus*—this latter plant was a long, prickly, snake-like trailing thing that blossomed every twenty years, and was now making its second floral advent. The walls were adorned with a few coloured engravings, which the Captain was pleased to find were counterparts of some at Choughbury House. The interstices between the pictures were filled up by a few poetical productions, amongst which, "Death and the Lady" and "The Bishop and Besom Maker" stood conspicuous. Immediately above a door, which opened to the staircase, was a paste-board figure of "Harry Roe, the judge's trumpeter." Over the fire-place was an ancient blunderbuss, with a rusty firelock, and near the deadly weapon was "the prize-besom," gaily decorated with ribbons of the Conservative colour—blue. The furniture was plain but substantial. An ancient "lang-settle," on which was carved—

T. G., 1696,

stood by the fire-place. The "settle" was of oak, and what with age, friction from the clothes of the occupiers, and incessant rubbing by "Our Marget,"

it had obtained a much darker polish than it could have derived from the application of any polishing paste. The chairs, with the exception of a huge venerable "arm," that was opposite partner to the longsettle, were the modern manufacture of Mr. Jonas Werritty, a celebrated and fashionable upholsterer in the vicinity, and whose show-rooms enjoyed a well deserved celebrity in the dales.

Although the day was rather warm, such is the influence of habit, that the besom merchant and his family of three were dining in close proximity to the fire-place. The group was rather a grotesque one, and had the Captain been an admirer of the Flemish school of painting, the circle before him would have obtained his approbation. The head of the family was about seventy, and was a really fine looking old man, with strongly marked lineaments, and hair of snowy whiteness. He occupied the arm chair, where he half sat, half reclined, and at perfect ease from having divested himself of his coat. The two lads, who rejoiced in the names of Bobby and Tommy, through the effects of hard labour and incessant exposure to the weather, looked almost as old as their sire; superior activity being the only feature that distinguished the branches from the tree. They sat with their hats on, broad brimmed, brown napless wide-awakes—fitting completions to those silk neckerchiefs, of black and white spots, those rough black long-lapped coats, and fustian breeches, ribbon bunched at the knees; drab gaiters, loose at top and bottom, and affording glances of bright blue worsted stockings, terminated by leather-laced iron-hooped quarter boots, completed the picture. Nor was the

daughter a less interesting study, with her bare feet, her 'cutty sark,' and her hair in papers of every colour of the rainbow. The appearance of the Captain caused the lads to turn round on their chairs, and give vacant staring looks at the intruder, while a blush suffused the face of the fair sister, and a good-humoured smile lighted up the countenance of the venerable sire.

"Good daa, Captin," said the latter; "ye mun 'scuse ma risin; I'se varra gowty,—nobbut thus 'an seaa; bud I'se varra glad to see yo; ye're cumd just i' time ta hev a snack; there's plenty on't! Its cut an' cum agean!" This speech was accompanied by the pantomimic action of pointing to a huge round of cold boiled beef, under which the circular table literally groaned.

The Captain declined the invitation, on the ground that he had come provided with his dinner; "but," said he, "I will, when you have finished yours, trouble you to stew these few mushrooms."

"Eigh!" said the old man. "Marget sal stew em derectly, fer we've dune noo, an' shoo'll boil ye a bunch or two o' ling! Ye'll 'scuse us, Captin! fer not bein' seaa tidy like. At prissent, we're aw varra bissey worken; we've a girt order i' hand fer yer neeber Mr. Fussypuff; five hundard bissoms is gangin wiv a lot o' stoavs an' warmin pans to t' countree o' King Buggymuckee. He's t' monarch o' Snaak Island, i' Afryka, an' I'se a gangin to mak him a prissint o' mi prize bissom; isn't e', Marget?"

"Eigh! fath-er," answered the young lady, making at the same time an effort to elevate her gown,

which in form, though certainly not in material, bore some resemblance to what Parisian ballet girls and open air singers call a *robe de salon*.

"Nivver mind yer goon, Marget," said the father. "Captin duzn't heed finndin ye i' yer *disabilities*! net he! An' noo cum, Marget, spread a cleaan claath, stew t' musherims and boil a nice bit o' fresh ling!"

"But, mebbe, t' Captin winnot like it!" said Bobby, the son and heir.

"I matter lile on it mesel," said Tommy, the junior brother. "Marget yah daa boiled sum fer me, an' I brack yan o' my wise tusks wi chowin a bit o' t' sticky part."

"Eigh! that yo did," said the father, "bud it wer aw Marget's faut. Shoo boiled some branches that wer varra owd an' tough! It's nobbut young sprouts as is fit fer to mak use on!"

"Young or owd, I reckon nowt on't," said the son and heir.

"Nor me nauther," said the junior brother.

This was all mystery to Trenoodle, who inquired the nature of the dish, saying that he "had never before heard of a boiled besom!"

The very idea of such a dish was too much for the gravity of the family circle, and caused a hearty laugh, in which the gallant officer chimed in merrily.

"Its naan boiled bissom," explained the old man, "bud a bunch o' fresh gathered ling, boiled fer greens. Mr. Miller cut t' resate out ov a newspaaper, an' gav it me. There it is, read it yersel—it's a

grand dish wi' t' Lord Maor o' Lunnon an' t' Duke, an' t' Royal Family"—then turning to the "lads," he asserted that "sumbody wad be robbin t' laith,"—a gentle hint, with which they proceeded to comply—"an' Tommy," said he, addressing the younger son, just as the youth was making his exit, "doant ye interfere wi' t' rabblement to-neet—let em alaan; they've t' law on thir side! to-morrow 'll be t' last neet, an' ye mun behave yersel better fer t' futur."

During the delivery of this reproof, Trenoodle occupied himself by reading the following printed receipt, which seemed "all right and straightforward."

"TO COOK LING.

"Put the ling in hot water, in which some parsnips have been previously boiled—boil for twenty minutes, and serve with egg sauce."

It is almost superfluous to say that this precious receipt was copied into the Captain's memorandum book—the transcriber not having the least idea that "ling" had any other meaning than broom, or heather, or that there was a fish called ling!

"But, Captin!" said Mr. Gibbetson, "I mun give ye a caution! ye mornt use t' ling at graas bi Choughbury hoose—it'll bellan ye! When ye want a dish, sen ta' *me*, an' we'll gie ye sum fresh gathered fra Boardley mooar."

The young lady here ventured to remark that her previous attempt to dress the ling had failed, because the parsnips were omitted; but the father was of a different opinion, because, although the parsnips had been left out, their place was supplied by "carrots."

The diversity of taste is proverbial—certain it is that the Captain enjoyed his dinner, and discovered nothing whatever objectionable about the boiled ling! If the taste was unpleasantly bitter, it was certainly not perceptible, probably from being overpowered by the stronger flavour of the stewed mushrooms, and the boiled carrots. If the greens possessed any dyspeptic qualities, such were doubtless prevented by two or three glasses of strong rum and water.

The Captain having finished his meal, said to the old man, "You know why I have called! Now, what is best to be done under such trying circumstances—it concerns you and your fair daughter, as well as myself."

"What wad ye do?" responded the besom merchant; "me and Marget caars varra lile about t' matter—its nobbut a flea bite—it isn't hoaf as bad as t' stang ridin, that began o' Satterda neet for oor Tommy, and 's ta be kept up for twa neets maar. Gin ye nobbut stay lat enuff, ye'll see summat varra extraordinar!"

"A stang riding?"

"Eigh!" t' yungest barn aboot three month sin, hed nowt ta do bud tak a wife, an' last week he'd nowt ta do bud give her a wallop in wi' a bissom shank, an' t' town lads hes hed nowt ta do bud ta get up a stang ridin! That's a far war ta do concern than t' bit o' gam at t' Kirk yesterda, for what—(here the speaker drew close and placed a hand on the Captain's knee)—we're a varra respectable family, an' cumd ov an ancient Booarder stock!—hevn't we, Marget?"

"Eigh, fath-er, we hev that!"

"I know it well," said the Captain, "your fore-fathers sold Scotch cattle in England, and English cattle in Scotland. Two of your ancestors occupied elevated positions for an hour, though I never knew what was the nature of their dignities!"

"Sowd Scot kye i' Engaland, an' Engalish kye i' Scotland! We nivver did nowt o' t' soar! Elevated pursitions, an' nobbut for yah hoor! Naa, Captin! I canna mak it oot; wheaa towld ya aw that bawderdash?"

"I had it from Daniel Cooper, whom I met on the road!"

"Did ya ivver heaar t' like o' that, Marget? I'll tek out a werrit agean that fellow, gin it cost me a hundard pund! A ragabrash slitherin owd raskald; he meean that we've cumd ov a raace o' Booarder raiders, an' that sum on us hes bin hanged! Its him at's at boddom o' that kirk wark, an' him at's gotten t' stang ridin, an naaboddy else! Cooper is vexed 'cause they didn't get t' prize bissom! There's not yan o' t' set cud ivver mak a rod i' thir lives, sayin nowt of a bissom!—they nivver larnt t' purfession—did they, Marget?"

"Noa, fath-er! they nivver tuik up their degreeas—they gat into t' line edge-waas, fath-er!"

"Eigh! Marget, ye're reet, *hedge*-waas! Ha! ha! ha! They larnt t' traad under t' hedges when they wer gypsies, sleepin i' t' laans, tellin fortunes, robbin t' henhooses, an' takkin foak's hedge staaks for fire wood! ha! ha! ha!"

The old man having defended his family from the aspersions of the rival establishment, thus continued, "Ye ax what's best ta be dun; let t' axins gang on—what ails Marget? Shoo's iv her prime—shoo's naan bad luikin (the young lady here made a precipitate retreat), an' shoo's a varra prudent lass!"

"So I have always understood," said the gallant officer.

"Eigh! shoo's varra prudent! We've a lot o' mill gals about us, at gangs ta dancins', an' puts aw thir arnins o' thir backs, some on em payin yearly visits to t' magistraat. They're naan fit fer wives! Marget's a prudent lass! Ye nivver heeard o' her walkin out at neets i' t' loines be hersel; shoo's ollas sum deacent lad ta tak caar on her! Shoo's a rare cook, too, an' shoo can cleean t' fleear, an' mak oather a bed or bissom! Wed her, an' be mi son-i'-law."

"This requires consideration," said the Captain, "I had no idea that this interview would take such a turn."

"Eigh! what, it's t' brass ye're thinkin on? Ye've heeard o' t' bags?"

"Yes! I've got a pair in my pocket; they were suspended to my garden gate this morning!"

The besom merchant put on his spectacles, and made a minute examination of the Choughbury bags; he ended by calling for his daughter, "Marget! do cum heear; heear's a girt curocity!"

The fair creature came running into "The House"—she was so completely changed, that Tre-

noodle hardly knew her. The curl papers had vanished, and given place to a profusion of red ringlets, and the loose, low dirty robe was supplanted by a high breasted clean cotton gown, of a showy though somewhat neat pattern, while her feet appeared encased in white silk stockings and well-blackened shoes. Trenoodle fixed his large eyes on the damsel, and for a brief space, "The Flatts" disappeared—but mammon soon regained possession of his breast, and he again saw the pillared chimneys, the old porch, the diamond panes, and the heiress visitor, the beautiful Grace White. And yet he was undecided, and anxious to hear what Margaret's sire had to say about the old original bags!—the Captain feeling sorry that the conversation had been interrupted by his thoughtless production of the modern imitation. Margaret smiled at "the love token," and merely remarked that the bags appeared to have come from Mr. Worthy's establishment, which induced the gallant officer to inquire whether Mr. Worthy had many customers in the neighbourhood, and if so, what were their names? The answer was unsatisfactory; for it was to the effect that all the world and his wife dealt with Mr. Worthy, for he had a good trade, sold good articles, and was a truly good man.

The old man turned to his daughter; "Marget!" said he, "Ye noo luik like yersel! Wad ye mind bein t' Captin's wife?"

"Naa! fath-er, *now!*" said the lass, making a second hasty exit from the apartment.

The old man resumed, "As ta them *leather* bags, they're mebbe net *quite* empty yet. I'se gittin owd

an' varra silly; wed our Marget, an' I'll retire, an' giv ya a shaar o' t' bisness! We've a raar traad, an they saa bissoms er gittin' up. We sen' ta Lunnon an' Lancaster an' Newcassel, and ta Chesther, regalar. "Ye can hev yer naam t' fust i' t' firm, 'TRENODDLE AND GIBBETSONS', an' ye'll seean larn t' art an' mystery o' bissom makkin!"

Trenoodle inquired how it was, if the art was so easily acquired, that "Cooper Brothers" were such bunglers?

"There's a want o' capacity," said the venerable man, "an' there's a girter want o' intrigity. They use up rotten owd stuff, an' put aw' t' thin ling inta t' middle! Ye're honest, an' hev t' advantage ov a good edificashun. I' six lessons I'll mak ye t' best bissom makker it' wurd! Will ye gang on wi' t' axins, an' wed our Marget? Shoo's got a sweetheart, but we'll soon *bag* him."

Trenoodle paused, and calculated—there had been an indirect offer of money, and a direct offer of a share in a lucrative and respectable business. His pay as an officer in the Sapheads and Miners was small, and there was no immediate prospect of an elevation to either a majorship, or a coloneley, and he might be refused *in the other quarter*. He paused and gazed on the floor, while the old man stood silently by, anxiously waiting for an answer. At last it came, "This requires consideration! I will take out the bauns, however, for if I marry your daughter, it shall be by license. In a week you shall have my answer." He shook the old man by the hand, and, departing from the house, took a road exactly in front of the building, and which, by an easy ascent,

conducted to the moorlands. After pursuing this path for a short distance, he took a bye-lane, which leads to Skirethorns, and passing through that village, he entered a lane that conducted him to "The Flatts." It might be difficult to describe the Captain's feelings; but they may be guessed from the verse of an old song, which he kept alternately humming and singing:—

When I was young, did the little bird say,
"Have two strings to your bow alway."
'Tis good advice that the small bird sings,
To my bow I will ever have two strings!
Laddie! fol la! ri tol la re, ri fol da.

Trenoodle's steps were soon arrested, but, happily, not by Moorside Jack. The gallant officer stopped a few paces from an old limekiln, beneath whose well-formed arch was seated a personage whom he had occasionally encountered when rambling amongst the hills.

Jerry Plankley was the owner of Bogley Swamp Hall, a venerable manorial mansion, situate about a quarter of a mile from the limekiln, about the same distance from the village of Bogley, and somewhere about three or four miles from "The Flatts," and "High Laithes." Mr. Plankley was known as "The Laird o' Bogley," a title bestowed because he was the Lord of the Manor, and, as such, supreme possessor of four thousand acres of rather sterile moorland, with all the valuable rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging and appertaining. To maintain these important privileges, he held an annual court Baron (or, as Mr. Thomas Pickles called it, "a barren court"), at which the vassals, after making their suits and services, were regaled with a

gigantic bowl of "oatmeal poddish," out of which each tenant helped himself, by the assistance of a wooden spoon, that was passed from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth, with a most remarkable velocity.

Mr. Plankley had another title, and although it was one that the Herald's College had no hand in conferring, it was one whereby he was known in the grazing circles; for who is there in Craven that has not heard of "LORD HES-NOWT-IS-NOWT?" For this strange *soubriquet*, Mr. Plankley had nobody to thank but himself. He was an almost uneducated man, for his parents, believing that "ignorance was bliss" and that it was "folly to be wise," had bestowed on their son and heir all the "happiness" and "wisdom" that could result from a practical carrying out of that oft-quoted poetical axiom. Jerry, in consequence of such a bringing up, was a man of few ideas, and they were all centred in the possession of a huge landed estate.

When Trenoodle stayed his steps, he looked over a stone wall as if he were taking a survey of the adjoining pasture, but, in reality, he was observing the contour and the doings of the Laird of Bogley. Mr. Plankley was dressed in a fustian "cwoat," a "red wescut," and corduroy extensions;—his rough, uncombed head being ornamented by a cracked crowned beaver, which it would be a sad breach of Christian charity to suppose was his Sunday hat. The Laird sat on a curbstone at the very entrance to the kiln, and was amusing himself by throwing, to four huge pointer dogs, some large balls, which looked like "taws" that had arrived at years of

maturity! Trenoodle, as our readers are cognizant, was of an inquisitive turn of mind. He had witnessed the performance of "The wonderful dogs," and he was also well read in "Hoyle's games;" but he could not comprehend the nature of the sport or amusement that was being enacted—for the Captain had not the least idea that the quadrupedal party were enjoying their *table-d'hôte*, and that the round masses were balls of oatmeal, with which Mr. Plankley had filled his pockets, previous to walking out with his sporting companions. It was only on making an approach to the kiln, that Trenoodle was able to ascertain the nature and intent of the game, which he did from the accompanying remarks of "That's for thee, Bess!" "Tek thee that, Basto!" &c., each soliloquy being attended by a chuck into a wide opened mouth.

"Good afternoon!" said the Captain, "you've some fine dogs, sir!"

"Bow! wow! wow!" responded Basto, Bess, Don, and Lady, a response which, whether intended for a compliment or not, was somewhat unpleasantly silenced by sundry whacks from a huge knob stick, wielded by the leg-of-mutton fists of their lord and master.

Mr. Plankley stared at the Captain, and set him down for a gentleman farmer—one of a class that he abominated almost as much as he did a miner or a millowner. He then remarked "I'se givin' t' dogs thir dinner—I've just hed mi awn."

"And I hope you've enjoyed it as I've done mine," said Trenoodle. "We need not starve on these moors,

if we only knew what good things were provided for us." The Captain glanced at the vast stores of ling that were seen in all directions!

Mr. Plankley took another view of Trenoodle, but could not make out who and what he was; however, he settled down to the conclusion that if the stranger was not a gentleman farmer, he was "summat i' t' graazin' line, and mebbe yan o' them jobbin' chaps fra Gisburn." His next duty was to inquire "Hoo cum ye on at Bruff faar?"

The Captain returned no answer, and for a very good reason—he had not formed one of that motley annual assembly.

Mr. Plankley proceeded, "Wha! they wer varra dear like! Swineby Little gat a faarish lot—forty at least, but they wernt aw for hissel—him and Bill Pateley joined at t' lot. Bill gat twenty, an' *he* didn't keep 'em aw, for Moorside Jack hed hoaf a duzen. He'st Thorp farmer at's gangin to wed owd Gibbetson dowter."

The Captain remarked that he was acquainted with Mr. Pateley, and had reason to believe that he was well satisfied with the bargain! He also knew Moorside Jack, who perhaps was *not* going to marry Miss Gibbetson!

Mr. Plankley then inquired, "Do ye know whea bowt Tinkler heifers?"

"No!" answered the Captain, "I really don't; perhaps you would be so good as to inform me!"

The Captain's physiognomy was invested with an unusually broad grin, but as Mr. Plankley during the

pauses of the dialogue was puffing away at a short pipe, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, he did not observe that the gallant officer was indulging in a little chaff, and so the question was thus answered, "Oh! I can tell ye, then, whea gat em, an' t' price, an' aw about em! an' a deal o' foak sed they'd nivver seen better; an' they sud be good, for, bless ye barn, they wer a terrible price!"

"What *was* the price?" enquired the Captain.

"Wha! ten pund twelve an sixpence a piece! But, then, yo see, Sinclair tuik off hoaf a croon a heead fer luck! Owd Ralph mun hev a hevvy pocket an lots o' brass ta stan that!"

"I believe *you* sokd all your sheep," said Trénoodle.

"Eigh!" ivvery yan o' them; they wor a gayish lot like. Owd Manchester Billy—he's i' t' butching line—bowt em aw; but he's naan good to manage. He wanted em for nowt, or next to't; but if he's Lonkisher, I'se Yorksher, an' I stud out an' gat me price—them forty lang yows wer worth t' brass gi'en for t' lot, for yows will be naan gud ta buy this back end!"

The Captain, who had heard much about Brough and its far-famed fair, asked how Mr. Plankley liked the place.

"Not at aw," said Mr. Plankley, "they're a rough set—there isn't a public hoose where ye can git a good glass o' rum an' watter; an' as fer t' bacca, bless ye, barn, if aw doan't think they mack it thir-sels; it's varra unlike *this*,"—and here his Lairdship paused, and tying about two inches of short twist

into a knot, transferred the savoury morsel into his mouth. Then, as if some sudden idea had come across him, he said, "Noo, I can't mack ye oot. Ye knaw nowt aboot Bruff; ye're naan t' man I tuik ye for! Hev ye owt ta do wi' kye or sheep, like? Er ye owt i' t' graazin line? Ye're naan o' this countra side?"

The Captain smiled, and answered that he was a farmer, but on a very small scale, for he only kept two milk cows; he had no sheep, but he had a lot of *pigs*, and as for his residence, it was not quite a hundred miles off!

The laird looked again at the officer, and, after a pause of a second or two, said, "What's yer price fer two soos an' a boar?" on which the Captain made the candid confession that *his* pigs were all *lead* ones!

It is only by the aid of the painter's art, that we could accurately pourtray the looks of the laird. He had made a discovery! He opened his ponderous jaws as if he were an ogre, about to swallow the gallant Captain; however, the laird did not perform so sanguinary a feat, but, removing his hat from his head, he thrust his fingers through his long uncombed locks, and fixed a somewhat contemptuous gaze on the officer. "If," said the laird, "I'd ha' knawn what ye wer, I'd ha' kept mi tawk ta mesel, fer I concate ye're yan o' them mining chaps! I reckon lile o' ony o' t' lot o' ye—they at hes nowt is nowt. An' noo that I knaw ya, what browt ye ta this side o' t' daal?"

"I'm going to The Flatts—I've a little business there."

"What its about t' raalway fra Maum to Settle, that Fussypuff, t' blacksmith, is t' chairman on! Suner t' bissiness is dune, t' better. I'se be glad ta heear o' t' hoose hes bin pood doon, an' aw t' Jackson's gaan fra t' neighbourhood."

"No, it isn't about that! I've nothing to do with the railway; but I can tell you, if your head never aches till that railway is *commenced*, you'll never stand in need of a "dose of salts!" I want to see Mr. Jackson, and also the young lady who is at present on a visit there."

"Then ye needn't gang quite so far; t' hoose is shut up, an' t' Jacksons an' t' Pickles, an' a lot maar o' sich like pousement fra Airtion and Maum's down at Bogley Swamp Haw. I wer wed a week come to morn, an' they've gitten up what they caw a gypsy party! Yesterneet they sent word they wer comin this efternuin ta gie ma a benefit! I like naan o' sich benefits, seaa I've gitten oot o' t' way. There's a raar lot on em, but I warrant they can mack room for ye, tho' ye're rather biggish bouk: ye can join 'em; gate's easy ta finnd."

After this frank delivery, Trenoodle bid the laird good day, and taking the footpath close at hand, pursued it till it terminated in a cart road which descended into a deep dell—a picturesque spot, where, amidst a covert of tall ash trees, stood the old Manor House of Bogley Swamp.

There was an open window, and a fair hand was reclining on the sill, and sounds of laughter and merriment came from the apartment. Trenoodle approached the door—a matter of some little difficulty

at this time, owing to a "whitechapel," a "dogcart," a "shandray," and one or two old-fashioned vehicles (named by Mr. Pickles "*pere la chaises*"), being so placed as to render ingress and egress a circuitous and troublesome affair. He approached without any "deep-mouthed welcome,"—the canine tribe being all absent, with the exception of an old collie dog, that had grown grey and lame in his master's service, and now "niver barked at naabody." Poor Rover! he came wagging his tail, and when he had received a gentle pat he hobbled away, and lay down quietly with his favourite companion, the sleek, well-conditioned, and almost equally venerable house cat. Trenoodle was about to enter, when he heard the voice of Mr. Hezekiah Worthy calling for a song, and a response made in the never-to-be-mistaken accents of Fussypuff, the blacksmith! This incident rather ruffled the Captain's equilibrium, for he could not conceive how that very pompous individual had managed to intrude amongst such a company. Trenoodle was wondering whether Mr. Fussypuff would obey the vocal call, when the blacksmith's gruff voice gave utterance to the following remarkable effusion—remarkable in every way, whether we consider the mythology, the grammatical construction, or the inequality of the lines. The lyrical difficulties about the song of the "Pious Parson" were so great that it was always called "Fussypuff's Song;" no one could master those difficulties except Fussypuff, but *he* always got through the song in capital style, and with the accompaniment of a full chorus, which perhaps was never better given than it was on the present occasion.

FUSSYPUFF'S SONG.

There was a pious parson,
Who dwelt at Upper Harding,
Who loved his glass
And pretty lass,
And hated dice and carding.

CHORUS.—And hated dice and carding.

When too brimful of brandy,
And he couldn't walk quite perpendicular,
All that comed in his way,
Black, brown, white, or gray,
He made love to—for he wasn't very particular.

The first he loved was Juno,
A roaring girl of thunder ;
Through all the skies,
Her coal black eyes—
They were a most especial wonder !

He next woo'd Miss Minerva,
But she was too fond of reading ;
She neglected her cooking,
She was always abook-in,
And her stockings were blue exceeding !

The next he courted Venus,
But he looked uncommon stupid,
When he found that she had
A little lad,
Whose christian name it was Cupid !

So sick of these celestials,
He vow'd to cut their portals,
And to solace his life,
To take him a wife,
From some decent respectable sort of family amongst mortals.

A butcher's girl in Aldgate,
One Miss Tripes he thought most delectable.
But he left her for Nanny Carr,
Of Temple Bar,
Because that neighbourhood was rather more respectable.

But he didn't marry *her*,
Though he could easily have come round her,
For there falled in his way
One Widow Gray,
A thirty thousand pounder !

But it was not for her money,
'Twas her charms and her ways, etcetera ;
Though she was none the worse
For her well-filled purse,
Money makes the mare go all the better, aye.

And at the parson's wedding,
There was lots of priests and laymen,
Who stayed till the job
Was finished, and the old snob
Of a parish clerk said the last Amen.

And at the wedding dinner
There was game, both goose and bacon ;
And many of the guests
In the gutters took their rests
Because of the wine that was taken.

So let's drink success to the parson,
We'll toast him while we're mellow,
None but an ass
Can refuse his glass,
To such a noble fellow !

Such was Fussypuff's song, which ended in general applause ; and it was some consolation to the Captain when he did not detect amidst it the shrill accents of Mrs. Fussypuff. *She* was evidently absent, or her voice would most certainly have been heard, above all the others, calling out "Beautiful! beautiful! *brayvo*, my tender dear!"

Trenoodle entered the apartment. The assemblage included all the individuals enumerated by the laird, and a few others, amongst the most conspicuous of whom were Baron Von Stagganscrip and Mr. Fussypuff,

the blacksmith. Who and what the Baron was, was somewhat of a mystery. He was said to be a German nobleman, of immense wealth. The only veritable information that we can give is that he had a huge moustache, a very prominent "corporation," and a gouty leg; that he resided at Hetton, walked with a crutch, was a great speculator in railways and mines, and was, moreover, on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr. Fussypuff and his interesting family, and was the present introducer of the blacksmith.

We must here do an act of justice to the "Laird Hes-nowt-is-nowt." He was *not* niggardly; indeed, no man was more generous in his own mansion. There was a good deal of the Jew about him—we do not mean in blood, but in disposition. Like a child of Israel, he loved to buy cheap and sell dear! When *abroad*, the laird understood that two half-pennies were equal to a penny, and that it was "abowt nowt" to give a fellow—say a coachman—a shilling if you could get quit of him for half that sum! At home all this parsimony vanished—that is, if his guests or callers were of an approved class, and heavy in their pockets!

He was absent solely because the present company was not to his liking; but he had not departed without leaving strict injunctions that there was to be a plentiful supply of the best that the establishment could afford, and it is needless to say that the command was strictly complied with.

Trenoodle met a kind reception from Mrs. Plankley, and, in return, he congratulated her on her recent marriage, and wished her many happy returns of the event! The bride was a strange contrast to her lord

and master. She was good looking—what many would consider handsome—and she was easy in her manners, and had received a tolerable education. It was impossible to see her in her new sphere without a reminiscence of a certain proverb about throwing away pearls, and also of a certain fairy tale, by Madame De Beaumont, entitled “La Belle et La Bête.” Mrs. Plankley and the Captain were old friends and neighbours, for the lady’s parents had long resided in a quaint village no great distance, as the crow flies and the miner goes, from the moorland seat of the officer. The village alluded to was one of the Captain’s favourite haunts, for it was a primitive place—one that we have already partially described, and which, therefore, there is no occasion to mention a second time by name. “I wish,” said Mrs. Plankley, “that you had arrived a little earlier. You should have heard Mr. Fussypuff’s song about the Clergyman—it so amused us all!”

We are unable to state what tender things, what compliments, what conversation passed between Trenoodle and the heiress, during their sittings in the room, and their walks in the garden. The interview, whatever it might be to Miss White, was satisfactory to the Captain, who (abandoning all ideas of besom-making) considered that he had won the victory, and that his reception was what our allies call *un fait accompli*. The Captain was famous for aerial castle building, and for reckoning his chickens before they were hatched. Whether he was now wrong or right in his calculations, the sequel will prove.

The nature of the general conversation was such as to cause a deep regret to the officer that he had not formed one of the party and accompanied them to the various

interesting localities visited during the day, and which included nearly the whole of the valley of Malhamdale. All were eloquent; even Mr. Fussypuff could not avoid putting in *his* note of admiration. As for the Baron, he was perfectly enraptured. In the quiet pastoral scenery of Craven, he traced resemblances to some of the German *thals*, and, in the Cove and Gordale, to many a wild nook far away amidst the gloomy recesses of the Hartz and the Odenwald.

Gray, the poet, thought there was a tiresome uniformity about the dales of Craven, and one valley only presented, to *him*, a tedious repetition of the scenery of another. This was the mistake of a superficial observer. Malhamdale, for instance, has little of the Alpine character of the upper portions of Wharfedale; we have low hills instead of towering, cloud-capped mountains, and we see a tiny narrow sluggish stream, instead of a wild impetuous torrent. But amidst the humble elevations of the Aire are sweet grassy knolls and quiet glens, where

“The water glideth gently ever,—
Glideth by meadows that greenest be;”

and on its banks are villages that will bear comparison with any in the district. Who cannot be struck with the first view of Kirkby-Malhamdale? It recalls to the writer of these stories more than one dear village, amidst the lower ranges of the Alps, such as the Jorat hills. He knows one such spot—there is a gentle ascent, and, from its summit, you look down on a hamlet of old gray houses, half hid by embowering trees, through whose leafy screen appears a venerable church tower. Such is Kirkby! The party had lingered there—they had examined the noble edifice,

whose records contain the signature of Oliver Cromwell,* and in whose vaults rest the remains of one of his Generals. They had traced the inscriptions† in the beautiful churchyard, and sat under one of the lich-gates, while Mr. Pickles had increased the interest of the scene by reading one of those strange legends, for the origin of which it would be difficult to account. They had also visited the “school dub” where in olden times it was the custom to duck the scold, and Mr. Worthy had improved the occasion by giving an account of what he witnessed in his boyish days, when Cappy Trotter,‡ of Kirkby, and his wife, were chaired back to back, and soused amidst the general approbation of a crowd of spectators. Mr. Sprightley, also, had, while the party was at Kirkby, pointed out the place where cock fights used to be carried on, in the days when Kirkby had a most unenviable notoriety for such barbarous and demoralising sports.||

* Doubts have been entertained as to the genuineness of these signatures (there are two)—one is certainly a forgery.

† Village tradition says that the following inscription *once* existed here:—

“Underneath lies Slip Tom,
Who never did good to none;
Where he’s gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.”

I do not believe that there ever was any such epitaph at Kirkby.—S. J.

‡ This was the last “ducking” that ever occurred in Craven. Trotter was a tailor and capmaker, and applied to have his wife ducked as a scold! The magistrate thought that there were “faults on both sides,” and ordered a joint infliction.—S. J.

|| “A few years ago,” says a M.S. of 1820, handed in by a respected correspondent, “two men, returning from a cock

From Kirkby the party had proceeded to the rude mountain village of Malham, and so on to the Cove, Jennet's Cave, and Gordale.* Their peregrinations had terminated at Bogley Swamp Hall.

Such had been the tour of the day. Many were the observations, topographical, antiquarian, legendary, literary, and otherwise; and animated was the discussion that ensued. Trenoodle was no idle hearer,

match at Kirkby-Malham, in the autumnal season, were surprised by a fog which came on suddenly, when, unfortunately, they missed their way. One of them, William Hartley, fell over the top of Gordale. His body was found in a yew bush, more than half way down. Such was the fate of the drunkard and the cock-fighter."—S. J.

* The remarkable scenery in the vicinity of Malham, has, for many a year, attracted visitors from all parts of the world; and since the Railway Station was formed at Bell Busk, the number of visitors has been much increased, so much so, indeed, that during the season, the Malham innkeepers, to whose respectability I bear most willing testimony, are occasionally unable to supply the wants of their customers. Much has been written about Malham; but the best guide book, in my opinion, is that of the late Thomas Hurtley, of Malham, a new edition of which was published at Manchester, in 1834. The author was a schoolmaster, and a man with some pretensions to learning and philosophy. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature—his native village was a world of wonder to him; and his name must ever be as inseparably connected with Malham, as that of Gilbert White is with Selborne, in Hampshire. Hurtley always writes like a man of sense, and his book ought not to pass into oblivion. A new edition, brought down to the present time, would be a most desirable acquisition, and if published at a cheap rate, it would find a ready sale.

Malham is one of the most picturesque of mountain villages—everything about it is of a rude, primitive character, and its

for, although he was very busy making love after his own peculiar fashion, he managed to take part in the general conversation, and increase his knowledge. There was only one part of the proceedings which did not meet with his approval, and that was when some remarks were made by Messrs. Sprightley, Worthy, and Pickles, on the history and antiquity of besom-making, and in particular of the Craven

barrenness and desolation even add to its *beauty*—for there is a great beauty in such scenery ; and he is no lover of nature, who does not perceive it. Gray, with all his prejudices in favour of “upland lawns,” and forest and meadow scenes, and, notwithstanding his general dislike to Craven, was in raptures with Malham and its rocks, and when he saw Gordale, his prose description was a burst of the noblest poetry, and his were the

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Gordale is without an equal, and it is, perhaps, not saying too much, when we assert that there is no finer chasm in the world. I know nothing like it in Switzerland ; perhaps *some* of the chasms in the Alps might equal or even excel it, in ruggedness and grandeur, *if we could remove the pines*, but in a country so much more southward than ours is, mountain chasms become choked up by vegetation, and we can only fancy what they would be if the rocks were laid bare. I do not think so much of the Cove—it is eclipsed by many a similarly circumstanced mass of rock ; for instance, it is nothing when compared with the rocks that overhang the town of St. Maurice, in the valley of the Rhone, in Switzerland ; and to come to our own country, the Cove must certainly yield to the Cheddar cliffs, in the Mendip hills ; or St. Vincent's rocks, near Bristol. The Cove is a noble object at a distance, and looks like the huge portcullis to some giant's castle—but the charm vanishes when we draw nigh. Not so with Gordale. We cannot be too near it, and if we go there after heavy rains, we stand amazed at the scene. When Shelley saw it he was a mere youth, but he never forgot it, and years afterwards, when he described the Gorge of

trade. There was nothing that was exactly personal, but the gallant officer evidently did not relish the frequent appeals that were made to him by the above

Petrella, he copied not from books of tourists, but remembered Gordale. How noble and true is his description:—

———“That lonely rock!

* * * * *

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice,
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulph, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;—
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life; yet, clinging, leans;
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns. Below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm, and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day there
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.”

—THE CENCI.

To realise this noble description, we should climb up the path by the waterfall, and read the paper at a point where we can just glance at the lower part of Gordale. The late Mrs. Shelley, the widow of the poet, told a Craven gentleman that Shelley's ravine was Gordale. After Shelley, we have the best poetical description in the writings of Robert Story. Wordsworth's sonnet can only be regarded as a miserable bit of conceit and affectation. Wordsworth, I am assured, never visited Gordale. He was inspired by a drawing, by the late R. Westall—an R.A., but a very small fry after all!—S. J.

gentlemen. Mr. Worthy's questions were certainly put with all becoming gravity, but Trenoodle fancied there was a little of the satiric vein concealed in the inquiries of Messrs. Sprightley and Pickles. Trenoodle, determining to put a stop to what he felt to be an annoyance, turned to Mr. Pickles, and politely asked for information about the legend.

"It is a long affair," said our young friend, "and I cannot very well go through it again."

"But you *might*, though," said Mr. Bantam Sprightley, "for you read well, very well!—yes, exceedingly well. Mr. Pickles, *you read well!* A great treat to hear you read well—good story—very improbable though—one of old Quintin's best, but a thumping falsehood!"

"No!" said Mr. Pickles, "I cannot read it again; consider! we must think of starting—some of us, particularly the Baron and Mr. Fussypuff, who have a long way to go. However, if Mr. Jackson will allow me, I will hand over the manuscript to the Captain, and he can peruse it at his leisure."

The M.S. was given to the officer, who promised to return it in a week—Mr. Worthy remarking, "Thee had better not read it after supper, for, per-adventure, it may give thee night-mare!"

At this juncture Baron Von Stagganscrip called for his "wagen," and there was a general movement preparatory to a departure. There ensued the usual shaking of hands, and wishings of "good nights," accompanied by tyings on of bonnets, and adjustings of plaids and top coats.

Bogley Swamp Hall again resumed its silence and solitude, and Lord Hes-nowt-is-nowt stole quietly into his manorial mansion, by a side entrance, just as the last shandray drove off with the Baron, Mr. Fussypuff, and Captain Trenoodle—the latter gentleman taking the reins in place of Mr. Fussypuff, the coachman of the morning, but who was unable to be the “John” of the evening.

The homeward road was not one of the best in broad daylight; and a moonless night, enveloped in a thick mist, excited a little apprehension on the part of the Baron. His fears, however, were groundless, for the Captain was a careful driver, and the “wagen” soon reached the village of Lingfield, and stopped at the inn for “the good of the house.”

The hostelry was a scene of bustle and confusion, owing to numerous arrivals, who had come from all parts to witness the stang-riding procession, which was now about to commence. The “parlour” was full of company, and Trenoodle, on entering, was greeted by Daniel Cooper, and several others of his most intimate friends.

It was some time before the Baron could be made to comprehend the nature of a Craven stang-riding; but, having attained the knowledge, he ordered a bed, and said he should “not go home till morning.”

The practice of “Riding the stang,” is a very ancient one in the north of England, and it also prevails in some of the western counties, where it is called “Riding the Skimmington.” In the “Hudibras” of Butler, a Skimmington is narrated

with all the wit and humour of that celebrated author. The great objection to such ceremonies is that they partake of the nature of lynch-law, and *may* be got up without a thorough investigation. To prevent this evil, there has been established, in some towns of the West, a society called "The Order of Wags," and no Skimmington, effigy-burning, or any other popular mode of displeasure is allowed to take place, without the express permission and sanction of a "chapter" of the Order. The above "Order" has not yet extended its ramifications to our district; and, amongst us, stang-ridings are often got up, it is to be feared, without the necessary investigation.

But, on the present occasion, there was no mistake and no violation of the strict principles of justice; and, when amidst the accompaniment of rough music, the stang-rider proclaimed the "banging," there was many a spectator who could bear his testimony to the fact, although at the same time he would be necessitated to acknowledge that a few of the *poetical* incidents were a little at variance with the literal facts.*

* The following is an exact copy of what was said; it is extracted from a M.S. of the late Daniel Cooper.

"Ran a dan, dan ! ran a dan, dan !

Not for my part, not for thy part, that I ride this stang,

But its for Tommy Gibbetson, his wife who did bang !

He bang'd her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her indeed !

He bang'd this poor woman till she stood in need.

He neither took time to get stick, staff, nor stoure,

But he up with a rolling pin and knock'd her o'er !

He knock'd so hard and it sunk so deep,

The blood ran down like a new stuck'd sheep !

Ran a dan, dan ! ran a dan, dan !

Blow the horn and ride the stang."

Leaving the Baron to his

‘Quiet sleep and slumbers light,’

we will quit the village of Lingfield, and take the road to Choughbury House. Two people are pacing along it, and they are as earnestly engaged in conversation as they had been in the early part of the day. It is almost unnecessary to state that the friends were no other than Captain Trenoodle, and his swarthy acquaintance, Daniel Cooper. The topic of conversation was *ling*—the dish of greens that had formed one of the ingredients of the dinner at Leather Bags Hall. Daniel had never heard of such a dish, and he deemed it requisite to caution the officer. “Why,” said he, “don’t you know that Bobby Trout, of Grassington, was almost *puzzomed* by a mistake that he made in London?”

“I never,” said the Captain, “either heard of Bobby Trout, or his mistake; but I should like to know all about him and *it*.”

“It’s a long story if you have all the preliminaries, and it’s nothing without them.”

The two friends soon arrived at the Captain’s residence, where, over a glass of grog and a pipe, and a cheerful fire, Daniel related the “puzzoming” of Bobby Trout; a story which, from its length, must be the matter of our next chapter, or the present one will be as long as Long-preston; or, to speak within the bounds of probability, as long as Kildwick Church!



CHAPTER XXIII.

“**D**RAW your chair to the fire, and make yourself at home,” said Captain Trenoodle, “and let me hear the story; its nothing about a barguest, though, I hope!”

“Not it, indeed,” said Daniel; “its a fact, this—a true bill!”

“With a little embellishment?”

Daniel smiled and then said, “But before I begin, just tell me how you got on with the heiress!”

“Oh, very comfortably—all right there—managed very badly, though, with the Quaker!”

“What of *him*?”

“Why, I met with him at Bogley Swamp Hall—Fussypuff was there first, and Mr. Worthy was put on his guard; he would not tell me what customers he had in this part, so the mystery of the bags is still unravelled.”

“Who do you suspect?”

“Why, Captain Penfoozle, my neighbour, and no one else; but let me only be able to justify my

suspensions, and I'll have him brought before a court martial before you can say Jack Robinson!"

"Now, then," said Daniel, "for the story!" The besom-maker proceeded as follows:—

"I must tell you, Captain Trenoodle, that formerly countrymen's adventures in London used to form an important part in the traditionary lore of a Craven villager. A journey to town used to be a thing of toil, trouble, and expense. In those days, London existed in the imagination of a dalesman, as it did in the youthful dreams of a Whittington, before he had learned, by sad experience, that its streets were not paved with gold; before he had listened to the prophetic chimes of Bow Bells; before he had met with the friendly cat. The case is now altogether different. A few shillings' outlay, and a few hours on the rail, and the great Babylon, in all its magnificence, in all its poverty, and in all its vastness, stands before the gaze of the traveller.

"Bobby, or Robin Trout—a queer name—may be, *Gudgeon* would have been nearer the mark—lived before there was any railway communication between Craven and London. He had the most exaggerated ideas, for, with the exception of an occasional trip to t' 'saut watter,' he knew nothing of the world that lay beyond the misty confines of his native mountains. He could neither read nor write; for we had no Mechanics' Institutes in those days, and no lecturers to enlighten us, either on the individuality of the individual, or on any other subject! However, if Robin Trout couldn't read, he could sing, and his favourite song was:—

'As once in London I did stray,
Up Cheapside I took my way,
With a buxom dame I chanced for to meet;
With compliments she did me greet.
But I was up to the rigs of London town;
Up to the rigs of London town!!' *

"If anybody was near when Robin warbled that production of some unknown minstrel, he would look very knowing, and say, 'Goy! if I wer i' Lunnon, they'd naan tak me in i' that way!' Bobby Trout was a shoemaker, at Grassington. He was, I assure you, a merry little soul, singing away from morning to night; first he would give the London song, then 'A Cobbler there was,' or, perhaps, the 'Old woman of Rumford,' and he generally wound up with a Robin Hood Ballad—for I was a young man in those days, and I used to give him a few lessons out of 'The Garland.' Robin—I mean Robin Trout, not Robin Hood—was of a respectable family, for he was one of the Trouts of Troutbeck, in Westmoreland. He was also the owner of a large landed property——"

"What! and made shoes in Grassington; come, fill your glass, and explain how that was."

Daniel replenished and explained. "It was this way. Robin's property was in the possession of the wrongful heir, who refused to move off for the rightful one; and, as you know, possession is the ninth part of the law, same as a tailor is the ninth part of a man. Robin was obliged to peg away

* I have not been able to trace this old song, which is still sung in the Dales. In its incidents it resembles "Quite Politely," a modern effusion, with very little of the wit of the old ditty.—J. S.

at the lapstone, and, like a lover hunting after an heiress, to live upon hope—a very bad sort of food to get fat on!”

Trenoodle coloured.

“The nature of Robin’s title was something like some of my barguest tales—rather doubtful. In fact, the case was so mysterious that ‘The Society for the recovery of irrecoverable estates,’ gave the thing up as a bad job, and, in the letter which accompanied their bill of £15 odd, the secretary said ‘the committee was of opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant any further outlay on the part of the society.’

“For some years Robin had rather neglected his business in collecting evidence, &c., but the letter from the society was a settler, and he now determined to stick to his last, and to have no other ambition than to be the first shoemaker in Grassington. He took new premises, and employed a journeyman, who served his apprenticeship with the great Manchester firm of Topson Buckles and Co. Robin also issued a handbill, which stated that he manufactured ladies’ shoes and topboots, and attended to all the higher branches of the profession.

“Robin’s shop had always been a favourite resort, but it now became more crowded than ever. There was never a gossip in the town but he went there to give and receive, and you couldn’t pass on an evening without hearing hearty laughs at some old jokes newly revived, or the jarring sounds of earnest political debate. At the time of my story, you see, England was at war with ‘Old Boney,’ and our parish

was in hot water about tithes and Easter offerings. Robin was a Calvinist, and had been threatened with a citation to appear at York, for he was one of the refractory who wouldn't cash up to the parson.

"Robin's shop was called the 'House of Commons,' and the 'representatives' were of various occupations. There were Stephen Knowles, the miner; Samuel Crowbrook, our mayor; John Broughton, the poet and proprietor of 'The Royal Splore,'—the first coach that ran between Grassington and Skipton; there were also Joseph Tappinison, the deacon; Richard Garrs, carpenter, ex-play actor, and bass-fiddle player; and a lot of minor stars that moved round those illustrious planets; and then, you see, last but by no means least, I was always one of the company. In those days, as I told you before, we had no Mechanics' Institute, and we had no library, and no Robert Kearton to enlighten us; but we had a good reader in old Stephen Knowles. In the absence of a debate, political or parochial, we would listen to Mr. Knowles as he read with a loud voice. His books were not always of the most judicious description, for Stephen was a firm believer in the Seven Champions, Guy of Warwick, Jack the Giant-killer, and even in Baron Munchausen. Stephen's knock-down argument always was, 'It is not likely that anyone will go to the expense of printing lies!' If I could have got my barguest tales printed, they'd all have past current with Stephen.

"It was a cold morning, towards the close of October; winter had set in rather early, for a thick snowdrift covered the streets, and the flakes continued to fall. Farming work was quite out of the question.

There was a full house, and Stephen was reading aloud Munchausen's Travels, which he did with the utmost gravity. It was the part where the Baron visited the moon, and described the inhabitants. The mayor smiled, the deacon grinned, Richard Garrs bit his lips, and the proprietor of The Royal Splore* kept moving his right hand over his left shoulder, while Robin occasionally accompanied his hammering by a very significant sort of whistle. Stephen made a pause to wipe the glasses of his huge tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, when a laugh was heard. Stephen removed his glasses, so that he might have a better glance at the quarter from whence came the interruption, and he found it was from Jack Rider——"

"Who was *he*?" inquired the Captain. "You have not named him before."

"Oh! I forgot to mention his name before, but he was an old sailor, who had stood besides Lord Nelson, when that hero was dying. I can tell you a very good story about Jack—a poaching adventure—you shall have it some other time. Jack laughed, because, although he believed in Mother Carey's Chickens, the Flying Dutchman, the Ghost of Captain Kydd, and the Ghost of old Tennant, he knew better than to credit such stuff as Baron Munchausen!

"'And so,' said Mr. Knowles, speaking in his usual pompous manner, 'it appeareth that you, Mr. John Rider, are the individual guilty of this gross breach

* Broughton published a volume of doggerel rhyme, in which the word *Splore* often occurred; the boys, in consequence, named Broughton's conveyance "The Royal Splore."—S. J.

of decorum ! A fool comprehendeth not the profound sayings of the wise, and it ill becometh an ignorant tar and out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, to ridicule the surprising and truthful narrative of a German Peer !'

"The reproof was given in a slow, solemn tone ; but the effect was somewhat different to what Mr. Knowles intended. The deacon said that the interruption was perfectly justifiable, the mayor nodded assent, and Mr. Broughton remarked that it was an insult to common sense, to suppose the existence of a race of beings who carried their heads under their arms, and had trap-doors in their sides to put their food in !—on which Mr. Knowles very coolly remarked that 'different countries had different customs !'

"Excuse my interrupting you," said Captain Tre-noodle, "but I always thought that Munchausen's Travels were true ! I believe that several of the incidents have been corroborated by Israel Jobson, of Halton Gill ; who also visited the moon about the middle of the last century, and whose history and travels were edited by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the curate of Halton Gill ?"

"That's all stuff," continued Daniel, "I knew the story well—it was partly invented by the parson. Jobson had nine black sticks that he had got from a certain old gentleman."

"I never heard that part of the tale—what was it ?"

"At some other time I'll tell you all about it ; and now, believe me, there never was such a man as Baron Munchausen, and that neither Israel Jobson, nor anybody else, ever visited the moon."

"But," said the Captain, "I know for a certainty, that Jobson *did* visit the moon, for he brought away with him one Jacob Plankley, who purchased the Manor of Bogley, built the Hall, and founded the family there."

"Nonsense! a weak invention of the enemy. The Plankleys were there long before Jobson's time; but to my story. We had an angry altercation, which was only put a stop to by the entrance of Mr. Thomas Airey, the postman, who handed a letter to Robin, and said, 'I suppose that's for you; glad to find you're getting up in the world!' 'What's to pay?' inquired Robin. 'Nothing,' said Thomas; 'it's free gratis for nothing; can't be cheaper!'

"When the postmaster departed, there was a general move towards the lapstone, where reposed a large letter with a black seal, and directed to 'Robert Trout, Esquire, Grassington, Yorkshire, postage paid.' 'I naan like t' gliff on it,' said Robin. 'I'll tell you what,' said the Deacon, 'it's a *citation*!' 'Don't oppen it!' said Rider, 'or ye're *sarved*!' 'Pardon me,' said the Mayor, 'if the letter contains any process the service is already effected, for has it not been delivered by His Majesty's servant?' This bit of law was considered good, and the letter was handed to Mr. Knowles, with a request that he would open and read it aloud. 'I incline to the belief,' said Mr. Knowles, 'that this letter is no document that appertaineth to any question of ecclesiastical dues or oblations, for the parson's lawyer would have been aware of the worldly calling of our friend, and would not have called him *Esquire*—nay, it seemeth

unto me that within are bank notes, or something equivalent thereto.'

"'Oppen and read,' said Robin, 'if bad news, ye'll sympathise; if good, ye'll aw rejoice. Let's hev it—fire away!'

"Stephen took out his tortoise shells, and adjusted them—he then cut round the seal, which he said was an armorial heraldical shield, and slowly and with becoming gravity, he unfolded the letter, from which fell a bank post bill on the Craven Bank for £20, payable at sight to Robert Trout, Esq., or bearer.

"The letter was from some lawyer or other, and was to the effect that under the will of Ephraim Trout, Esq., of Troutbeck, lately deceased, Robin was entitled to a legacy of £4,000 Three-per-cent. Consols, and he was to set off immediately to London, where the executors resided at an hotel. The letter had a postscript to the effect that the money was left on condition that Mr. Trout executed a deed whereby on behalf of himself, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, he renounced all claim to the Troutbeck Estates.

"The feelings of Robin were those of joy mixed with surprise—grief was out of the question. The dead man had always avoided all intercourse with the shoemaker, and of late years the breach had been somewhat widened by the claim set up to the Troutbeck estates.

"Robin was no hypocrite; he had no tears to shed; all that he resolved on was to attire himself in decent mourning, go to London, execute the

deed, come back, erect an 'afflictions sore,' and do all the good that he could with the consols.

"Such were his resolves. He then moved an adjournment to the Devonshire Arms, where glass followed glass, and bowl succeeded bowl. We'd a merry night of it. The Mayor sang 'Auld lang Syne,' and Mr. Broughton composed an extempore effusion, which I've now in my pocket book. Shall I read it? It's quite equal to the Serenade, and, like Broughton's compositions, it's very original!"

"Let's have it," said the Captain, "and recite as if you were on the stage—prepare your voice; the rum bottle stands besides you."

Daniel completed the preparations, and recited as follows :—

"Before my friend thy footsteps shall retire,
From Wharf's smooth margin and its peaceful bound,
Listen to my lines. O hearken to my lyre,—
My lyre, like David's harp, of solemn sound !

"Listen ! the verses of a poor old man,
Whose trembling footsteps oft have sought thy door ;
He gives thee good advice, the best he can,
And so acts nobly,—angels can no more.

"May wealth ne'er raise, in thee, a proud disdain
Of him whose purse no golden treasure fills,
But may'st thou ever be the frugal swain,
Whose name is Trout, upon the Craven Hills.

"Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Around whose base the rolling billows spread,
May'st thou well stem, of life, each awful storm,
And have eternal sunshine on thy head.

"And when the money's got then take a wife,
Whose sober wishes will not learn to stray,
But down the cool sequestered vale of life,
Pursue the noiseless tenor of thy way."

"Such was the poem."

"Excuse my interrupting you," said the Captain, "but I think I've read something in the *Pleasing Instructor* very like Broughton's poem; was there no remark made about it?"

"Not a word except about the last verse," replied Daniel; "and the deacon thought that if Robin became a family man he couldn't have much of a *noiseless* tenor!"

"A very good remark," said Trenoodle, "and perfectly just!"

"The revels," continued Daniel, "were kept up till a late hour, and, with the exception of the deacon, who never tasted any stronger beverage than water, we were unable to reach our homes without the aid of shutters and wheelbarrows.

"Robin awoke with a bad headache, which he cured by taking a dose of 'medicalmendem.' He was longer than usual in despatching his breakfast, and there were so many pauses and cogitations between each spoonful of porridge, that the beverage was as cold as blue milk, before he had got half way to the bottom of the basin.

"His meditations were various; at one time they were on his sweetheart, Mary Mecca; then they wandered to London, and at last they settled in the shop of Sapper Dick, the military tailor, to whom he resolved to pay a visit, before he made his pilgrimage to Mecca.

"He found the Sapper in a very deplorable condition. His head—at all times none of the smallest—

was swollen to double its usual size, and was enveloped in a pillow case, no Grassington night-cap being found sufficiently capacious to receive it in its altered condition.

“‘What’s t’ matter?’ said Robin. ‘Ye luik varra poorly, Dick!’

“‘Eigh! an’ I is poorly, too,’ said the tailor. ‘Did ye ivver see sich a heead i’ yer life afore?’

“‘Nivver!’ said Robin. ‘Why! it’s t’ buik o’ t’ turmut at gain’d t’ prize at Otley Show. I’s like to tak t’ measure on’t, for a curiosity. What! aw lay, ye’ve hed a tummel, and mebbe a waggon wheel’s gaan ower it.’

“Robin was out in his conjecture. It appeared that, while the tailor had been working at a farmhouse, near Kettlewell, a potter, one of Swales’s gang, had made use of some very insulting language, and had actually dared to connect the Sapper’s profession with the gambols of a little animal never named to ears polite. The Sapper couldn’t put up with the insult, and there ensued a battle, in which the tailor came off second best. There had been two rounds, for, after the first set-to, the Sapper had returned to the conflict encouraged by the opinion of his apprentice that he *fought like a lion!*—the lad meaning a Malham Moor lion, or, in plain terms, a jackass!

“Such was the origin of the Sapper’s disaster.

“The tailor, in a feeble voice, inquired what he could do for ‘Mr. Trout?’ It was not his usual mode of addressing the shoemaker, but the Sapper had heard about the wind-fall, and considered it only

a becoming act to make a little sacrifice to the shrine of Mammon. The unaccustomed epithet deprived Robin of his speech; lost in wonderment, he stood looking at the tailor. When Robin came about, he said 'don't you *mister* me, Dick; my name's Robin, or Bobby, or Robert, if you like better; t' brass 'll mak naa difference. Four thousand pund winnot raise me to t' rank of a gentry, ye understand !'

"'Yes,' said Dick, 'I understand your heart's in t' right place. There's my hand !'

"Robin shook hands heartily, and with such force, that a portion of the pain in the head was transferred to the Sapper's palms.

"'And now,' said Robin, 'can ye mak me a suit o' black in the twinkling of a bed post, for I'se off to Lunnon?'

"'Fashionable cut?' asked Dick.

"'Of course,' said Robin.

"'Will this be the sort o' thing?' inquired the Sapper, and he pointed to a coloured print hanging against the wall, which by the title that, unfortunately, neither of them could read, appeared to be '*Town and country fashions for this present year, 1775.*' I dare say that it had been all right when it was printed, for it was a government affair, '*Printed as the Act directs.*'

"'Isn't that rather an owd ancient picture?' said Robbin; 'mebbe ye hean't gitten summat newer, and maar Christian like.'

“‘That’s t’ present fashion,’ said the Sapper, ‘there’s bin nowt printed sin—at least nowt ’at I’ve seen.’

“Robin removed the picture from the wall, and examined it minutely. The coat was exceedingly low-breasted, and yet it covered only about a fourth part of the waistcoat, which was very low indeed, for it reached far below the knees. This waistcoat was of a flowered bed-quilt looking pattern. On the buttons of both garments were Cupids shooting darts.

“‘I tell ye what, Dick!’ said Robin, as he put down the picture, ‘that’s not the thing; it’s a dress for an owd gennelman, for ye obsarve he’s gitten a pig-tail, an’ weears a wig. An’ then it’s net murning; there’s nowt serious aboot it, ’ceptin them cherry bums. Ye’ve seen t’ black suit o’ t’ deacon weears ov a Sunday? I’ll hev yan like *that*!’

“‘All right,’ said Dick; ‘I’ll tak t’ buik o’ ye, an’ gang ta t’ Deacon’s hoose an’ examin’ t’ coat, an’ ye’s hev yan t’ saam cut prezisely, but t’ claath ’ll be o’ far finer quality.’

“The tailor then proceeded to take sundry shreds of paper with which he encompassed the shoemaker’s frame, pausing occasionally to note down certain hieroglyphics. He finished the business with the assurance that the dress would be sent home to Robin on the following day, and that he could pay for it when he returned.

“Robin had many adventures on the road to London, but he arrived safely on the morning of the fourth day after that upon which he took his seat on the Royal Splore. London was in a thick

fog, from which fell a compound of rain, soot, filth, and many an abomination. Robin had met with nothing on the road that was at all equal to this fog, and, half choked and coughing, he entered the coffee-room of the Bull and Mouth, in St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was not yet six o'clock, and, although a good fire was burning in the coffee-room, every thing wore a melancholy appearance. The apartment was a low dingy room, pannelled with oak, and hung round with engravings of winning horses and celebrated sporting characters. The ceiling was of ancient pattern, and good as a work of art, but years had elapsed since it had been cleaned, and all that could be said of it was that it matched the wainscot which, with age and tobacco smoke, was as black as soot.*

"Robin drew his chair to the fire and warmed his hands, looking the while steadfastly on the blaze, and only diverting his eyes to take an occasional glance at the immense wooden and double-locked box, which contained his clothes, and also the greater part of his twenty pounds. The glow of the fire caused a corresponding glow in his spirits, and Robin struck up his favourite song of

'As once in London I did stray.'

Robin had got to the chorus before he was aware that the waiter was a listener. He was one of a race now, I suppose, out of date—an old man with a

* Of course it is not the present elegant hotel which is described by Daniel Cooper, but the old house that formerly occupied the same site.—S. J.

Welsh wig, who wore a spencer, black silk knee-breeches, with small buckles, and shoes with very large ones; 'Pardon me,' said Joe, 'but that 'ere's an old ditty o' your's—I know'd it fifty years ago! Them tricks ain't played now—a werry strict police, who look arter queer characters!'

"'What! do you tak me for yan?' said Robin.

"'Oh no!' said Joe, 'I thinks as how ye 'aint 'cute enough, sir. I thinks as how ye're uncommon innocent! Would you take breakfast after your ride, sir?'

"'Thank ye,' said Robin, 'I will!'

"'What 'll ye have, sir?' said Joe; 'Coffee, sir? Tea, sir? Chocolate, sir?'

"Robin considered, and then said he'd 'tak sum *cocolate*,' for so he pronounced the word. It was an article that he'd never seen, but he'd no doubt it was good, for he'd often heard Doctor Jakes say that it was exceedingly nutritious, and improved the tone of the digestive organs. So he ordered 'cocolate,' and, at the same time, he requested that he might be allowed to wash his hands, and deposit his luggage in a secure place. This last arrangement was soon effected through the clerk at the booking office, and Robin returned to the coffee room just as Joe was placing on the side table a basin of water, a round ball of mottled soap, and a clean towel; to which he directed attention by a respectful 'There, sir!' and departed.

"Robin drew a chair to the table, spread the towel for a cloth, and after a pious wish that he

might be truly thankful for what he was going to receive, he commenced gazing on the creature comforts before him. He was fully persuaded that the mottled soap ball was the 'cocolate.'

"Never heard such a thing all the days of my life!" said the Captain.

"No! nor anybody else," responded Daniel, as he thus continued—"The ball was beautifully mottled—no wonder that it deceived a poor unsophisticated Craven lad, who imagined that the streaks of red, blue, yellow, and white, were caused by a mixture of rare and delicate spices. He was more than confirmed in his belief when, raising the soap to his nose, he inhaled the odoriferous perfume. 'Oh!' thought he, 'how delicious will be the taste!' A question now arose as to the mode of proceeding. I have told you that he could not read, so you may take it for granted that he knew nothing of Mrs. Glasse—not that if he had been acquainted with that lady, she could have enlightened him on the best mode of dressing and eating a soap ball! Was the 'cocolate' to be eaten by itself, or was it to be mixed with the water? He half determined to ring the bell and consult the waiter; but as no one likes to parade his ignorance, Robin determined to trust to chance, or rather to adopt the mode which seemed most consistent with reason and sound philosophy. This was to eat the 'cocolate,' and between the bites to drink the water. I can't describe his face after the first bite, nor was the beauty of his personal appearance improved when, after raising the big basin to his mouth, he took a draught of cold water. Robin had a bad

tooth, and the twinge was anything but agreeable ! He was, however, not a man that stuck at a trifle, so he kept on biting and supping till the soap was half its original size, and the water had become too shallow to drown a spider. Robin had generally a keen appetite for breakfast, but at this time it failed him, so putting the remainder of the ball in his pocket for luncheon in case he should be hungry, he left the Bull and Mouth on a voyage of discovery for the hotel where he was to meet the executors.

“It was about eight o'clock, and the fog had partially disappeared, as Robin proceeded to the West-end. The shops were being opened, and he made many a stop to admire the articles in the windows, when a glance at a looking-glass in an Optician's window revealed the awful state of his beard, and showed that he was not in a proper state to visit the gentlemen. Robin looked about for a barber, and, in an alley that led out of the street, he discovered a pole which he knew was the sign of a shaver. The barber and his apprentice were in full employment on the chins of a lot of butchers and drovers, for it was a Smithfield market-day. Some seven or eight were waiting for their turns.

“‘Take a chair, if you please, sir,’ said the barber, a nice clean good-natured looking man; ‘tend to you, sir, directly. The *Currier*, sir! p'raps like to read it. Interesting account of a wooden leg and six small children that died in Saint Pankridge, and left £400 to the Foundling Hospital, sir; also, of the two gentlemen who were hanged yesterday for horse-stealing, sir!’”

"Raised to exalted positions, but only enjoyed their dignities for an hour," said the Captain, smiling and giving a very knowing look at Daniel.

"Exactly so," replied Cooper. "Robin declined the *Currier*, and said that he'd forgot his spectacles. This was, of course, not true, for Robin had very good eyes, but he did not like to tell everybody that he couldn't read. Indeed, at this very time, he was making every use of his eyes by examining the various articles in the shop. The heads in the window rather terrified him at first, for he somehow or other connected them with the two suspended gentlemen. He soon discovered that the heads were shams. He then examined a picture which represented shaving, hair-cutting, and powdering by steam. This the barber informed him was also a sham. Robin then looked at the glass cases, and, to his great surprise, he discovered that the little barber dealt in 'cocolate.' It was beyond all dispute! there they were!—the round balls of every hue and of every description of mottle, and exhaling a perfume which pervaded the shop, and which was perceptible even in an atmosphere where clouds of smoke arose from the butchers' and drovers' pipes. Robin knew that in a country town there was often a strange blending of trades, but he had always supposed that in London and other large cities it was the custom for a tradesman to stick to one particular branch, and not to interfere with the legitimate business of his neighbour. He was, therefore, astonished, and no sooner was he seated in the shaving chair, and bound in the customary robe, than he said to the barber, 'I see you sell *Cocolate*!'

“‘Sell Chocolate!’ asked the barber, ‘who told you such stuff!’ and he held up his hands, his razor, and lather-box, in astonishment at the bare idea, for an exciseman was present waiting for his turn, and the barber feared that some suspicion of contrabandism might be awakened—nor was he wrong, for the guager said ‘Oh! oh!’ ‘I hope, sir,’ continued the barber, ‘you have not come here to do me an injury. What makes you suppose that I sell chocolate?’

“‘I’ve cum’d to do ye naa injury,’ said Robin, ‘I’ve cum’d to git shaved—niver seed Lunnnon afore’ to-day. I’s a Girston chap that’s cum’d to git sum *consolations* (he meant Consols) fra my cousin’s executioners. I nobbut thowt them baws wer cocolate,’ and he pointed to the cases.

“‘They’re soap balls!’ said the barber, and he gave a laugh which was contagious, I suppose, for the whole circle chimed in, and none more heartily than did Mr. Scott, the guager, who knew Grassington well, and had some faint remembrance of Robin.

“‘Poor Robin! it was no laughing matter for *him*. He turned as pale as old Tim’s wife, when she hanged herself in a dish-clout.* He then whispered to the barber, ‘Shave me quick, an’ then I’ll speak ta ye i’ private!’ When Robin and the barber adjourned to the sitting room, the first question was ‘Is them baws puzzom?’ ‘Can’t say,’ said the barber, ‘I never knew anybody that eat one; but I believe those sold by me are perfectly harmless, because they’re made

* This is a Craven proverb. Who Tim’s wife was, and why she ‘hanged herself in a dish-clout,’ are matters above my comprehension.—S. J.

by Frizzlewig and Co., the respectable perfumers of Shearwell-street, who never use any poisonous substance in their manufactures.'

"'D'ye think,' asked Robin, pulling the fragment from his pocket, 'that this baw wer meade by Frizzlewig and Co.?'"

"'Certainly not,' answered the barber, who put his spectacles on to examine the ball more minutely; 'this is of Dutch make, by the house of Von Puffemoff and Co., of Amsterdam. I never keep *their* articles, for Mr. Accum condemns them in his book about poisons.'

"'Then I'se a deead man!' exclaimed Robin. 'I've itten o' that baw, thinkin' it was cocolate! I feel t' puzzom werkin i' my intervals; it's aw up wi' me 'cept I can git a bottle of medicalmendum.'

"The barber pitied Robin's unfortunate condition, and advised that he should make the best of his way to a chemist's shop, where, no doubt, he would either obtain the medicalmendum, or something that would do quite as well.

"A chemist's shop was close at hand, to which Robin hastened with a speed somewhat extraordinary for a dying man. It was a large old-fashioned shop, that was at that time, and perhaps still is, kept by members of the Society of Friends. A young man was at the counter, whose dress proclaimed that he was a member of the persuasion, and the bottle imp,*

* The youngest hand in a Chemist's shop is called 'The Bottle Imp!'—just as the youngest printer is called 'The Printer's Devil!'—S.J.

who was similarly attired, was at the lower end of the shop dusting and adjusting the bottles. The sombre appearance of the place showed a disregard for modern innovations, and that the firm did not depend on vain show.

“‘Pray, sir,’ said Robin to the young gentleman at the counter, ‘ye mebbe hev’n’t a bottle o’ medicalmendum?’

“‘Of what, sir?’

“‘Medicalmendum! It cures aw maks o’ ailments, fra a surfeit down to a Scotch fiddle!’

“The assistant made a slight retreat, and then said ‘I fear, friend, we have not the medicine thee askest for.’

“‘That’s a bad concern!’ said Robin, ‘for I’s *bellaned*!’

“‘Bellaned! I do not comprehend thee, friend. What is the nature of that complaint?’

“Here an elderly gentleman came into the shop by a staircase which communicated with the upper part of the premises. He was a mild, benevolent looking man, with hair of snowy whiteness, and he was dressed after the most primitive fashion of the Society. He saw at a glance, though he had not heard the conversation, that Robin and the assistant were not exactly at issue. ‘Joseph, what is it?’ said the old gentleman, ‘can I help thee?’

“‘Father,’ said the youth, ‘this gentleman wants a bottle of medicalmendum.’

“ ‘Of *what*, Joseph?’

“ ‘Medicalmendum!’ said Robin, ‘but mebbe ye knawt by t’ naam o’ *cure out*? Its a grand invention o’ Doctor Burnett, that cums once a week fra Pateley-brig, i’ a caravan. Sells reed pills, too; varra good for t’ rheumatiz!’

“ ‘We have not the article thee asketh for,’ said the master; ‘the name is peculiar, and I should certainly remember it. Wherefore dost thee want it?’

“ ‘I’se bellaned, sir,’ said Robin,—‘puzzomed! I’ve itten a soap baw for cocolate!’

“ ‘The youth who was dusting the bottles burst into a roar of laughter.

“ ‘Zephaniah!’ said the master.

“ ‘Here am I,’ answered the youth, ‘what is thy will?’

“ ‘My will,’ said the master, ‘is that thee goest into the laboratory, and tarryest thither till thee art sent for.’ The lad obeyed, though with a bad grace.

“ ‘And now, friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘I think we understand each other. Thee hast, by mistake, partaken of what thee deemest poison, and thee seekest a remedy?’

“ ‘Yes, that’s it, sir,’ said Robin. ‘I want an *anecdote* to contract the puzzom—that’s some on’t. I didn’t tak it aw!’

“ ‘This is no poison,’ said the Quaker, as he looked at the fragment, ‘though it might disorder thee—but we will soon set thee to rights.’ He then addressed a

few words in Latin to his son, and turning to Robin said, 'My remedy will soon be ready—thee will drink it off—thee canst tarry here and abide the event. Then changing the subject, he asked Robin if he did not come from Yorkshire? Robin said that he did, and that he was from Girston-in-Craven, on which the Quaker smiled and said, 'My father was Yorkshire; he came from Lothersdale.'

"Robin said he knew it well, for Cowinhead wer just aboon it—a queer spot where they had a moon of their own that was jimped round the edges, quite different to the Girston moon, which was as smooth as if Jonas Werrity had planed it.

"The Quaker smiled at the old joke which he had often heard his father relate. He then shook Robin by the hand, and gave him an invitation to call whenever it was convenient. His last words, as he quitted the shop, were 'Beware, while in London, that thee fallst not into the hands of the Philistines.'"

"How did Robin get on?" asked the Captain.

"Quite right," said Daniel "the draught cured him, and he departed with an empty stomach, but no worse for the bellaning."

"How did he get on in London? Did he obtain the *consolations*?"

"He got the brass—but I'll tell you all about him," continued Daniel, "and finish his adventures. Robin was three months in London. The executors were two young men; one was a Westmoreland farmer, the other was a medical student. They played all sorts of fun upon Robin, but he remembered the old

song, and never got wrong but once, and that was a bad business—very. Its too late to tell it now.”

“No, it’s not!” said the Captain. “Come! another glass and we’ll to bed; but let’s have the conclusion first.”

“Robin, soon after this adventure, made his appearance at Grassington, where he married his Mary and emigrated—with *all his consolations*—to Manchester.”

The Captain and his friend now retired to their respective bedrooms. Trenoodle, on emptying his coat pockets, discovered that the bags were missing. He felt a little annoyed at the circumstance, and wondered how the theft could have been effected. Everything else was perfectly safe—there were the remains of the dinner, the mathematical instruments, and the M.S. of the legend which he had received from Mr. Pickles. He just glanced at the title, but the words “The Banquet of the Dead,” were sufficient, and so, depositing it in a private drawer, he at once tumbled into bed and fell asleep.





CHAPTER XXIV.

“**W**E were lucky yesterday,” said the Captain, as he looked from the windows of his sitting-room, while Mary was preparing the breakfast table. “What a morning it is! There’ll be no going out to-day, either for reviewing or besom-making, and so you and I, Daniel, may as well make ourselves at home *here*.” The look-out was melancholy enough; there was a thick mist over the moor, and if a portion of the fog now and then rolled away, and left behind it a dim hazy vista, it was only to give place to another wet, drizzly, dingy coloured mass. The rain fell in torrents, and the miners and farm labourers were seen proceeding to their occupations with sacks pinned round their bodies in the place of mackintoshes. Every object looked dismal, and even the tall chimney of Mr. Fussypuff’s smithy seemed to share in the general gloom, for it sent forth less smoke than usual. Daniel was a good judge of weather, and he coincided when Captain Trenoodle said, “There’ll be no clearing up to-day!” There was a substantial breakfast—plenty of nice broiled ham, and the major part of a roast leg of mutton, with eggs *ad libitum*, and the rum bottle at hand, in case it was wanted.

Trenoodle had a Cornish newspaper lying besides him, but he satisfied his curiosity by just glancing at the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." At this time, so far as literary matters were concerned, his thoughts were centred on the manuscript, or rather we should say they were divided between it and Jack Rider, for what had been incidentally introduced on the preceding evening about the sailor, had whetted the gallant officer's curiosity. Daniel was all anxiety about the manuscript, for he understood that it was written by his departed friend, my late Uncle Quintin Jackson, who, as a writer of legends and traditionary stories, he considered equal, if not superior, to himself. The Captain so ran on from one subject to another—from bags to besoms, from mining operations to love adventures, from future schemes to weather-wise remarks—that Daniel was unable to give utterance to what, with him, was uppermost. Mary's entrance to clear away the breakfast things made a little pause, of which Daniel availed himself by requesting the Captain to read the legend. "That is what *you* must do," said Trenoodle, "for I am a bad reader. *You* have trod the stage, and can give to old Quintin's ideas a proper emphasis; but before I hand over the tale to you, perhaps you would inform me a little about Jack Rider. There was some story that you kept in the back ground yesterday."

"I did," responded Daniel, "because I knew that too many episodes spoil a tale, just as too many cooks spoil the broth. If I had gone into all the incidentals, we should have been with Bobby Trout still, for I could have related numerous anecdotes of Stephen Knowles, and 'the nine black

sticks' would have occupied half an hour at least. However, I will now tell you all I know about Jack Rider. Jack was 'what they call loblolly boy on board *The Victory*. It was his duty to do anything and everything that was required—from sweeping and washing the deck, and saying 'Amen' to the Chaplain, down to cleaning the guns, and helping the doctor to make pills and plasters, and mix medicines. Four days before the battle that was so glorious to England, but so fatal to its greatest hero, Jack was ordered by the doctor to fetch a bottle that was standing in a particular place. Jack ran off, post-haste, to the spot where he found what appeared to be an empty bottle. Curiosity was uppermost; 'what,' thought Jack, 'can there be about this empty bottle?' He examined it carefully, but he couldn't comprehend the mystery, so he thought that he would call in the aid of a candle, and throw a light on the subject. The bottle contained *ether*, and the result of the examination was that the vapour ignited, and the flames extended to some of the sails, and also to a part of the ship. There was a general confusion—running with buckets and what not—and, to make matters worse, the fire was rapidly extending to the powder magazine. During this hubbub, Lord Nelson was in the chief cabin writing his despatches. His Lordship heard the noise—he couldn't do otherwise—and so, in a loud voice, he called out, 'What's all that d—— noise about?' The boatswain answered, 'My Lord, the loblolly boy's set fire to an empty bottle, and it's set fire to the ship, and we are all going to be blown up.' 'Oh!' said Nelson, 'that's all, is it? I thought the enemy

had boarded us and taken us all prisoners. You and loblolly must put the fire out then, and take care we're not blown up! But pray make as little noise about it as you can, or I can't go on with my despatches!' And with these words Nelson went to his desk and continued his writing with the greatest coolness.*

"Jack lost two fingers during the great battle, and was discharged as a disabled seaman. Of his early subsequent career I know nothing, but, at a later period of his life, he was found at Linton mill, working at the carpenter's bench, and also assisting as a millwright. He was past middle life when he settled at Linton, or rather when he had a house there, for Jack was anything but a *settled* character. A dweller on land, he was still a sailor in his heart, and, for lack of any other excitement, he turned poacher. He couldn't handle a gun, but he could set a snare, and nobody knew better how to *lyester* or tickle trout, or throw a broad net. These midnight amusements were not pursued without fears and tremblings—not from dread of watchers or keepers, for Jack feared no living man; but from ghosts, hobgoblins, and fiends. An owl's hoot, from Grass Wood, would make his hair stand on end, and a stray donkey in the dark nook of a quiet lane would be set down for a barguest or a wilfrey. I won't say whether there may not be such things, but I will maintain that Jack's giants

* This anecdote is *true*, and Captain Carslake, of Sidmouth, permits me to use his name in corroboration. He was an officer of 'The Victory' at the time, and heard Nelson use the above words.—S. J.

were often windmills, and his ghosts very substantial sort of beings, through which it would have been no easy task for the moon to have shone. There is a strange story connected with Chapel House, near Kilnsey. In ancient Catholic times it was inhabited by a lawyer. What his name was I never heard, nor did I ever understand why he became after death the fee-simple of a certain old gentleman. However, if he was no better than the generality of lawyers, I should have been very much surprised if he had travelled in an opposite direction! The legend says that at certain times the lawyer, in his wig and gown, is hunted round the grounds by fiends, and that the chase, which commences about midnight, is continued till the first hour of the morning. In consequence of this story, Chapel House was for many years without a tenant; but the world is wiser now, and the haunted mansion has quite lost its ancient ghostly reputation. It would indeed be a pity that such a place should be untenanted, for amidst what magnificent scenery does it stand! The house, you know, is on an eminence, and around it is scenery that might be almost called Alpine. Below flows the Wharfe, rolling and foaming through a wild rocky channel. Opposite is Grass Wood and Coniston. Higher up the dale is the meeting of the waters, where Skirfare joins the Wharfe, and the dales divide, and in the distance are lofty ranges, amidst which Whernside, the monarch of Wharfedale, stands pre-eminent. A stone's throw from the house is Kilnsey, one of the most romantic of villages, with its far-famed inn, 'The Tennant's Arms'—the favoured haunt of the angler, the tourist, and the sketcher—one of those well-conducted

houses which make us in love with a rambling life, and which we quit with a sigh.

“One dark autumnal night, Rider was out poaching, and his field, so to speak, was the portion of the Wharfe that lies between the Potters’ Haunt and Kilnsey. He was like the boy in the poem—

‘Whistling aloud to keep his spirits up,
And lightly skipping over——’

the stone walls that lay between the high road and the river. While taking one of these leaps, he alighted upon something which was very rough and covered with hair. What it was Jack couldn’t conceive, but all at once the story flashed across his memory, and he thought that he was on the back of the old gentleman! And this belief seemed to be confirmed when Jack’s hands grasped a magnificent pair of horns! Up rose the creature, whatever it was, and cantered off at a merry pace. Jack at first gave himself up for lost; but when a little presence of mind returned, he vowed to lead an altered life, if he was saved this time, and so he roared out, ‘*Glory! glory!*’—words that he had often heard a ranter neighbour of his repeat, and which he thought might, perhaps, act as a sort of spell! The creature hastened on and paid no attention whatever to the words, and so Jack thought that he would effect an escape by falling off. On turning round, however, he saw, to his great horror, that the fiend had numerous attendants, so Jack determined to stick to the master, thinking it was better so to do, than to trust to the mercies of the servants. He knew that one was a gentleman—Jack had very aristocratic ideas—but he did not know what the

others might be. The fiend approached the river, and poor Jack was conveyed to the opposite bank. Here he became insensible, and swooned away. When he came to himself it was morning, and he found himself lying close to an old cow! The supernatural part of the business was at an end, and Jack discovered the *rationale* of the adventure. He had leapt on the back of that cow—*It was the master*; the *servants* were the rest of the herd! The story at the time caused no little diversion, and many a laugh was raised at Jack's expense. Poor Jack! he's dead and gone, and his memory deserves a tear. With all his faults he was a good fellow, and ever ready to do a kindness. He had his faults, but his virtues outweighed them. The navy was a bad school when Jack entered the service, and the mistakes of his after-life were mainly attributable to a wrong setting out on the journey."

"You've told Rider's history and adventure with great spirit," said the Captain, "and finished up in a moral way that could not have been excelled by the Rev. John Pumkins himself. If you only read the legend half as well as you have told your story, I shall be quite satisfied. I often wish that I had been an actor. Some day you must tell me all about Thomas Airey and his theatre."

"That," said Daniel, "I will do with pleasure at some other time, for some of my happiest days were passed under Airey's management. And now I will read the legend. I'll do my best, but as I know nothing about the story and the writing is somewhat faded, you must excuse me should I occasionally

hesitate or make a slight blunder. I will, however, do my best!"

Daniel unfolded the roll and read as follows:—

"THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD.

"It was the 14th day of July, in the year 1635, when the corpse of a villager was interred in the romantic Churchyard of Kirkby-Malhamdale. The concluding benediction of the sublime burial service of the English church had been given, and the mourners had taken a last lingering look at the narrow tenement which enshrined mortality. All had departed with the exception of the venerable sexton, Silas Shaw, a village lad of the name of Kitchen, and a soldier, whose long, flowing, silvery hair and time-worn frame, bespoke a very advanced age. He was seated on a neighbouring stone, from whence, ever and anon, he raised his eyes to the church and sighed. Old Silas rested for a moment from his work, and gazed on the stranger, but to no purpose. The sexton knew not the man, who he was certain was not an inhabitant of the valley. Silas had a good memory, which embraced not merely the departed of more than half a century, but extended to the living. There was not a nook or corner of the valley, nor of the adjacent one of Otterdale—not a solitary dwelling, perched high up in the hills or reposing amidst some pastoral shade below, of which he could not name the dwellers—man, woman, and child. Indeed, the sexton was a sort of perennial calendar, with the binding somewhat worn and faded, but with leaves whose characters were still indelible. Silas again turned his glance on the

veteran. Ah, thought the old fellow, he's been a soldier in the King's Army—one of the remnants of Marston Moor, perhaps, and he sighed over days departed and a prostrate throne. Or it might be that he sighed because he was aware of the nature of the order that had been served on the clergyman at the conclusion of the service. This was a command that in future all funeral services were to be discontinued, the Calvinistic party, then uppermost, having very sagely discovered that the English burial service was a mass for the dead, and therefore was idolatrous and superstitious! Silas had no great love for the new order of things, but as his superior, the Rev. Martin Knowles, the vicar of the parish, had eschewed high episcopacy and liturgical forms for Calvinism and the Directory—nay, had even been *civilly* married in the market place of Settle, by Oliver Cromwell himself—the sexton thought it best to swim with the tide, and, whatever he might think, to keep his thoughts to himself. These were troublous times, and to a Royalist there could not be a more dangerous locality. The Lamberts dwelt in the vicinity, at their Hall in Calton, and Oliver himself had, for some time past, been their frequent visitor. Silas would have sounded the soldier, but caution whispered that even the boy Kitchen might be a spy.

“During these mental cogitations, old Silas had been very leisurely pursuing his work. The grave was not yet filled up, and a skull, the remnant of some former occupier of the same narrow cell, was lying beside it. Kitchen took up the skull, and gazed on the sockets; eyeless *then*, but they had

contained orbs that, perhaps, had reflected the beam sent from beauty's eye, glowed with fury on the battle field, or melted at the tale of compassion. The old soldier observed the boy, and, approaching, said, 'Youth! that belonged to one who died soon after the reign of Queen Mary. His name was Thompson; he was a military man, and as mischievous a fellow as ever existed—aye, for many a long year, he was a plague to Malhamdale.'

"'Then,' replied the boy, 'his death must have been a benefit, as by it the inhabitants of the valley would be rid of a pest.'

"'Why, as to that point,' answered the veteran, 'I fear you are in the wrong. Thompson's reign is not yet finished; 'tis whispered he often returns and revisits his old scenes—nay, even plays his old pranks over again! It is by no means improbable that, at this very instant, he is at no great distance, and listening to our conversation.'

"'Indeed!' said Silas; and the sexton leaned on his spade, and winked at the soldier; 'that will not do! I have been a sexton for many a long year, and I know a trifle or two about ghosts. I often see them. I always watch in the church porch on Saint Mark's eve—I have seen them *then*—I have seen them at other times—but always at night. They're like drunkards, fond of late hours. A ghost walking in broad daylight and beneath a broiling July sun!—come, I like that idea exceedingly. I wonder where you studied spectre-ology!'

"'You hit too hard,' said the boy to the sexton; 'I dare say that the old gentlemen there knows

more about such than you do. *I* believe him—but what an old brute this dead man must be! He will neither rest himself nor allow other folks to do so.’ Kitchen kicked the skull from him, and remarked, as he heard its hollow sound, ‘Well! there’s not much there *now*, whatever there was formerly!’

“‘Boy!’ said the soldier, ‘you dare not do that again!’

“‘Why not?’ inquired Kitchen, giving it, at the same time, another hearty kick.

“‘Kick it again!’ said the soldier.

“‘Don’t spare it!’ said old Silas.

“The boy needed no encouragement, and so there was another kick.

“The veteran stranger smiled grimly as if pleased with the spirit which the boy manifested, and then said, in a joking way, ‘Now take up that skull and say to it, Let the owner of this meet me at the midnight hour, and invite me to a banquet spread on yon green stone by his bony fingers.

‘Come ghost! come devil!
Come good! good evil!
Or let old Thompson himself appear,
For I will partake of his midnight cheer.’

“Kitchen, laughing with the glee of a schoolboy, and with the thoughtlessness incident to youth, repeated the ridiculous invitation, and the no less ridiculous rhymes, which seemed to him ‘such as nurses use to frighten babes withal.’ He then turned toward the soldier and asked if that would do, or if he had any further requirements, as he should be happy to

oblige him; but the warrior was no longer visible. He had disappeared amidst some lofty limes that then shaded the church-yard—magnificent trees, whose honours were the growth of ages, and remained until a recent period, when they were cut down by some mercenary churchwarden.*

“Old Silas had finished his work, and, just as the shadow on the dial fell on the hour of twelve, he left the churchyard for the ‘house’ of the neighbouring inn—the boy at the same time vaulting over the stile that led from the churchyard to the schoolhouse, where, rejoining his companions, he quickly forgot the scene in which he had been engaged. Indeed, it impressed him so little, that he never mentioned the circumstance to a single individual.

“The inn of Kirkby Malhamdale stood in the churchyard, and was an exemplification of the lines of Defoe—

‘Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.’

Nay, perhaps we might carry our commentary still further, and find truth in the stanzas which follow the above,—

‘And ’twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the larger congregation.’

Certain it was that ‘The Angel and Trumpet’—

* At the time when this act of desecration was committed, *lead* was very dear, and it was actually proposed to sell the leaden roofing, and slate the Church! Happily, this proposed bit of Vandalism was not carried into effect, and the splendid church still wears its leaden covering.—S. J.

such was its Puritan designation—was a well-frequented house. The landlord, Corporal Take-a-little-wine-forthy-stomach's-sake-Brown, had seen a little of the world, and his opinion was held in high esteem. Silas found several of his friends in the 'house,' and he inquired about the stranger. The landlord said that he had never encountered the old soldier, or he should certainly have locked him up, if, as was asserted, he wore the dress of a Malignant. Three or four of the villagers *thought* that they had seen such a character somewhere or other, and one man, a travelling tinker, had the impudence to insinuate that if Mr. Brown would only search 'The Flatts,' he would discover the traitor, it being well known that the then head of the Jackson family was a concealed Royalist, and a harbourer of Malignants! This remark caused the tinker to be summarily ejected by the Corporal, who observed that the loyalty and fidelity of Mr. Marmaduke Jackson to the Protectorate was well known throughout the length and breadth of the district!

"Kitchen, at his usual hour of ten, retired to rest and soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he was roused by some one rattling the latch and singing beneath the windows. He arose and opened the casement. It was a calm moonlight night, and he distinctly discerned the stranger who was rapping at the door and chanting the elegant stanzas which he had dictated at the grave of the villager.

"'And, pray, sir, what may *you* be wanting at this time of night?' asked the boy, wholly undaunted by the strangeness of the visitation. 'If you are

not fond of going to bed, *I* am—I can assure you!’

“‘What!’ replied the stranger, ‘hast thou so soon forgot thy promise?’ and he repeated the foolish lines.

“Kitchen laughed at the jingle; the soldier joined not in the mirth, but, on the contrary, his countenance assumed a peculiar expression. The full gaze of a dark eye, which appeared to glow with something inexpressibly wild and unearthly, was bent upon the boy, who felt a strange sensation steal over his frame, and began to repent of his ill-timed levity. After a short silence the stranger again addressed him, but in tones so hollow and sepulchral, that his youthful blood was chilled, and his heart beat strongly, and quickly, and audibly—‘Boy! thy word must be kept! Promises made with the grave must not be lightly broken—

‘Amidst the cold graves of the coffin’d dead,
Is my table deck’d and my banquet spread,
Then haste thee thither, without delay,
Nigh is the time!—away! away!’

“‘Then be it as you wish,’ said the boy, in some slight degree resuming his courage, ‘Go! I will follow!’ The soldier departed, and Kitchen watched the figure till it was lost in a neighbouring avenue of brushwood.

“At a short distance from the Church, on the banks of the Aire, was a small cottage, the residence of the Reverend Martin Knowles, the vicar of the parish, or, as he was then styled, ‘Stand-fast-in-the-faith-Knowles’—a rather strange designation for a man who had just passed from the extremest Laudian

High Churchism to the highest Calvinism. The vicar had been, from his earliest years, a student, and he was generally in his library till a late hour. On this eventful evening, he was sitting at a table strewn with divers ancient vellum-bound tomes, and intently perusing a Genevan edition of the Institutes of John Calvin. The worthy vicar was, in fact, perfecting himself in his newly adopted creed, of which he knew just sufficient to suit his purpose

‘Until the times did alter,’

when he would be ready to say Mass, read the Liturgy, or do any other spiritual work which his masters in Israel might require! He was only one of many who were equally pliable, for, as Whitaker observes, ‘such was the flexibility of principle displayed by the incumbents of the Deanery, that not a name in the whole list appears in the catalogue of sufferers—the Surplice or the Gown, the Liturgy or Directory, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational Government—a King, a Commonwealth, or a Usurper; all these changes, and all the contradictory engagements which they imposed, were deemed trifling inconveniences in comparison with the loss of a benefice.’

“Martin Knowles did not shame his brethren! While the renegade was engaged as above stated, and absorbed in profound meditation, the awful and death-like stillness of the hour was broken, and there was a hurried and violent knocking at the door. He started, and, rushing to ascertain the cause of this strange interruption, he beheld Kitchen with a face as pale as a winding sheet.

“‘Kitchen!’ said the minister, ‘what brings you here at this untimely hour?’

"The boy was silent and appeared under the influence of extreme terror; at length he found a voice and gave a somewhat confused account of all the circumstances. The minister looked at the boy. 'Yes!' said Mr. Knowles, 'I thought some evil would come of your misdeeds—you have long set a bad example to the lads of Malhamdale—but this is no time for upbraiding—I will accompany you, and together we will abide the result of your rash engagement!'

"The minister and the lad proceeded towards the churchyard. As they entered the sacred precinct the clock of the venerable tower tolled the hour of midnight. It was a lovely night; scarcely a cloud broke the cerulean appearance of the star-begemmed heavens. The moon was in her fullest lustre, and shed a clear light on the church tower, which stood out in bold relief against other portions of the pile, where traceried windows and arched doorways appeared 'buttressed from moon-light,' and sleeping in a solemn shade. Scarcely a breeze stirred the limes then in their fullest foliage; there was not a sound save the murmuring of the lone mountain stream, and the deep-toned baying of the watchful sheep dog.

"The minister looked around, but no one was visible, and he said, 'Surely you have been mistaken—the occurrences of the day have been embodied in your visions, and the over-excitement created by the scene at the tomb has worked upon your imagination.'

"'Not so!' said Kitchen; 'his eyes, which glared so fearfully on me, could not have been deception.'

I saw his tall figure and heard those too well remembered lines; but did you not see it?' He started, and, drawing nearer to the minister, pointed to the eastern window of the edifice, where a dark shadowy form was gliding amidst the tomb-stones. It approached, and, as the outline became more distinctly marked, the minister recognised the mysterious being described by the terrified boy.

"The figure stopped and said, 'One! Two! How is this? I have one more guest than I expected, but it matters not—all is ready, follow—

'Amidst the cold graves of the coffin'd dead,
Is my table deck'd and my banquet spread,
Haste ye thither without delay,
Now is the time!—away! away!'

"The figure waved its arm impatiently, and, beckoning them to follow, moved on in the precise and measured step of an old soldier. Having reached the altar window, it turned towards a corner of the building and proceeded directly to an old green stone. The monument was a relic of conventual times, and an inscription, cut around a pastor's staff, and in the ancient Lombardic characters, was addressed to the faithful, who were thus piously invited:—

'Orate pro an'a Reginald de Caltonne, olim canonici ecclesie de Dereham, et nuper presbyteri hujusce ecclesie Sancti Jacobi. Requiescat in pace. Amen.'

The thick branches of an aged yew-tree partially shaded the spot from the silvery beams which were peacefully falling on the neighbouring graves, and so the Canon's tomb preserved by night, as it did

by day, its sombre character. It seemed a fitting tomb for one who had counted his midnight beads, and paced through dark damp aisles at early matins to trim the altar lamp. Here was a table spread, and the festive preparations were in striking contrast with the mementoes strewed around. Nothing was wanting of roast or boiled. The stone was plentifully bedecked; yet it was an awful sight to see, where, till now, none but the earth-worm had ever revelled, a banquet prepared as for revelry. The boy looked on the smoking viands, and a strange thought crossed his mind. At what fire were those provisions cooked? The seats were coffins, and Kitchen every instant seemed to dread lest the owners should appear and join in the sepulchral banquet. Their ghostly host having placed himself at the head of the table, he motioned his guests to do the same.

“The minister then, in his clerical character, rose to ask the accustomed blessing, when he was interrupted, ‘It may not be!’ said the stranger, ‘I cannot hear, at my table, a Protestant grace. When I trod the earth as a mortal, the Catholic religion was the faith of the land—it was the creed of my forefathers, and it was mine! Within those walls I have often listened to the solemnisation of the mass; but now how different;—listen!’

“He ceased—the moon was overcast by a passing cloud—the great bell tolled—lights were seen in the building—lurid flames faintly illumined the hatchments and the monumental marbles, and there rose the swell of the *De Profundis*! Again all was silent, and the stranger said, ‘What you have heard is *my* grace!’

Is not a *De Profundis* the most fitting one for the banquet of the dead?’

“The minister, who was rather an epicure, now glanced his eyes over the stone, and finding that that necessary appendage to a good supper, *salt*, was wanting, exclaimed in an astonished tone, ‘Why, where’s the salt?’ when immediately the stranger and his feast vanished, and of all that banquet nothing remained, save the mossy stone whereon it had been spread.”

Our tale has an abrupt conclusion, but we follow the legend. The narrator can neither add nor take away from what has been hallowed by the tradition of two centuries, and has been handed by village crones from father to son. All that remains for us is to conjecture why that simple request had so potent an effect. The *illuminati* of Malhamdale have over and over again discussed the point. Many are the conjectures. The prevailing opinion of the dalesmen is, that the spectre, on hearing the word salt, was perhaps reminded of the Red Sea, and thought the best way to avoid being laid there, was to make as precipitate a retreat as possible.

“The peasantry of Malhamdale are not archæologists, or they might carry the point still further, and search the pages of tomes well-known to the curious in spectral learning. Moresin says, ‘*Salt*, not being liable to putrefaction, and preserving things seasoned with it from decay, is the emblem of eternity and immortality, and *mightily abhorred by infernal spirits.*’ Such an idea is found in the writings of the Tal-

mudists, and it is necessary to bear this in mind in order to see the real beauty and force of that expression, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Michael Scott says, in his 'Treatis of Magic,' that 'No devil, or bogle, or brownie, can enter a house wherein is salt,' and Reginald Scott says, 'Salt is a sign of eternity, and used by Divine command in all sacrifices, wherefore it is that the devil useth no salt in his meat.' This saying is alone sufficient to account for the breaking up of the banquet.* Lastly, Herrick thus sings:—

'Dead when I am—first cast in salt and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring;
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cold and silent shades of sleep.'"—*Hesperides*.

Daniel's task was over—he had got to the end of the M.S. No comments were made by either Daniel or the Captain, for the former left Cloughbury immediately after he had finished the reading. Trenoodle accompanied his friend to the garden-gate, where the officer, to his great surprise, again found suspended the 'love token'—the lost bags of yesterday! Trenoodle at first suspected the besom-maker, but Daniel assured him that he was innocent of the transaction. The Captain once more transferred the bags to his pocket, and entered his mansion lost in bewilderment and thought.

* This tale originally appeared in Hone's Table Book. It has since been copied in a tale called "The Laird of Loggan," published in the New Monthly Magazine, while under the editorship of Campbell. The dates will prove who is the thief, as the Magazine version appeared many years after the one in the Table Book.—S. J.



THE LATE J. H. DIXON, LL.D.



HE following brief biographical notice of the writer of the *Chronicles* is inserted in the belief that it will be interesting to many of his friends and admirers.

James Henry Dixon was born in London in 1803. Some years of his boyhood were passed in Skipton, during which time he attended the Free Grammar School. Endowed with an active and enquiring mind he was a diligent reader, especially of the writings of the older poets, and from an unusually early period he began to indulge literary tastes. He was a "born poet," and his gift was early and vigorously cultivated. The "Poets' Corner" in various newspapers received welcome contributions from his pen. If his fugitive poems could be collected they would make a goodly volume, and would include specimens of various styles, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The characteristics of the Craven district made an indelible impression upon young Dixon's mind, and he formed an intense attachment to many of its charming localities. Not only was his eye delighted with the scenic beauties so profusely scattered about the dales of Craven,

"Among the rocks and winding scars,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars,"

a taste kindred to that of poetry,—for the historical and legendary lore of the district—found ample gratification. A retentive memory carefully treasured the folk-lore collected in these early years, and in due time this large fund of rare and amusing material was drawn upon for the gratification of a wide circle of readers. For a short time during his residence in Craven, Mr. Dixon made Grassington his home, and we may be assured that the quaint inhabitants of that old-fashioned village would furnish him with subjects of interesting study, whilst

its picturesque surroundings would feed the passionate love of nature that marked him all through his long life. In the beautiful lines on "The Pauper's Grave," contributed to the *Sunday Times*, occurs the following allusion to one of his favourite haunts in Wharfedale :—

"The sweet church-yard of Conistone,
Where the wild thyme and the clover
Their fragrance blend, and a perfume lend,
To the hill-breeze passing over."

Mr. Dixon was articled to an eminent firm of solicitors in the city of Durham, where he studied law, and wrote prose and poetry as the amusement of leisure hours, from about 1821 to 1826 or 1827.

During Dr. Dixon's residence in Durham, he was one of a little *coterie* of congenial spirits who earned and well-deserved the designation of "The Wags of Durham." The "diverting tricks" of the Wags and "how they set at rest the question 'Who wrote the Burial of Sir John Moore?'" are amusingly described in a brochure printed in Newcastle in 1843. On the front page of this tract appear the following lines, which may be safely said to reveal the cunning hand of our waggish friend; they betray exactly the gusto with which he could enter into such literary fun :—

"Dear friend, I often ponder o'er
Those days, alas! now days of yore
Those happy, happy days,
When you and I were lawyers' clerks,
The foremost of the brilliant sparks,
That kept the town a-blaze.

Not with regret! I don't repent
Of 'talents wasted, time misspent'
As says the sacred song—
Our jokes were only *jokes*, our fun
Mere jollity, and made time run
More pleasantly along."

M.S. Epistle to ——— Esq.

The notable jokes, practical and otherwise, which these "Wags" perpetrated, extended over a period of five or six years, during which time, "jollity, fun, and frivolity," were in

the ascendant in the good old city of Durham, and caused no little amusement to many, and, we need scarcely add, considerable annoyance to others. Even the London press got the full benefit of several of their tricks ; hoax after hoax was played on the daily and weekly journals, till it was quite an exceptional thing to glance at a London paper without meeting paragraphs headed "The Wags of Durham again !" Like other wags, however, they played their mad pranks, sowed their wild oats, and one and all settled down into orderly and respectable members of society, so that at last even their victims forgave them, and merely summed up their deeds, or rather their misdeeds, by remarking "there never were such times !"

After this "waggish" period of the young *litterateur's* life, we find him established as a solicitor in London for more than twenty years. The tedium of this prosaic profession was habitually relieved by the exercise of his poetical and literary talents. He had the honour to be elected a member of the "Percy Society," his name appearing in connection with those of Lord Braybrooke, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, &c., and he was entrusted with the editorship of at least three of that Society's publications—"Ancient Scottish Ballads," in 1845, "Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," in 1846, and the "Garland of Good-will," in 1851. *Hone's Table Book* received a number of its varied and amusing articles, and poetical contributions, from the facile pen of Mr. Dixon. These were generally signed "T.Q.M." Many of his admirable translations and original articles appeared in *Notes and Queries*, to which journal indeed he was a regular contributor, keeping up his connection with it, we believe, to the close of life. We are indebted to a paragraph in that unique periodical for a few of the particulars embodied in this notice.

For many years he was resident in Lausanne, having gone on a tour to Switzerland, but becoming enamoured of the Alpine scenery he made his home on the shores of Lake Leman. Yet his love for the Craven Dales and his interest in everything occurring in this district continued strong through all the years he passed on the shores of that lovely lake. When making his occasional excursions to the sunny side of the Alps, and to quiet secluded nooks, where nature has lavished her scenic charms,

his private letters and descriptive articles which appeared in the columns of the *Craven Pioneer*, betrayed at once his keen enjoyment of nature, his powers of close observation, his ready wit, and good humoured satire.

For some time before his death Dr. Dixon had been in declining health, but as the appearance of more serious symptoms had not been heard of, the announcement of his death came as a painful surprise to his Craven friends. At the age of 73, he peacefully expired on the 26th of October, 1876. Dr. Dixon's religious views were those described as Unitarian, and, like his co-religionists generally, he was a man of large faith and wide charity. Many and choice were his productions of original poetry, and his happy translations from French, German, and other poets; and we cannot, perhaps, more fitly close this imperfect sketch than by reproducing a few lines from his pen, which first appeared, we believe, in an ephemeral London periodical, and, will now, we doubt not, be considered worthy of preservation by his many Craven friends.

“Dark the faith of days of yore,
When at evening evermore
Did the Chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses sing to Thee

Miserere Domine.

Night's sad chorus died away,
O'er the spectral moonlit sea;
Awe-struck pilgrims paused to say—

Miserere Domine.

Bright the faith of coming days,
And when dawn the kindling rays
Of Heaven's glorious sun ascending,
Happy hearts and voices blending,
Shall raise this joyous strain to Thee—

Te laudamus Domine.

Morn's glad hymn shall float away,
O'er the verdant dew-gemmed lea,
While heaven and earth combine to say

Te laudamus Domine.”

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